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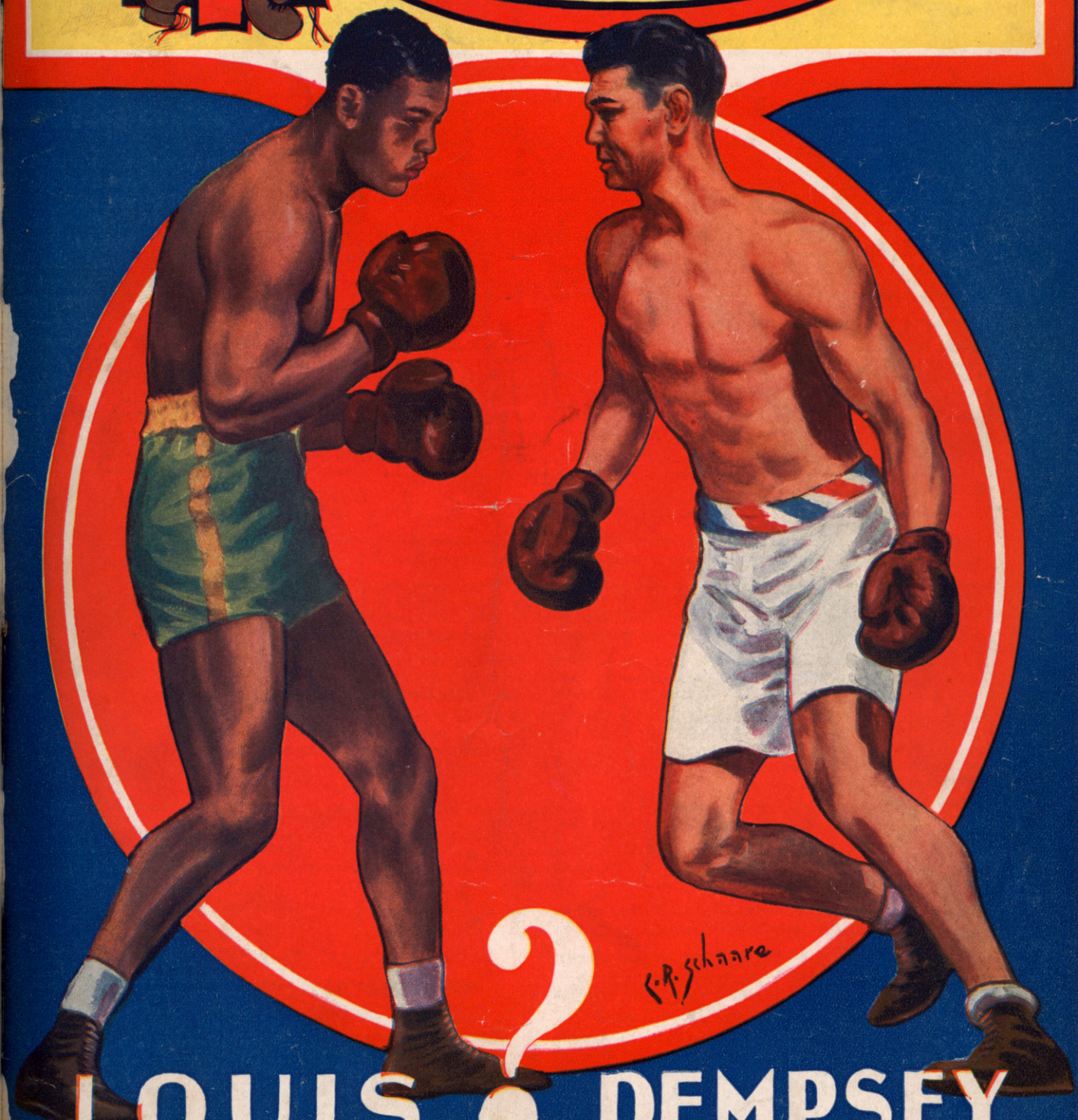

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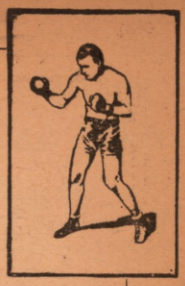

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In Our Next Issue

The untimely death of Ed. W. Smith, whose interesting articles and stories of the old timers have graced these pages for many years, robs boxing of one of its staunchest supporters. Ed knew the game from A to Z and knew how to analyze baffling situations in a manner that hit the nail right on the head. Those of you who remember his great analytical contribution following the staging of the Baer-Carnera picture in Hollywood, will recollect the accuracy with which his keen mind gauged the situation.

Just before Mr. Smith passed into the Great Beyond, he was asked by The Ring Editor to analyze the attacks on Joe Louis' greatness and his article, "Picking 'em Apart," will offer food for thought to "Ring" readers. His splendid analysis is an answer to those who refuse to acknowledge the Brown Bomber as a "Truly Great".

Don't miss, "Picking 'em Apart."

Ever hear of Hype Igoe? If you haven't, then you can't be much of a boxing fan. One of the world's best informed students of the fistic sport, that's what this New York boxing scribe is. When it comes to writing human interest stories, Hype stands without a peer. Remember his beautiful, gripping stories on Minzner and Tex Rickard? Only a Hype Igoe could write those yarns.

Well, Hype, who is boxing editor for the New York Journal, has joined the writing staff of "The Ring" and he'll contribute a story or article monthly. Read his contributions, if you want to know about The Romance of The Prize Ring or you want to follow to-day's doings.

These, in addition to special features by Bob Edgren, Daniel M. Daniel, T. W. McNiel, George T. Pardy and others.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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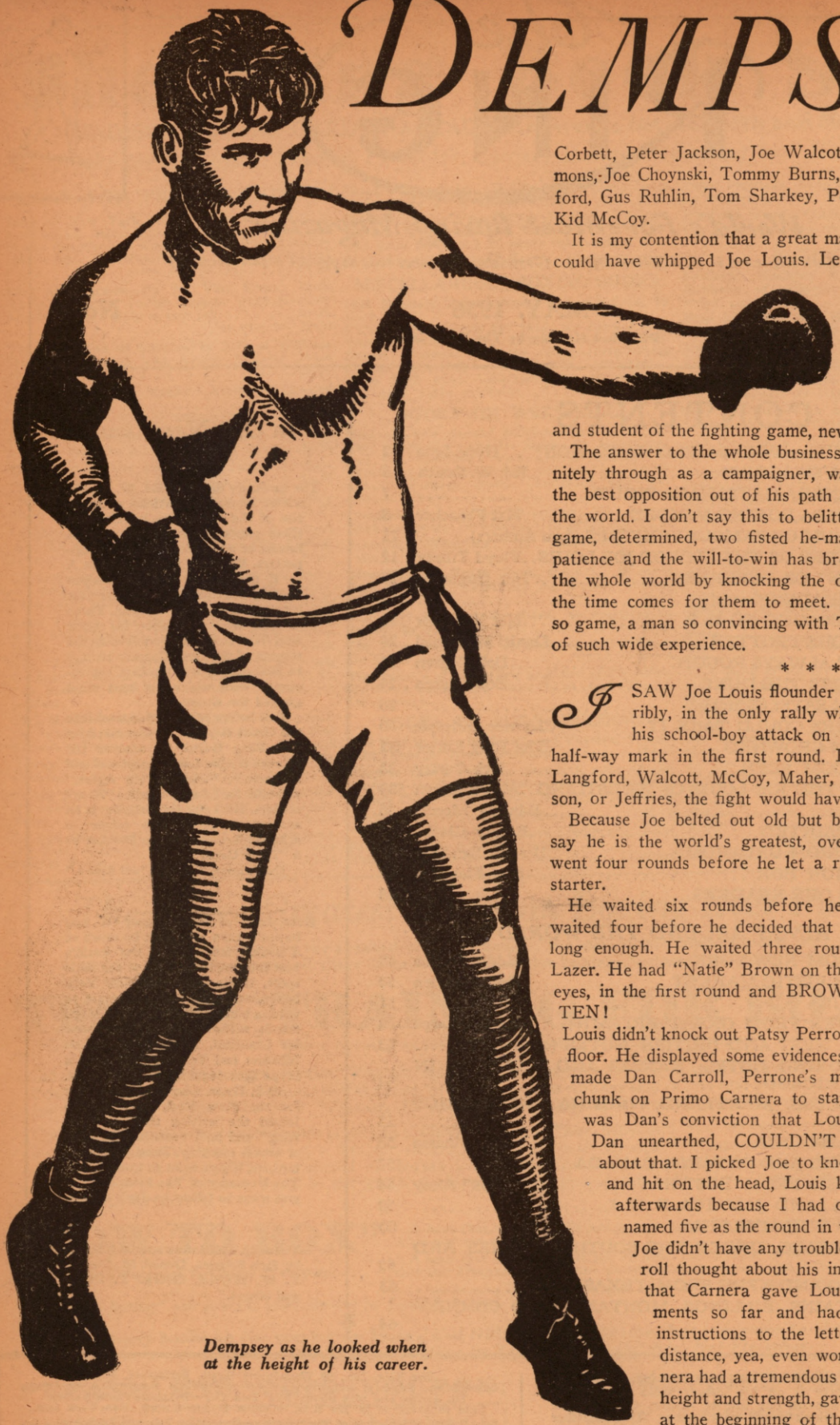
DEMPSEY



Dempsey as he looked when at the height of his career.

HAVING been around the fighting men for forty years or more, I'm not one of those who intends to be herded into the belief that Joe Louis is the GREATEST heavyweight who ever lived! A lot of the men now making that claim for the Brown Bomber never even laid eyes on John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Joe Walcott, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Choynski, Tommy Burns, Stanley Ketchel, Sam Langford, Gus Ruhlin, Tom Sharkey, Peter Maher, Jack Johnson or Kid McCoy.

It is my contention that a great majority of the fighters named could have whipped Joe Louis. Let it be understood here and now, that Joe Louis is traveling in a happy hunting ground, among the worst lot of heavyweights the division has ever known. In all my term as a chronicler, sketch artist and student of the fighting game, never has the field been so poor.

The answer to the whole business is, that Jim Braddock, definitely through as a campaigner, walked off the docks, clouted the best opposition out of his path and became the champion of the world. I don't say this to belittle Jimmy one iota. He is a game, determined, two fisted he-man and he deserves all that patience and the will-to-win has brought him. He may surprise the whole world by knocking the daylights out of Louis when the time comes for them to meet. Louis never has met a man so game, a man so convincing with TWO good hands and a man of such wide experience.

* * *

I SAW Joe Louis flounder and leave himself open, horribly, in the only rally which Max Baer infused into his school-boy attack on the Bomber. It came in the half-way mark in the first round. Had Louis been in front of Langford, Walcott, McCoy, Maher, Fitzsimmons, Johnson, Jackson, or Jeffries, the fight would have ended then and there!

Because Joe belted out old but brave Paulino Uzcudun, they say he is the world's greatest, overlooking the fact that Joe went four rounds before he let a right go. He is not an early starter.

He waited six rounds before he polished off Carnera. He waited four before he decided that Max Baer had been around long enough. He waited three rounds before he toppled Roy Lazer. He had "Natie" Brown on the floor, brutally cut over the eyes, in the first round and BROWN STUCK IT OUT FOR TEN!

Louis didn't knock out Patsy Perrone though he had him on the floor. He displayed some evidences of flaws in that bout which made Dan Carroll, Perrone's manager, go out and bet a chunk on Primo Carnera to stay the distance with Joe. It was Dan's conviction that Louis, for some reason which Dan unearthed, COULDN'T HIT UP. I don't know about that. I picked Joe to knock Primo out in six rounds and hit on the head, Louis kicking himself in the shins afterwards because I had out-guessed him, Joe having named five as the round in which he would win.

Joe didn't have any trouble hitting UP, whatever Carroll thought about his inability to do so. I do know that Carnera gave Louis one of the better arguments so far and had he followed Bill Duffy's instructions to the letter he might have gone the distance, yea, even won. Duffy, realizing that Carnera had a tremendous natural advantage in weight, height and strength, gave Carnera these instructions at the beginning of the training siege.

"You are a big man, Primo. You must use your bigness in this fight. You must make it count in your favor and it will, if you will do this.

"Your long left jab will keep Louis away. Jab him straight and hard and then grab him and shake him up in the clinch. Do that religiously. He won't get a chance to set for a punch if you do this because he is a counter puncher and by keeping to this kind

...or LOUIS?

New York Journalist, Forty Years a Boxing Scribe, Selects Toledo Jack Dempsey the Greatest of Modern Fighters—Says Manassa Mauler Who Beat Willard Would Have Put Brown Bomber and Tunney Away in One Round

By HYPE IGOE

(New York "Evening Journal" Boxing Editor)
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of an attack, he won't get a chance to counter because you'll leave nothing to counter. The jab will keep him off balance just as it kept Jack Sharkey off balance in the first fight at Ebbets Field.

"Remember this, every word of it. Jab, grab and SHAKE HIM UP! Rough him around. He'll get arm-weary trying to hold you in the clinches. Get me?"

"Sure, sure Beely. I get you."

* * *

BUT Primo didn't GET Bill. He didn't obey orders. He jabbed but he jabbed going away and instead of following his jab with the planned "grab," he retreated with every left lead! He made no use of his great power and when Joe went to him, Primo was GOING AWAY instead of COMING IN and was a fair mark for Joe's looping punches.

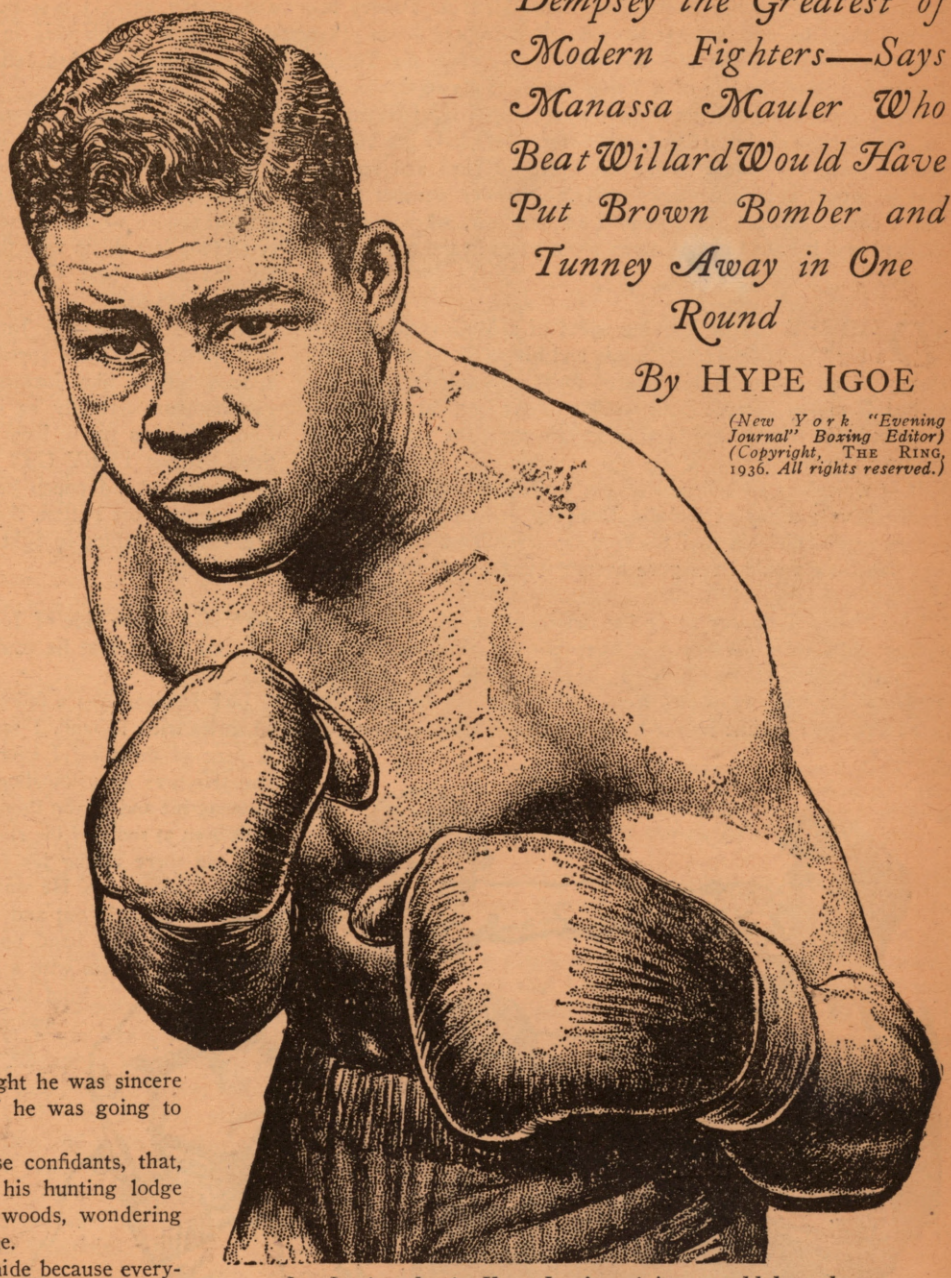
Max Baer, because of his brilliant knockout victories over Max Schmeling, Ernie Schaaf and King Levinsky, was thought to have a good chance against Louis. He, like Carnera, went into the ring frozen stiff over the prospects of being belted out by the Negro.

I spent five weeks at Speculator but not always in the company of Baer. There were hours of fretting and brooding over the outcome that he hid from the world and I'm prone to admit that he fooled me completely. I thought he was sincere in his daily blathering about HOW he was going to "whip this amateur."

He didn't tell me, one of his close confidants, that, at nights, he walked the floors of his hunting lodge retreat, four miles out in the deep woods, wondering how he was going to escape the issue.

"I can't hide. I can't run off and hide because everybody will recognize these shoulders, this black curly head, this magnificent body of mine. I can't go through with it and I can't duck it!"

Then he would dose himself with a sleeping sedative and try to meet the dawn after a tossing, troubled sleep.



Joe Louis, who in Hype Igoe's opinion, would have been an early victim of Toledo Jack Dempsey's blows.

* * *

HE didn't deny himself the night club flares which usually punctuated his training sessions. He remained within himself physically. He did go on the road faithfully and he did work like a truck-horse and I'm at a loss to explain why, when he knew that he wasn't going to enter the ring with the heart to carry on.

He told his best friends, after the fight, in the confines of his rooms at the Park Central Hotel, that when he came up on the platform to enter the ring, he didn't know whether to cry, faint or break out crying. The long speech delivered by Harry Balogh, the announcer, begging for "fair play" and a "fair fight," almost caused Baer's collapse right there in the ring. Jack Dempsey had staked his reputation on bringing Baer out a winner, and he was considerably downhearted over the result.

You can't make a man win who won't fight a lick and no man was more enraged over the outcome than Dempsey himself.

Baer's own dressing room speech, five minutes after he had taken his "out" on the floor, fully conscious, was this. He said it as he waved an open bottle of beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other:

"I never was a fighter, I never wanted to be and I am what I am—A BIG PANSY!"

That wasn't the speech of a man who was sore at heart because he had lost and had engulfed a nation of betters who had strung with him to defeat Joe.

My idea of it is that no man, save Natie Brown, has given Louis a real fight. I didn't see Perrone's effort nor that of Hans Birke. Birke went almost a full ten. They stopped it with a second or two to go and they tell me that it shouldn't have been halted at all.

THIS claim I do make and it is for the benefit of those young men who insist that Joe Louis is the greatest heavyweight of all time, especially those fellows who did not SEE the Dempsey of Toledo. THAT Dempsey could have whipped both Joe Louis and Gene Tunney in the first round. I put in Tunney because I think he was lucky to have caught Dempsey seven years after Jack had won the title and three years after the Toledo Terror had lived the life of a Reilly out in Hollywood.

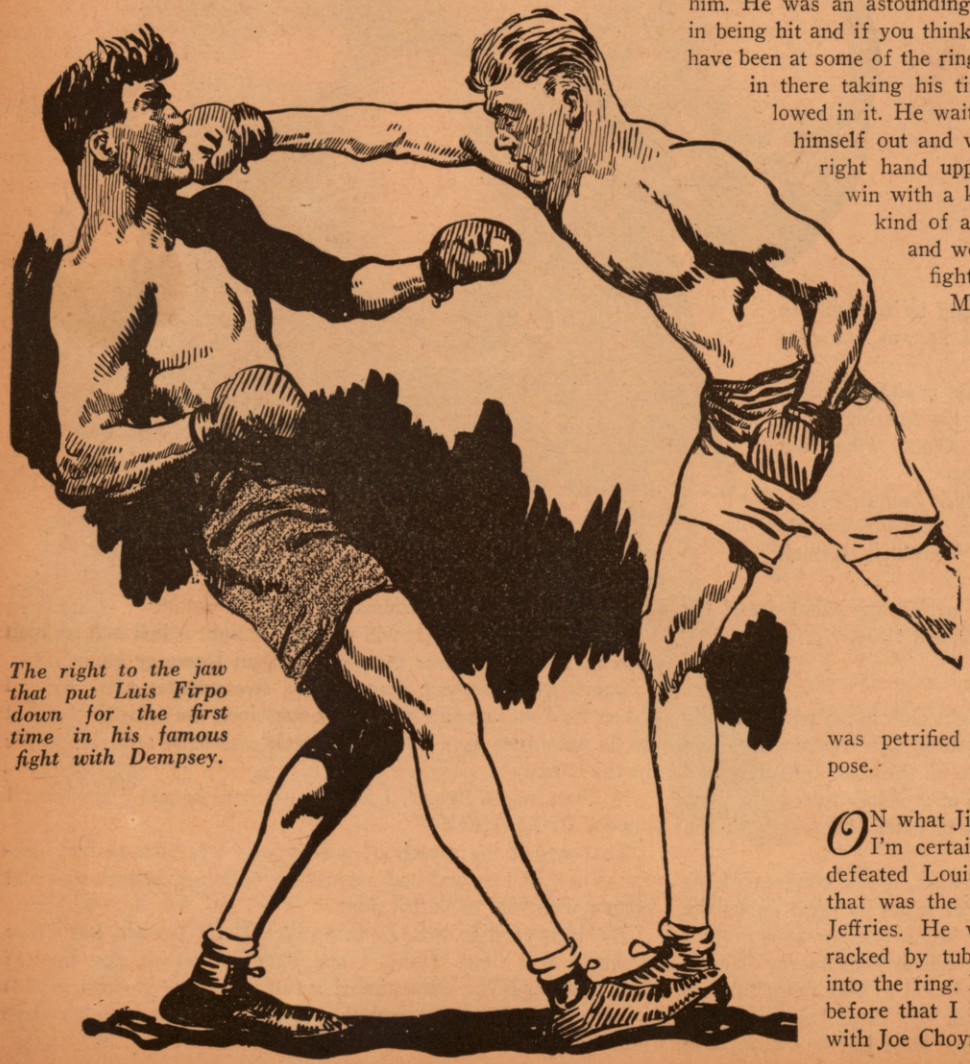
The Toledo Dempsey would have swept any living man out of his path and the slow starting Louis never would have got started against Jack. He would have been belted so hard and so fast that he would have gone down early. A counter puncher never had a chance against the Dempsey of that day, when big Jess Willard was knocked upside down seven times in the first round.

* * *

DEMPSEY had the fighting speed of a McGovern. He was a big "Terrible Terry." Louis and his methodical, plodding survey of an opponent, his belated finishes, wouldn't have disturbed Dempsey because Jack wouldn't have been around to be disturbed. He would have been in the showers, the victor, inside of three rounds.

It is ridiculous to believe that the equally methodical Tunney would have got far at Toledo. Dempsey proved in the fourth round at Philadelphia and the historic seventh at Chicago just how far Gene would have gone had he met the real Dempsey of Toledo.

The Toledo Dempsey never had an equal on this earth as a fighter and I take in every man I mentioned at the beginning of this ditty. Fitzsimmons, Ketchel, Choynski, McCoy, Langford, Walcott and Sharkey would have been belted out because they were too small against such a hurricane as cut loose against Jess Willard.



The right to the jaw that put Luis Firpo down for the first time in his famous fight with Dempsey.

FITZSIMMONS would have whipped Louis if he had poked along with Bob as he did with Carnera, Baer and Uzcudun. Jeffries would have been too big and tough for him. Jeff could take the hardest kind of a punch on the chin and merely blink. I saw Bob Fitzsimmons break both hands to cracker dust on his chin in San Francisco and Bob finally collapsed in the end when Jeff rapped him in the belly with a left hook.

McCoy would have given Joe a terrific fight. Walcott would have whipped him and I don't think that he would have laid a glove on the Jack Johnson who beat Jeffries at Reno.

Little Joe Choynski, he of the devilish punch, would have had a royal chance with Joe and so would have Stanley Ketchel who could loop left shifts with the fury of a giant though he weighed but 152 at his best. Choynski was belting out giants when he weighed 158-65.

Now as to Joe and Jim Corbett. There never has been a heavyweight of Jim's speed and if he could have traveled far against hitters like Jackson, Sullivan, Choynski, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, certainly he could have gone distances with Joe Louis who has yet to keep a man on the floor. True he knocks them flat but THEY GET UP! With all the murder that was in the right hand punch he landed on Uzcudun, a direct right hand shot to the button, the worn out old Spanish gallant GOT UP and was willing to fight on when they stopped it!

* * *

THIS is one side of Joe's great climb to fame which makes me doubt that he could have whipped any man who ever lived.

Jack Johnson was a fellow who would have broken Joe's heart when he tried to land. I saw Jack Johnson in eleven fights and in none of them did I ever see so much as a bruised lip about him. He was an astounding man on defense. He didn't believe in being hit and if you think that Joe Louis can wait, you should have been at some of the ringsides I've graced with Jack Johnson in there taking his time. He took plenty of it. He wallowed in it. He waited until the other fellow had cuffed himself out and when ready, he cut loose with a few right hand uppercuts. If he didn't think he could win with a knockout, he didn't bother about that kind of a finish. He won, and won and won and won, just as Joe is winning fight after fight.

Men who have trained with Joe have declared that he is quite amateurish in some of his boxing, especially when crowded. Paul Cavalier, one of the Louis standbys in the conditioning camps, before the Baer fight, declared with no reservations that Baer, on experience and what he had done in the Schmeling, Schaaf and Levinsky fights, ought to stop Louis but Cavalier, like everybody else, thought that Baer would rip and tear and win or die in his boots.

He went out and fought like a frozen man and admitted that he was petrified the moment he struck a fighting pose.

* * *

ON what Jim Corbett told me of Peter Jackson, I'm certain that the Great Black would have defeated Louis. I saw Peter fight but once and that was the last bout of his career against Jim Jeffries. He was an old, tired man that night, racked by tuberculosis and hardly able to walk into the ring. He collapsed in three rounds. Years before that I had seen Jackson spar three rounds with Joe Choynski and the picture of that beautiful

exhibition still lingers before my eyes.

Jackson was a great body fighter. He could box, slug or speed up to any pace. Eddie Graney who boxed with him when Peter first came from Australia, always declared that Jim Corbett was the greatest white and Jackson the best black man ever to pull on fighting gloves.

Tom O'Rourke, who knew "John L." when he was at his best, declares that the Boston Strong Boy would have given Joe a devil of a fight. Mind you, these are fellows who would have entered the ring unafraid, and up to date there hasn't been a man game enough to go into the ring with his mind made up to whip Joe Louis.

It might not have done any of them any good, but hesitating, cringing fighters are not going to turn the trick. It will take a fighter to do it and I've tabbed some old timers who were great ones.

I would have relished a battle between Tom Sharkey and Louis. The deep-chested sailor was a real fighter and his great battles against the young Jeffries is his badge of fame. Those were bruising battles and Jeff, to this day, likes the old sailor man because of his courage and grit in those historic encounters. It will be many a day before we have the likes of those birds in our midst. The present crop can't be mentioned in the same breath.

* * *

WHEN Jeffries had to retire because of the lack of competition, he at least had fellows like Ruhlin, Monroe, Root, Hart, Kennedy, Burns and even little Jack O'Brien to take on. Jim was so good that he decided that the public wouldn't get a run for its money when he showed up against them. He knew it and so did the public. He had gone down the line and whipped Sharkey, Fitzsimmons and Corbett twice.

When it came to asking him to fight them the third time, all down the line, he balked. He made the big mistake of ever coming back to fight Johnson. Six years out of the ring, fat and never expecting to pull on a glove again, he trained faithfully, reappeared as formidable looking as ever, but it was a shell gracing the frame of a man who had been unbeatable. I don't think that Joe Louis will last so long or ever be on a parity with Jim Jeffries. A great fighter Joe Louis, but not THE GREATEST, not by a jug full. I'm quite honest about all this, and though I may stand alone in my opinion, it's my story and you'll find me sticking to it.

I want to see Joe Louis tagged, floored and—then what? I want to KNOW about these things before I'll admit he could whip but one side of the Toledo Jack Dempsey.

* * *

IT WAS in the office of Nat Fleischer, editor of this publication, when Jack Johnson paid him a visit. The former heavyweight king, who is a frequent visitor to Nat's shop, looked at some of the many pictures on the walls, and then, with a chuckle, he grabbed me by the arm and said:

"Look at that picture, Hype. What do you see there that you don't see today among our boxers?"

I looked, and my eyes caught the stance of the great Jim Corbett. "Is it the stance of Corbett that you're referring to," I asked Jack.

"Yes, that's just it," he replied. "And look at those two pictures," he kept on, as he pointed to one of Peter Jackson and another of Bob Fitzsimmons.

"Do you now know why I say that Louis wouldn't have stood a chance against the great men of my time? There's the answer. The most perfect boxing stance you could possibly want to see. Never off balance. Always ready to take advantage of every opportunity that arises."

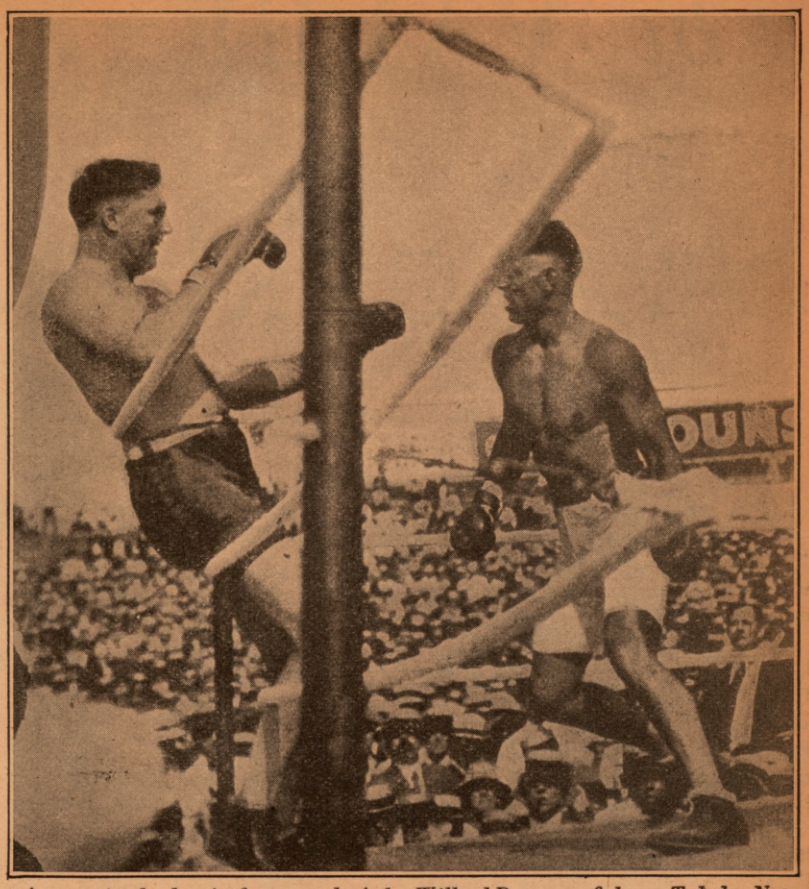
And then Jack tossed off his coat and vest and for fifteen or more minutes, with a crowd gathered outside of The Ring Book Shop, Johnson demonstrated the perfect stance, the perfect feint, the cross counter and, as he went through his motions, with Charley Massare acting as an opponent, he kept on remarking:

"And they think that Louis is the greatest fighter of all time! Say, I like Joe. He's done wonders and I wish him all the luck in the world. But what's the use of kidding ourselves into declaring that Joe is the greatest ring warrior of modern times? Why, I'd wager my life that he wouldn't touch me three times out of a dozen chances with a left when I was in my prime. He's far from the finished fighters I met, and to say he's now a better fighter than was Fitz, Corbett, McCoy, Jack Dempsey, or myself, is a far-fetched statement. When Joe meets the class of men we fought, fellows who are fearless and not licked before they get into the ring, and when he gets someone to crash a real blow against his chin and he shows me that he can take it as we could, then I'll admit he deserves a rating with the greatest, but until then, I want to be shown."

* * *

AND those sentiments of Johnson are mine. I think the Johnson who was at his best around 1909 and 1910 would have stood Louis off and won by a clear margin—by a K.O. Johnson pointed out to those who were watching his demonstrations in The Ring office that if Louis had ever dropped his guard in a fight with McCoy, Fitz or himself, as he did when Baer hit him on the chin, Joe would have hit the canvas with the next shot, and I honestly believe that is what would have happened.

Make no mistake. I am friendly towards Louis. I'll take off my hat and press his hands in congratulations if he wins the world title, for I like him and those who are handling his affairs, but when it comes to Ring Romance, I'm still one of the old guard and I'll stand by my old cronies. Just a matter of opinion, you know, so don't you fellows go haywire with letters and telegrams knocking me or The Ring Editor for what I've written. Nat Fleischer thought the topic to be most timely, and that's why he decided to give me the chance to extrol my idol, Jack Dempsey.



A scene in the hectic first round of the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo. Note the dashing, rushing, two-fisted Manassa Mauler as he approached his giant opponent to put on the finishing touches. How long would Louis have stood up against such an attack? Come on you old timers, let's hear from you.

The VALUE of a SWAGGER!

By ED. W. SMITH

(Written for THE RING *a few days before Mr. Smith died)*

IF James J. Braddock only had a well developed, a pronounced swagger!

If he only were of the swashbuckling, roistering, chip-on-the-shoulder, fresh, flippant type instead of what he is—well, it might mean the difference between mere thousands of dollars and a million!

Jim is getting thousands now. The other way he might have had a million. But he isn't built that way. Jim is modest and gentlemanly. Early reverses pounded good hard sense into that hard Irish head of his, at the same time letting out any illusions of grandeur that he might have had. Jim was too much concerned over the welfare of his little family than anything in the fighting line.

Be that all to his everlasting and perpetual credit and God bless him for it. He'll be comfortable the remainder of his life, perhaps better off without his million. It won't be hard for him to find solace and ease of mind in his older days.

Millions didn't do much good for the only two fighting men who ever had one or more. Jack Dempsey couldn't handle his dough when it came in carload lots, or at least he didn't.

And the Tunney millions don't seem to be a great help to the world at large. If Gene likes it that way, there is no one who shall say him nay.

But just the same and reverting to the idea on which this little screed is based, the swagger's the thing in the heavyweight pugilistic division, that's sure. America and Americans like to be bullied and bulldozed—by one man who is at the top of an athletic heap. No nation could attempt such a thing and get away with it. But a single individual can and does right along.

That style was started by that lovable scamp, John L. Sullivan, who set the fashion of the roistering, bullying gladiator who hated police and most of what is now known as law and order but loved the lowly and the beset. He spread his dough in all directions, laying plenty on the bars of his time but likewise was lavish in any and all matters pertaining to charity and the church.

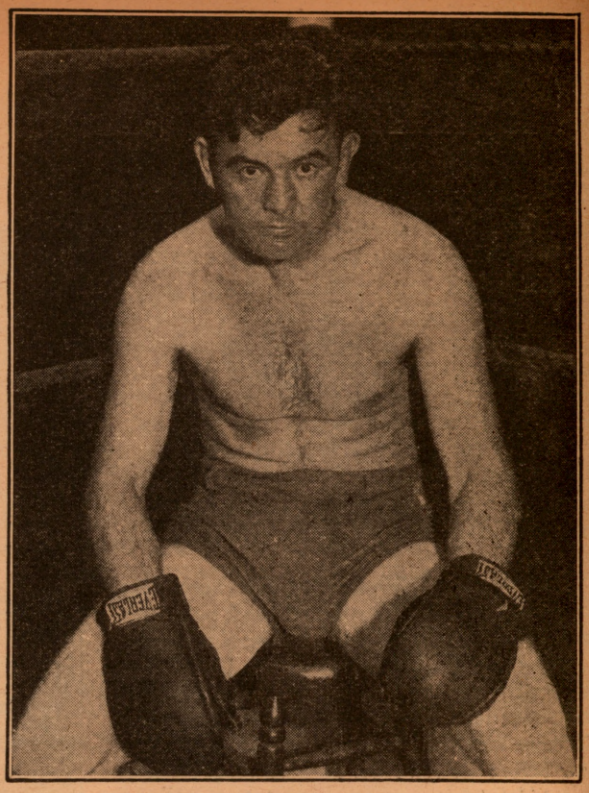
You wouldn't think, you of this day and age, that a nation like the American people would tolerate a Scaramouch, a tipsy punchinello, and permit him the liberties and licenses he took while occupying the high spot of his division!

* * *

BUT the nation laughed and forgave and adored and almost worshipped for the Sullivan man was nothing short of a law unto himself. America likes to be bullied and showed it in its treatment of the Boston Strong Boy when he was at his best—or, in the opinion of some, at his very worst. It simply was a case of the king being unable to do any wrong.

Whatever the king did, in his cups or out of them which he seldom was, was all right with the American people. Hence John L., that magical name that has lived ever since, became the Public Adored No. 1 of his time although such expressions were not dreamt of at that time.

And when "Gentleman Jim" plastered the fat and floundering monarch all over the shop did Jim come into the throne-room with full and whole-hearted accord of the American people? He certainly DID NOT! Being used to the nice and un-nice ways of a Sullivan and having accepted him for years as a man who typified, if not the spirit of American life, at least the American idea of a real lovable prize-fighting gladiator, they couldn't cotton to that "Gentleman Jim" idea engendered by the smart showmanship of the Jim Corbett—Billy Brady confederacy.



The Serious Jimmy Braddock.

The latter figured the folks were tired of the bully from Boston and would accept in his place a bank clerk from San Francisco. It was like asking a man of strong tastes to accept a little sarsaparilla in place of his ordinary highball. And it went over just about as well.

* * *

THOUGH Corbett was fully as Irish as Sullivan, lots of the Irish, and especially those of middle age and beyond, never forgave the "damn upstart" and "the dude from Market Street" for beating their idol, John L. And I can recall that for years afterwards, I heard some of the old Tads around Chicago and other spots who still declared that John L. "nivir was whipped on the livil" and that he was drugged and otherwise mistreated. But whipped on the level? NEVER, especially by a dude of a bank clerk!

And that feeling wasn't confined strictly to the Irish, either, believe me. Thousands actually resented the upcome of a Corbett as an absolute affront to them and their idolatry of Sullivan.

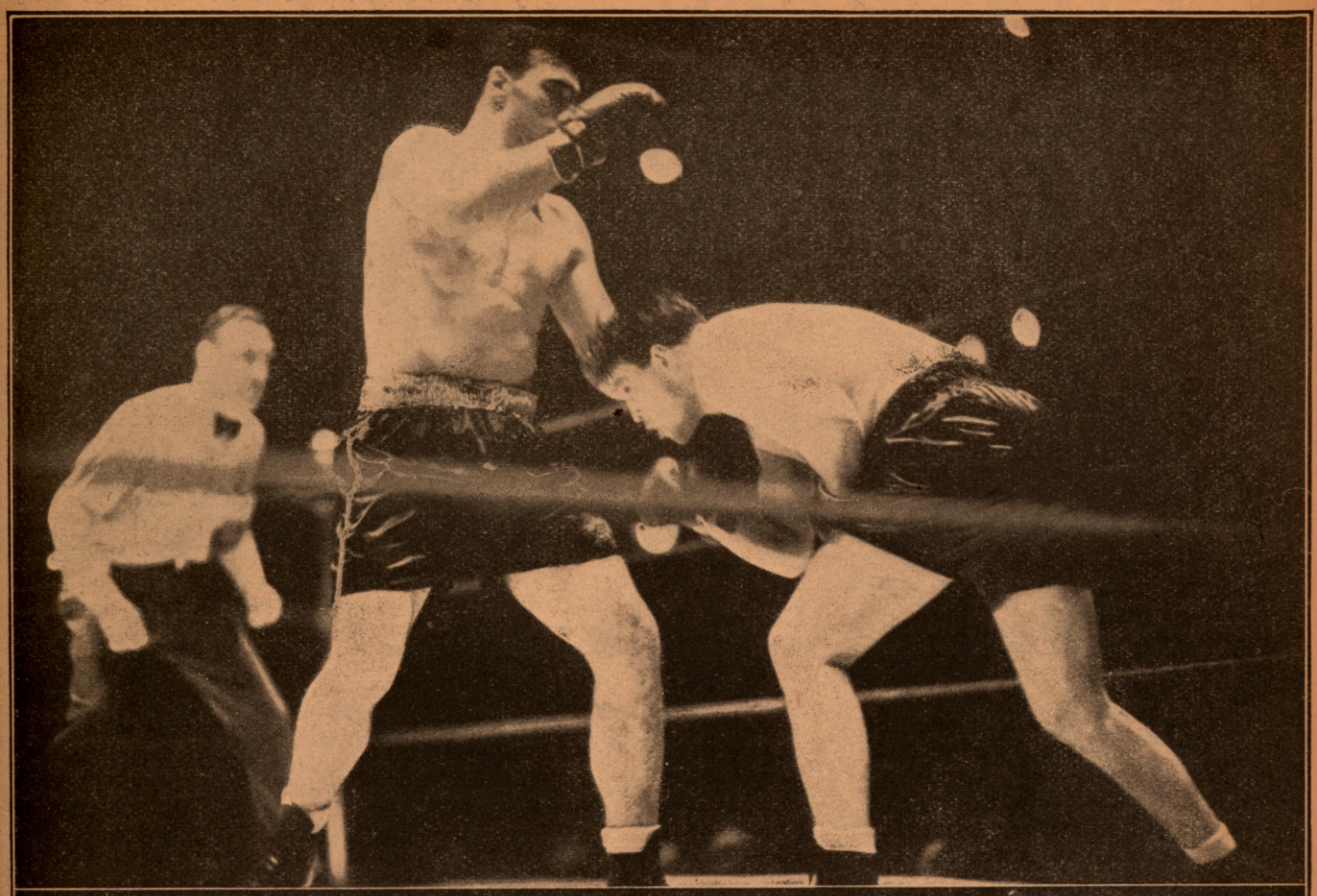
Corbett made money in the show business, plenty of it, and really made a new game of boxing although there is no doubt that it was Sullivan and smart advisers like Billy Madden and Pat Sheedey who popularized five-ounce gloves and made a real sport of it out of the slough of prize-fighting despond. Corbett did not always live up to that "Gentleman Jim" stuff for he had several barroom brawls of his own making, tangling up in an uncalled-for manner with Bob Fitzsimmons, Charles Mitchell and others. Most of these incidents were generally classified as bold bids for publicity for his "Naval Cadet" and other plays in which he appeared.

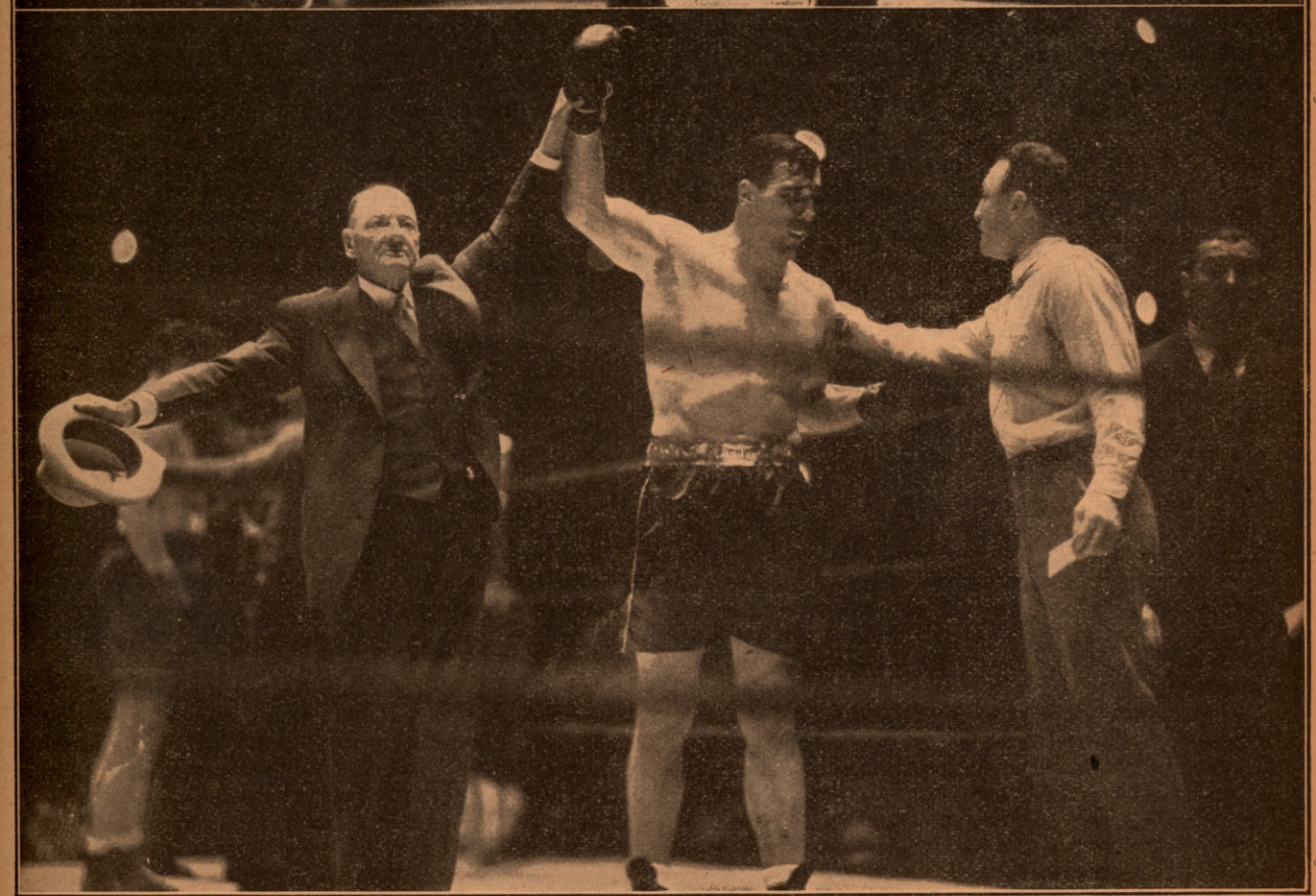
* * *

IT was Bob Fitzsimmons' tremendous punch and generally freakish appearance, coupled with a certain frankness and friendliness that endeared him to the public and he was accepted as heartily as a foreign born ever could be. He swaggered, too, and tried to be a roue. But the public only laughed.

Jim Jeffries lacked that friendliness *(Continued on page* 46)

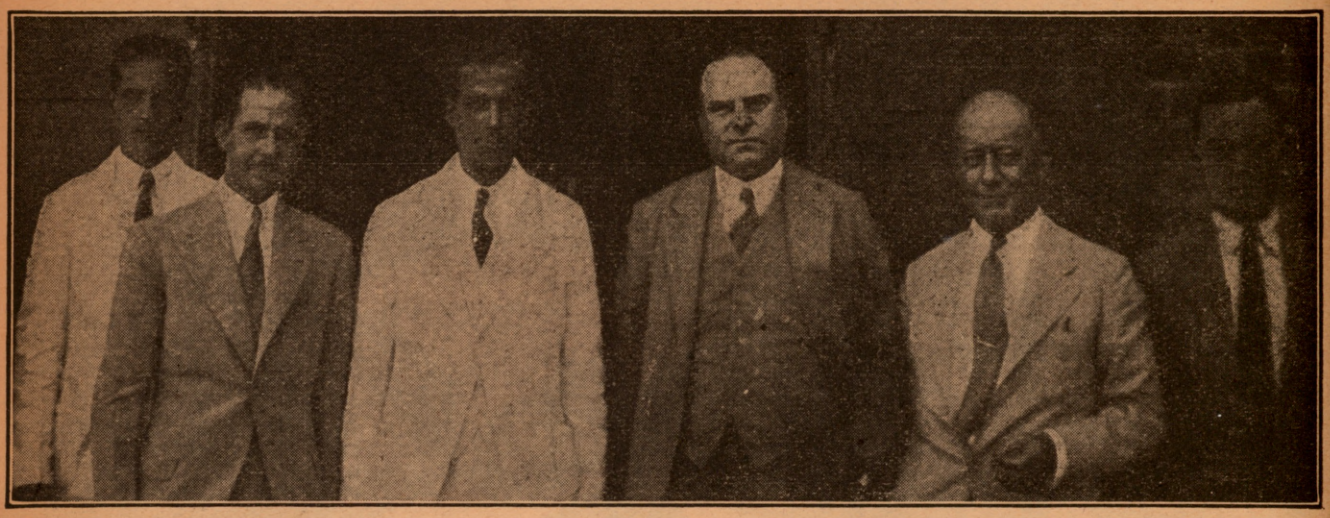
When Carnera Beat Gastanaga





The photograph on top shows how easily Carnera was able to handle his smaller and lighter Spanish opponent. Gastanaga's crouching didn't do him much good in his bout with the former champion in Madison Square Garden. The picture below shows the veteran Joe Humphreys holding aloft the hand of Primo in token of victory while Referee Arthur Donovan congratulates him. It was Humphreys' first public bow at a fight in New York since his illness late last year. And what a welcome he received!

Central America



Boxing Commission of Jamaica and its leading promoter. Left to right—A. Linton Silvera, promoter of Wembley Stadium; Eustace Myers, member of commission; N. W. Manley, K.C., president; W. E. O. Turvill (related to Jem Mace), vice-president; E. U. Wooler, member; Martin Smith, sports writer for "The Gleaner," who is secretary-treasurer of the boxing board. This photo was snapped by THE RING *Editor in front of the spacious rum distillery where Myers' famous Plantation Punch is made.*

THE term "white hope" is usually used with reference to heavyweights. With the rise of Joe Louis to fistic fame, the search for "white hopes" is on in earnest. Throughout the United States, in Canada, England, and other spots on the world map where boxing is a major sport, the "white hope" mania is in full swing. In this country, Jack Dempsey is sponsoring tournaments in which it is estimated that several hundred heavyweights will take part, and it is problematical, if out of that army, one will emerge who can stand the test that ordinarily a good first rate heavyweight would pull through.

In my recent tour of Central and South America I made special inquiries about heavyweights with the hope that somewhere in those regions, unheralded and unknown to the fistic fraternity in these parts, there might be some husky white fighter who could answer to the general measures of a "white hope." But sorry to say that there is no such animal in sight now who can be depended upon to give Joe Louis a good run, less so, to put him out of the path. If what I have seen and what I've been told is a criterion, then it behooves the Americans to develop talent in other divisions than the heavyweight, for it won't be long before the boys of foreign lands, lads of all hues and shades, will be wearing the mantle now adorning the shoulders of the white boys.

* * *

A VISIT to Central and South America will soon convince the most skeptical that not all the good fighters are born and bred in this country. There are a number of sterling young lads in various divisions in Jamaica, Panama, Cuba, Trinidad, British Guiana, Dutch Guiana and Venezuela, boys who are just short of being on a par with the best of our talent in the various divisions, but who, because of lack of funds and exploitation, remain as Kings of the Queensberry realm in their native land.

And if we are to include Porto Rico, which of course is part and parcel of our country, then it behooves us to quit the search for a possible conqueror of Louis, the finding of whom I fear is a long way off, and look after the boys in the minor divisions if we want to hold on to at least a small portion of our pugilistic glory. Why? Because Central America is turning out many youngsters who are possessed of championship or near-championship calibre.

Although I didn't have a chance to see much fistic action, I made a thorough investigation of the claims of many of the lads who previous to my visit had written to me of their ability, and I'm glad to announce that their claims were fully justified by their fine record. And let me add here that the records submitted to me were not doctored, for in each case, they were authenticated by the local boxing commission or the leading sports writers.

* * *

THE hotbed of legalized fisticuffs, is Jamaica, Cuba, and Porto Rico. The Sunny Isle of Jamaica in the British West Indies, with its abundant springs and its wonderful climate, is fast becoming one of the leading sports centers of the Caribbean. Jamaica is well known for its sports and sportsmen. Horse racing, cricket, tennis, football, field hockey, cycling and general athletics form part of the Island's pastime. And now boxing is coming along in leaps and bounds.

Due to the efforts of three excellent sports writers—Martin G. Smith, "Straight Left" of the Daily Gleaner who is also the Secretary of the Boxing Commission; Juan W. Copeland, Editor of a spicy well-written little boxing magazine, "The Knockout" and G. St. C. Scotter, a most efficient, well posted scribe of the Morning Edition of The *Daily Gleaner,* the people are kept well informed of the fistic doings both in their home land and abroad, with the result that the sports lover can discuss his fights with an assurance that only a dyed-in-the-wool fan can do.

Copeland, whose "Knockout" prints considerable boxing news from home and abroad, is one of the best versed men in boxing in the Caribbeans. He has had considerable experience both in Panama, from where he hails and in Jamaica, to which he went in 1926 with Panamian fighters, and his knowledge of the sport is equal to that of the leaders in our country. To him I am indebted for an historic sketch of boxing in Jamaica, a sketch which he typed for me and from which I shall quote in this article.

* * *

FOR a time boxing was practically taboo in the Island. The people resented its introduction, but by degrees, they have been converted and now boxing is one of the leading sports in Jamaica. Thanks to the efficient service rendered by the boxing commission, sportsmen of the highest quality, boxing is progressing rapidly there. The commission, consisting of Mr. N. W. Manley, K. C., president; Eustace Myers, member of the famous Myers' Plantation Punch firm; E. E. Turville, vice-president, who is related to the famed Jem Mace, father of British Scientific boxing; E. U. Wooler and Martin Smith, secretary, is doing a fine job in Jamaica in building up boxing.

It was shortly after the World war, in 1919, that the sport

Boxing Minded

Natives Keen Students of Pugilism—Jamaica Liveliest — Jem Mace's Grandson Member of Commission—Pan American Boxing Association Launched By the Ring Editor

By NAT FLEISCHER

received its baptism of fire when Young Sam McVea, a lad who learned his boxing from the old Sam McVea, came to Jamaica from Panama. He was only a lightweight but this American Negro astonished the natives by his cleverness and his hitting power and it wasn't long before Jamaica had a number of her own boys enlisted in the service of the padded mitts. At first the bouts were staged almost wholly between Panamian and American fighters who were stopping at the time in Panama or the Canal Zone but later, home talent came to the front and Cubans were imported to add to the interest.

* * *

SAM McVEA, according to Copeland, continued to rule the roost until a young Cuban came on the scene and this Cuban disposed of the native conviction that McVea was invincible by not only stopping Sam, but also putting Leonard Pitts, who boasted the heavyweight title, out of the way. In 1925 Panama Joe Gans made his Jamaica debut on a trip through Kingston on his way to Panama and he was matched with Quintana. That fight resulted in disorder because of the use of the rabbit and kidney punches, and also caused the disqualification of Gans and the government placed a ban on the sport.

But the following year, when James Gore built the first outdoor arena in Jamaica, boxing was resumed and importations from Cuba and Panama aided the sport. From those countries came Pantera, Esparaguerra, Cardenas, Bearcat Reid, Jimmy Briggs, Sparring Caballero and others, and with their arrival, started a new era for boxing on the Island, as since then, boys from all parts of the Caribbean and South America, Mexico and the United States have been in and out of Jamaica and have helped to put the sport on a firm basis.

* * *

SOME of the men who have promoted in Jamaica, are Mike Hanna, Mr. Seaga, J. Duperly and Mr. Schuman, but each abandoned the field for various reasons, primarily insufficient gate receipts. Now, however, with the boxing board of control at the helm, the Island boasts of two good promoters in A. Linton Silvera and Gladstone De Souza, under whose jurisdiction many fine bouts have been staged and who are ever on the lookout for good importations. Especially so, Mr. Silvera, who during the past year, imported among others Joe Banovic, K. O. Keith Waever, Buck Everett, Don Petrin and Terry Mitchell.

Each of the above has been brought to Kingston for the purpose of fighting the light-heavyweight champion of the Island, Juan Herrera, former Cuban, a boy with a splendid record, one who rates among the best in the division if the tales of the natives and the stories of the American boxers who have faced him, are a criterion. He has scored over every fighter who has been brought to the Island from latin America and our own land. Only Gastanaga, who fought him when he was a kid, has defeated him, Isadore having a two round K.O. over him in Cuba. Since that time, however, he has bowled over or outpointed a score of good fighters. Only recently he knocked out Everett in two rounds, Mitchell in seven and gave Banovic a terrific beating. He is a hard puncher and would do well against any of our top notchers.

Only recently Dr. S. A. Fraser constructed a stadium at Montego Bay, called the Cosmopolitan Stadium which is running weekly during the tourist season.

* * *

PROMOTER SILVERA informed me that he is eager to get several high class Negro light-heavyweights, boys who have real good records, to go to Jamaica for a six months period during which time they will be well taken care of by him. His object is to pit these boys against Herrera, the best drawing card in Central America, and if there are any such lads who feel that they qualify, they may send me their record and I'll determine through their qualifications, whether it would be worth while for Mr. Silvera to pay their passage to the beautiful Island and care for them for six months at his expense.

Young Herrera, light-heavyweight champion of Jamaica. A Cuban who is the kingpin of the Island.

Among the boxers who are now performing in Jamaica are boys from Santo Domingo, Cuba, Haiti, Panama, Venezuela, Chili, Peru, Colombia, Argentina and the United States, which proves the popularity of the sport in Kingston. Mr. De Souza erected an open air arena, called the Open Air Stadium, and when it proved insufficient for his purpose, he moved it to Rose Gardens where he now stages his fights. Mr. Silvera has his arena at the Wembley Stadium and both are doing well.

In addition to those named, Promoter Silvera imported the following boys to clash with the best of the home talent in Jamaica:—

Pete Sarron who recently fought Freddie Miller, world featherweight champion at Miami; Andy Martin of Providence; Saguerra, Cerefin Centeno, Pepe El Herrera, Baby de la Paz, Kid Carpenter, Charlie Perez, Pancho Valdez, Toro del Sur, Joe Walcott and Wally Hancock—a remarkable record for a place where boxing has been thriving for so short a time.

The outstanding Jamaica fighters are Jack Hawthorne, light-heavyweight; Syd Brown, Buzz Barton and Bill Tate, middleweights; Kid Silvers, the best welterweight in Central America; Lefty Flynn, Young Williams and Lefty Madden, lightweights; Kid Chocolate and Pal Silvers, featherweights; Black Bond and Black Bill, bantams; Frisco Roy, flyweight and a few other fairly good boys in Al Brown, Kid Temple, Boy Peterson, Kid Bully, Red Cap Wilson and Quintana Shadow.

The schools and colleges of Jamaica have a number of excellent amateurs. As in the British Isles, amateur boxing goes over big in Jamaica. It is a sports activity in all the schools. Billy Wint is by far the best amateur. He is a middleweight and

will probably be seen in the Olympic Games as a representative of Jamaica. Other good Simon-pures are Syd Brown, Syd White, Young Joe Gans, and Kid Vassel.

* * *

THE Island boasts of another good prospect in Kid Silvers, the welterweight champion. He has defeated every visitor from all parts of the Caribbean and this country and is well thought of by the Boxing Board whose members are keen students of the sport. He and Herrera are Jamaica's leading talent.

Herrera is known as the Young Bull. He is the most popular fighter in Jamaica and because of his fighting skill, he has done much for the rise of the sport. The influx of foreign fighters has been brought about through him.

Boxing is on a high standard because of the stringent regulations. The Board of Control, which hopes to get the Central American boxing commissions to organize the Pan-American Boxing Association which I launched, will seek affiliation with the New York Commission at my suggestion, to strengthen its position now that American fighters are being imported, and I believe that such a move will help not only the Jamaica board but the New York Commission, as well.

Through my travels I found, as I had expected, that every foreign boxing commission watches closely every move of the New York Board and an affiliation with New York is regarded as it should be, a feather in the cap of the home commission. As New York goes in boxing, so goes the rest of the boxing world, has been proved time and again. My recent trip has convinced me more so than ever, that such is the case.

* * *

ONE thing that struck home was the tremendous influence that the rise of Joe Louis has had in boxing throughout the American continents. Every place I went, the scribes and the boxing commission were eager to get first hand information on Louis. In Jamaica an interview with me on Louis obtained at a boxing commission session at Myers' Plantation Wharf, ran two full columns in the morning papers and requests for photos and silk handkerchiefs of the Brown Bomber flooded me.

Those I brought as gifts were gobbled up quickly. Joe simply is idolized by the Jamaicans, East Indians, Panamians and natives of Trinidad, and I venture to say that if Joe ever went to Jamaica for a vacation, he would be crowned king by his admirers. If Louis ever detours from the straight and narrow path which he is now following, he'll break the heart of many a staunch admirer, so powerful an impression has he made on his people.

In Trinidad, where Colonel Montrovorgadato, Chief of the Police, also is the head of the boxing commission, the sport is thriving but not to the extent that it is in Jamaica. Boxing in Trinidad is confined more to the amateurs.

* * *

DOWN in British Guiana, Juan P. Gomez is the successful promoter. He is doing for British Guiana what Silvera is doing for Jamaica—importing foreign talent and thereby keeping the interest in boxing at a high pitch. The best little scrapper in British Guiana is a featherweight, Kid Tanner, who fights much on the style of Kid Chocolate and who has as big a following there as Chocolate had in his prime in Havana. In his most recent battle, he stopped Motee Kid Singh, the little Fighting Rajah of the South American British colony, a protege of Harry Wills, in six rounds. He handed Singh, former champion of British Guiana such a shellacking that Referee Gonsalves halted proceedings.

* * *

THAT the sport is popular in British Guiana, may be gleaned from the fact that close to 4500 fans saw the battle, most of whom travelled many miles from the four corners of the Province, to see the mill. The Governor of the Province added color to the scene by attending with his complete staff and the financial returns, the huge crowd and the good scraps, were hailed by the sports followers.

When one of the leading sportsmen was asked whether such interest was manifest at all times, he replied:

"No, only recently. The fight fans here, most of whom are East Indians, are all het up over Joe Louis. When the movies of his recent fights were on display, it was with difficulty that the crowds could be controlled. The boys at the various clubs who heretofore were keen students of cricket and tennis, are now taking up boxing and the lone gymnasium here is well patronized, all due, I believe, to Louis' rise."

Perhaps some of THE RING readers who have been clamoring for my scalp because of the many stories we have carried on the Brown Bomber and the praise I have given him, will now realize the justification for such action. Never in my thirty or more years of affiliation with sports, have I come across a situation in boxing such as now. One man—Joe Louis, has done more for boxing than have any ten dozen since Jack Dempsey was in his prime. Boxing is thriving world-wide, if what I have seen and heard on my travels is a criterion, and all due to one man—the Detroit Bomber, Believe-It-Or-Not, Mr. Bob Ripley.

* * *

IN Porto Rico, of course, the leading fighting men are Sixto Escobar, the American bantam king; Pedro Montanez who is the outstanding contender for lightweight honors and who, many experts believe, will be the next world champion, successor to Tony Canzoneri; and Atilio Sabatino, a very good middleweight—all of whom have been seen often in this country. The Porto Ricans are het up over this trio, with Escobar their favorite.

The Island's fight fans cannot understand why Sixto is not given credit for winning the world title, their contention being that when he beat Lou Salica, he won those laurels. No amount of argument can convince them that the New York Boxing Commission cannot make and unmake champions, their contention being that when the New York Board deposed Al Brown and declared the title vacant, the victory of Sangchelli over Brown meant nothing other than a triumph without a title being at stake. Be that as it may, the fact remains that Sixto is a great little fighter who will probably win the world crown if given a chance to fight Sangchelli, but under the rules of boxing he cannot at this writing be called other than the American champion.

As for Montanez, the opinion on the Island is that if Pedro is given an opportunity to clash with Canzoneri, he will win the lightweight title and this same opinion is shared by me. I believe that Pedro is the finest lightweight prospect for all around ability developed in recent years and that includes Barney Ross.

As for Sabatino, he is not regarded by Porto Ricans in the same class as Montanez and Escobar, but he has, nevertheless, a host of admirers who think he will emerge from his present American campaign, the middleweight king of America. Many American followers of boxing think likewise.

* * *

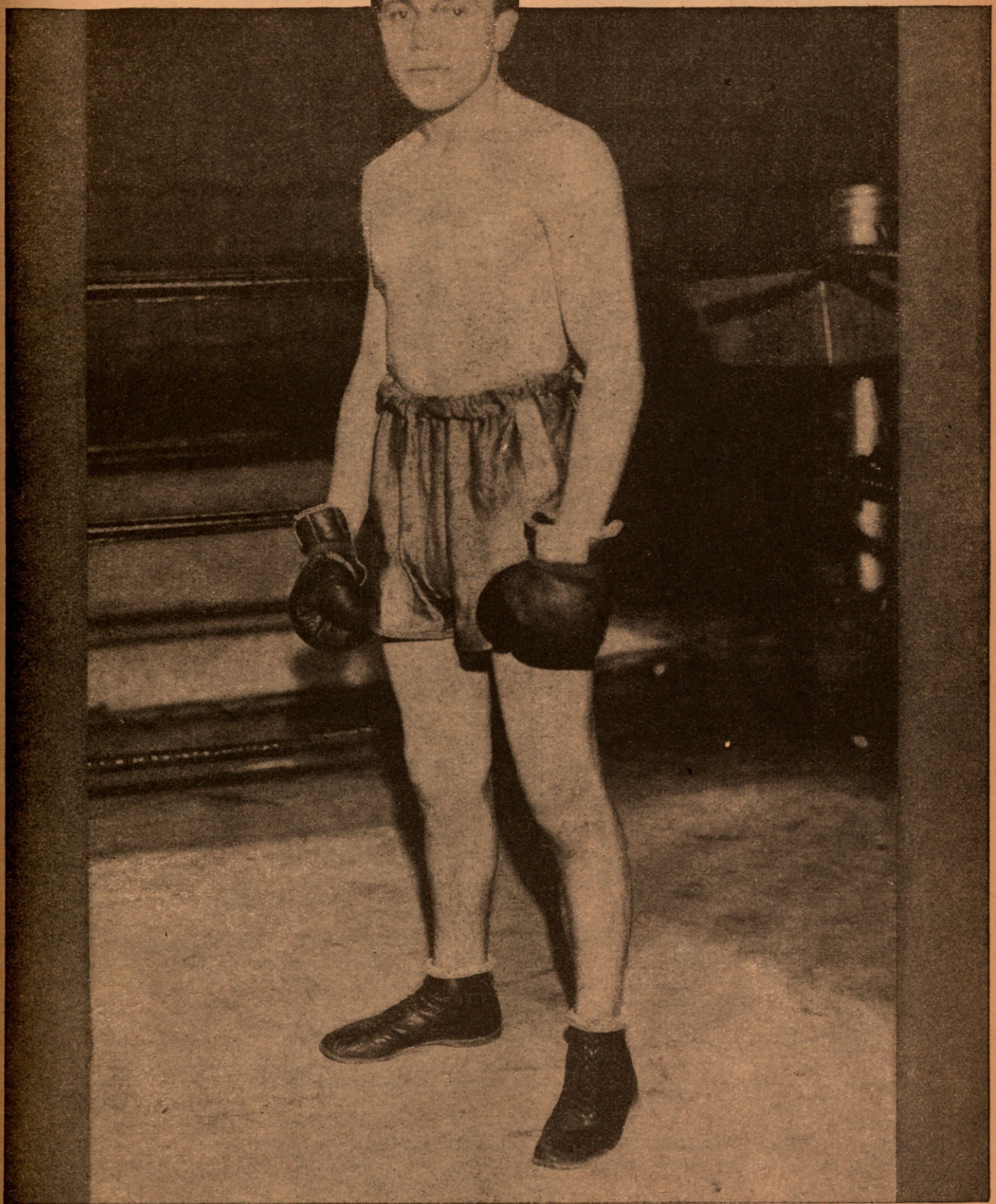
STRANGE as it might seem, the best of the Porto Rican fighters come from one locality—the Cayey district. Montanez and Escobar are both residents of Cayey and Atilio lives a stone's throw from there in Maunabo. Activity in Porto Rico is confined to a few localities, as the depression is still with the natives and sports is the last thing they think about.

As for Cuba, it is still a hotbed for boxing. Notwithstanding the adverse criticism hurled at the Cubans during the recent Louis-Gastanaga affair, the fact remains that the Island's fight fans are hungry for boxing and the bouts which are staged now at intervals of a month or more apart owing to lack of high-class talent, still draw well. Kid Chocolate, who is making a good come-back, remains one of the Island's best drawing cards as is Escheveria, the crack Spanish featherweight who at this writing is matched in an over-the-weight bout in Havana with Freddie Miller.

Pepe Conte, Havana's leading sports writer, a veteran who has been to this country many times *(Continued on page 42)*

The RING'S Album of Famous Fighters

No. 16



Lou Ambers—more familiarly known as the Herkimer Hurricane. Ambers is a skillful boxer and gave Tony Canzoneri the opportunity of regaining his lightweight title in their fifteen-round bout in Madison Square Garden last summer. Ambers is only twenty-two years of age and feels that there is still plenty of opportunity for him in the future. He suffered a fractured jaw last year in a bout with Fritzie Zivic, which he incidentally won, and was forced to rest for four months. He came on to trounce Frankie Klick and earn the right to be declared Canzoneri's leading challenger. He was born in Herkimer, N. Y., and was christened Luigi D'Ambrosio. He is one of ten children and began his career in the "bootleg clubs" upstate, fighting under the name of Otis Paradise. He received $80 for his first fight and in the Canzoneri scrimmage he obtained $13,000, the biggest sum he ever got.

UNTOLD CHAPTERS *of*

While vacationing in the "Stars Fell on Alabama" country Floyd Tillery, contributor to numerous leading American magazines, discovered the amazing true story of the birth and background of Joe Louis. Tillery's findings, a remarkable picture of primitive people of the remote hills, is presented here as an interesting contribution to American folk lore and hitherto untold chapters in the life of "The Brown Bomber." —Editor, "The Ring."

The boy in the picture on left, a cousin of Joe Louis, appears almost tow-headed, giving ample evidence of the white blood of the Barrows. With him is his little sister, of more negroid type.

Lillie Barrow Brooks, mother of Joe Louis, in happy mood.

Evidence of the strong Cherokee strain in the Barrow family is given by Priscilla Barrow, the Bomber's first cousin. Note the fine features and straight hair.

I HAVE just returned from a trip into the Alabama hill country where Joe Louis was born, and where many of his relatives now live.

Joe Louis spent the first ten years of his life in what is known as the Buckalew mountain country, the very region where Carl Carmer's best seller, "Stars Fell on Alabama," has its setting.

Joe Louis' full name is Joe Louis Barrow. The name Barrow traces back to a pre-Civil War landowner, rich old James Barrow, who, in his days, was the reputed owner of hundreds of slaves. He was Joe Louis' great-great-grandfather.

There is Indian blood in Joe Louis' veins, too. Cherokee. Joe Louis' grandmother was Victoria Harp Barrow, and Victoria Harp was the granddaughter of Charles Hunkerfoot, full-blooded Cherokee chieftain, a fabulous character whose influence among the redmen and the palefaces has been handed down in story from Dixie's pioneer days.

In fact, chance easily might have made Oklahoma the birthplace of Joe Louis, with his grandfather perhaps an oil king. In 1889, when the Indian Territory was being organized, citizenship papers were sent to Joe's grandmother, but she and her young husband were "skeered to ride the train, so they stayed on at Buckalew."

The Bomber has first cousins in the southern cotton-fields today who could easily pass for Indian braves and princesses, with their lithe, erect, handsome bodies, their high cheekbones, straight black hair, and light copper-colored complexions, smooth and rich as Oriental topaz.

The photograph of his paternal grandmother, Victoria Harp Barrow, shows a handsome woman with pronounced Indian features.

"She was a half-breed, proud as a queen, and highly respected by everyone who knew her," says Aunt Donnie, "and Joe Louis, too, shows he's full of Indian blood."

The young "Brown Bomber" was born on the farm of Peter Sheley, an uncle on his mother's side. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe "Mun" Barrow, had rented the 120-acre tract four years before, when Peter died. There they raised cotton, wheat, and whatnot.

* * *

THE farm was near Lafayette, right where the legendary "stars fell thickest in Alabama," in the Buckalew mountain country, deep in the hills of Chambers county. This once was the stamping ground of Senator Tom Heflin.

Joe, to the superstitious, was destined for success when he was born the morning of May 13, 1914, for he was the seventh offspring in the family—and there is supposed to be some sort of lucky charm about No. 7.

But there didn't appear to be anything particularly fortunate facing the baby. It was, if anything, a dreary outlook. His folks were poverty-stricken, cotton-picking people, living as best they could in a squalid, ramshackle cabin.

Poor all of Joe's kinsfolk may have been—and are—but there never has been any lack of sturdy pride in them, as I found when I spent a day among them.

I visited the Barrows of Buckalew mountain, Uncle Albert's folks, Aunt Cora's, Aunt Donnie's, Aunt Go-Inland's, Cousin Neal's, Cousin Bud's, and all the rest—a hundred, I'm sure. And they told me the Barrow history.

"Mun" Barrow, Joe's father, was the son of "Lon" and Victoria (Harp) Barrow. Lon's wife and her mother, Susan, belonged to a prominent half-breed, James Harp, a wealthy planter and slave owner.

Susan was the daughter of Charles Hunkerfoot, full-blooded Cherokee chieftain, who was a kind of ambassador from his nation to the Creek Indians of eastern Alabama.

Chief Hunkerfoot and other leading redmen intermarried with many of the slave women whom white planters had previously selected as prize specimens, so that scores of Barrows living on their own farms in the Buckalew mountains are distinctly a mixed race of people, with very little African blood flowing in their veins.

the LIFE *of* JOE LOUIS

Brown Bomber Descended From Fighting Stock—Relatives Reveal Blood of Cherokee Chieftain Flows in Detroiter's Veins—Would Battle at Drop of Hat in His Boyhood Days, Admirers Recall to N.E.A. Feature Writer

By FLOYD TILLERY

NEA Service Special Correspondent

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"Us is a proud family of folks," said one of the oldest of the Barrows. "Our forebears were born in slavery time and you know how it was then with the good-looking mulatto women. There wasn't no marryin', of course, but us is got the best white blood of the whole country in our veins—and the best Indian blood, too.

"Our grandmothers, long before the war, were never less than half white. Our grandfathers, for the most part, were the big white landowners and the big Indian warriors.

"We are all at least three-fourths white and the rest is more Indian than African."

One didn't have to question this genealogical report. Just take a look at dozens of Barrow men and women, dozens of nearly full-grown youths, and little boys and girls by the scores, up there in the Buckalew country. Some of them are as fair as any Anglo-Saxon; some of them have coal-black hair, high cheek-bones, and well-arched noses. Some have red hair, yellow hair, even white hair.

None of them is dark-skinned like the average southern Negro, though many are the typical freaky-looking zambos. Others are pleasantly pigmented like the "Brown Bomber"—very light yellow, with wavy hair and brown or blue eyes.

In this group we see Aunt Cora Barrow, one of Joe's staunchest admirers. "I got to give way these here three gals so they can go to school somewheres," she says.

All the Barrows are intelligent, in fact the most intelligent and independent colored folks I have met in the South. And they are all land owners.

"But us and our chillun ain't got no education to speak of," said Joe's Aunt Cora. "Us don't have no schools to go to."

Joe's Aunt Donnie said, "I've got fifteen chillun and none of 'em has had schoolin'." Fully a dozen of Donnie's drove were crowded around the three-room Barrow cabin—the old home place where the reunion is going to be held "when Joe and Sis Lillie come back home for a visit."

* * *

EVERY Barrow man, woman, and child is proud of Joe. They look on him as a new and far-away god who'll soon be coming down to Alabama to see them.

It's hard scratching for these families to make a living. It takes all they can rake and scrape to pay taxes and buy half enough to live on, they declare.

Their farms resemble large crazy quilts of land with irregular patches of rocky, hilly soil, separated by deep red gullies and large solid areas of stratified flint.

The roads through the country are almost impassable, narrow, very rough, and quagmires when it rains. The Barrow people up there in the mountains seem to be living wholly unto themselves, utterly apart from the surrounding civilization.

But they impress you (with something of a tug at your heart) with their clear thinking, their health, their independent manners. Nothing bold or impudent. Just a kind of noble bearing, and innate, honest dignity. I don't believe the question of racial or social equality ever entered their minds.

* * *

JOE LOUIS was a battler of note when he was still a boy, back in the Buckalew mountains of Alabama, where he lived until he was ten.

So it's no surprise to the friends of his boyhood days that the "Brown Bomber" has reached his present posi-

In a cabin of which this one is almost the replica, in the same locality, Joe Louis was born in the Buckalew mountains. Only the chimney of Joe's birthplace now is standing.

tion of eminence in the fight game.

His success just seems natural to all the old residents with whom I talked on my visit to the Barrows and their kinsfolk down "where the stars fell."

"Why, that boy was a battler when he was only four," vowed Neal Freeman, 70-year-old great-uncle of Joe, going right on pulling fodder as he talked to me. "We didn't call it boxin' in them days; we called it knockin'. I've seen Joe Louis knock four boys at a time. He'd put a chip on his shoulder and dare boys two times bigger than he was to knock it off.

"They'd take the dare; then Joe Louis would beat the devil out of them.

"But his mammy was a fighter before him. I've seen Lillie Reese, when she was a gal, knock nigger boys and pound 'em till they were bloody.

"His daddy was such a man, too, big and strong as an ox before he lost his health and had to be sent to the state hospital."

* * *

JOE was only a tot of two when his father, who stood six feet three inches and weighed 190 pounds, worn by years of bitter, grinding toil and the ceaseless worry of trying to support a growing family on meager earnings, broke under the strain.

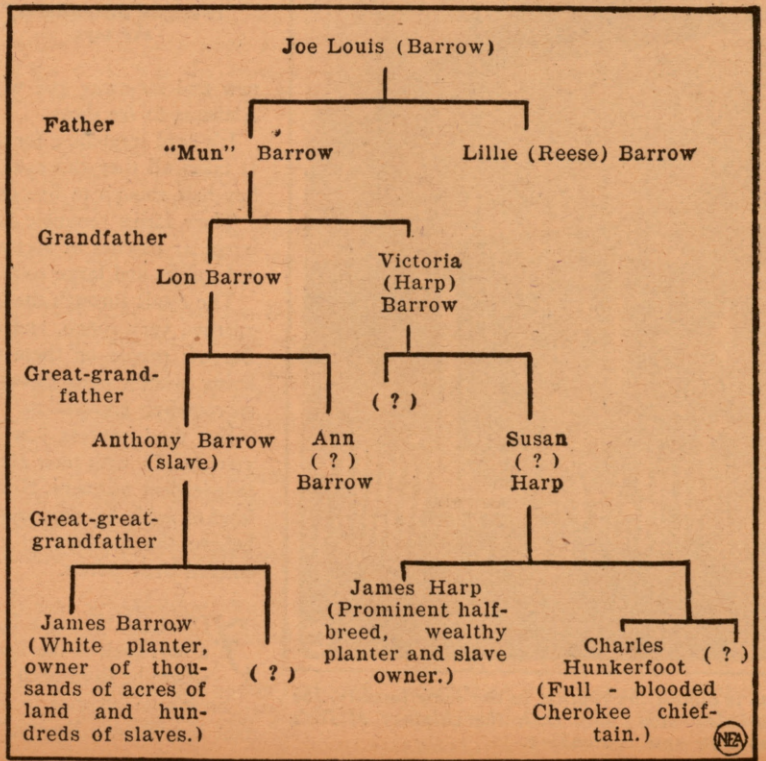
"Mun" Barrow had spells of illness for some time and finally was sent to the state hospital for the insane. There he died, some relatives say. Others declare that he is still alive, a patient in the hospital.

From a boyhood admirer of Joe came further evidence of his youthful prowess.

"Joe Louis wuz just lak all de rest of de Barrows—dey is all mighty high-pression people—and Joe Louis would fight you in a minute. I'se seen him whup a half-dozen little kids at a time.

"Yas, suh, I know'd him well. Fact is, later on, I come mighty nigh marryin' into de Barrow fam'ly.

Convincing evidence of the Indian blood of Joe Louis Barrow is given in pictures on the next page of Joe's grandmother, Victoria Harp Barrow, and his grandaunt, Octavia Harp, half Cherokees, descendants of Charles Hunkerfoot, Cherokee chieftain. Above, "Mun" Barrow, father of Joe, is shown in a picture taken before Joe was born, with four of the "Bomber's" brothers and sisters, Emerelle, Alvania, DeLeon, and Susie. Below is family tree, showing white, Indian, and African blood in Joe's veins.



I wuz standin' good-high wid one of de Barrow gals, but she didn't lak my color.

"You see de Barrows have alluz wanted to stay as white as dey could, and I wuz a little too dark to suit; but dat wuz all dat wuz wrong wid me, de gal said. Yas, suh, I sho did know Joe Louis!"

* * *

"COURSE Joe Louis is a fighter!" exclaimed George Carlisle, who claims to be a cousin of Louis, looking up from the sports page of the Atlanta *Constitution*. "The boy comes from a fightin' fam'ly. His mammy could whip evvy nigger boy and nigger man in the country.

"I've seen her wrassle and knock wid de toughest bucks on Buckalew mountain. And let Lillie Reese git mad wid you, you'd sho better clear out, or you'd be in fer de worst lickin' you ever got.

"I've worked side by side wid her in de fields. She could plow and ditch and cut cordwood equal to de best amongst us. She had to work hard atter dey took Mun off.

"Mun was so strong, even den, dat he broke de plow-lines we had his wrists tied wid, and go away from us."

"How old was Joe Louis when he left here?" I asked his Aunt Cora, whose husband helped care for the boy after Mun Barrow lost his mind. "Someone told me he was only four years old," I added.

"De devil—he was high as he is now!" dissented Cora. "I don't know 'zactly how old Joe Louis wuz when he leff, but he wuz old enough to know what my old man wuz up to when he wuz tryner mesmerize wid another woman, 'cause Joe Louis told on his Uncle Albert one day and holp me ketch right up wid de slick rascal!"

"Just what kind of a boy was Joe Louis, when he was little?" I asked Cora.

"All right, long as you'd let him alone; but he was de very devil when he got

mad; and he'd try to beat the tar out-a anybody what crossed him, then.

"He was a kind-hearted little fellow, though. I 'members well enough how, when one of my chilluns wuz a little sick baby, Joe Louis give me fifty cents and said, 'Aunt Cora, take dis and buy it some medicine.'"

"I suppose Joe Louis has plenty of money, now, hasn't he, Cora?"

"Oh, good God, yes! Just as soon as he won his last fight, he bought him a $7,000 automobile—had it made in de fac'try jest for him—hit's a eight-cylinder Something-or-Nother. Dey say de thing's so dev'lish big hit blocks up de streets in Dee-troit when Joe Louis goes ridin' round in it.

"Yeah, he got plenty money. Why, my God A'mighty, ain't he done sent his Uncle Albert a ticket to come to Dee-troit! My old man's done gone on up there, now.

"I knows Joe Louis'll be too busy to keep him 'way fum dem Dee-troit high yallers! But I bet you dis: I bet you when my old man comes back, he comes back wid all his pockets stuffin'-full of money what Joe Louis goner give him!"

* * *

TIME was when there was no talk of pocketfuls of money, not even a dream of such a miracle, among Joe Louis' kin.

For several years after the death of "Mun" Barrow, the widow fought a discouraging, heart-breaking battle to keep her brood alive.

Then she married again, her second husband being Patrick Brooks, a widower, with a large flock of his own.

Brooks had made a trip to Detroit, where he had been told that there were plenty of jobs for colored folks in the Ford plant. So he and Lillie assembled their two flocks, sold their few possessions, borrowed a little money to help tide them over, and set out for the new Utopia.

Young Joe Louis knew little of boyhood pleasures, but thanks to the time he spent in Brewster's East Side gymnasium in Detroit instead of taking violin lessons, as his mother supposed, everything is all right now.

All seven of Louis' brothers and sisters are doing well. All reside in Detroit.

The oldest sister is Mrs. Susie Woodall, who wishes Joe had waited awhile before getting married.

Mrs. Emmarell Davis saw her brother, Joe, beat Baer.

Alvanious Barrow, 28; DeLeon Barrow, 26; and Lonie Barrow, 24, full brothers of Louis, all work in the Ford plant, where Joe labored before turning professional.

The next in line in the Barrow family is Mrs. Eulalie Gaines.

Vunies Barrow is 19, and the youngest of the family. She is the apple of Joe's eye. He took his kid sister to California as a reward for being graduated from high school last spring. She matriculated at Wayne University, Detroit, this fall, and is preparing to teach.

All the Barrows, from Ma Barrow down, look much like Joe Louis Barrow.

All of them, including Ma, want him to win the title, defend it twice, and retire.

They do not believe that anybody can beat Joe, but they don't care to have him run the risk.

* * *

IN the past, your Negro battler felt that he had to cater to the white customers, and that the white customers looked for a clown complex in every brown-scrapper. As a result, your Negro boxer very often was a mimic, a man of antics, an actor. You will find this true in baseball as well as in boxing.

But Louis does not exhibit that trait because he is not constructed mentally for frolic in the ring.

He seems to be a Negro fighter with a race mission—the winning of the heavyweight title. Can he muster enough ability, can he develop anything more through experience which will align him toward that goal? Has he got it? Can he really take it? Can he dish it out enough to organize a real campaign? These are the queries asked by sports fans, and some of them were answered in no uncertain terms by Louis when he fought Carnera and Baer.

Grandma Victoria Harp Barrow

Octavia Harp, Joe's Grand Aunt.

This could pass for a picture of Joe Louis when he left Alabama at the age of 10, say the "Bomber's" kin. It shows a cousin of Joe, in his picturesque everyday tatters, at his Buckalew mountain home.

Louis is a Negro fighter with a family mission—the winning of a sufficient sum of money to make the Barrow clan—the Brooks clan—in Detroit, independent of vicissitudes of fortune and time.

You gaze upon the moon face, the dead pan, of this Negro who is called Joe Louis, and you wonder if he possesses the so called killer instinct, which we maintain is lacking in so many of the fighters who pass for killers in the squared circle.

You are sure that Louis does not possess the instinct to cut and rip and hurt, until you see his eyes narrow to tiny slits, and then you know. He exhibited that trait against Carnera. You know that he can hurt, that he wants to hurt, that he has the instincts of a fighter.

The "IRON-MAN" of Referees

Alex Fidler Has Officiated in More Than Two Thousand Fights and Still is Going Strong

By TAIT CUMMINS

WHEN ring followers of the middle west get together and the conversation turns to referees, it doesn't take very many seconds before someone injects the name of Alex Fidler into the picture and it continues to be the subject of fat-chewing until the record of this colorful ring veteran has been discussed.

Holder of all "iron-man" records in the prize ring so far as service as referee is concerned, Fidler numbers acquaintances in every field from the various champions down to the preliminary boys who know Alex as their friend and as a square shooting third man in the ring regardless of circumstances.

Ripley, Edgren, the NEA service, Collyer's Eye—all these and others have recognized the amazing record of this genial little arbiter with the flashing smile and kind word for everyone. Over 11,000 rounds of boxing in fourteen years have been fought under his supervision.

At the start of this year, Fidler had been referee at 2,200 fights of which he had records. Since that time, he added 112 bouts in four nights of amateur boxing alone, a total of 281 rounds of hard work since many of the hopeful sluggers had slight regard for the rules. From 1925 until 1928, Fidler worked 750 professional bouts.

Alex Fidler

From Seattle to Davenport and from Milwaukee to Kansas City his services are in demand wherever the fight promoters seek a qualified referee to handle important fight cards. Little wonder that during such a record, Fidler has met and become friends with almost every important figure in the ring sport—first boxing for thirteen years and now wrestling.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY—the old Manassa Mauler and still a great favorite in this section of the country—headquarters with Fidler when he is in Cedar Rapids and regards the local man as his intimate friend. Old Jack Johnson was another who turned his beaming Fidler's way whenever the former champ was in this section of Iowa.

Before Max Baer won and lost the heavyweight title, Fidler refereed a fight in which the big boy was a principal. The friendship which sprung up at that time still exists and the two are good for lively confabs when they meet. Buddy Baer and Ancil Hoffman are also intimately acquainted with Fidler.

Several years ago when boxing was the livest sport in the middle west, Fidler worked almost every night weekly for months. In Sioux City, his services were regarded as so indispensable that the dates of a regular weekly show were changed because they conflicted with Fidler's appearance at shows in Des Moines where he had already been engaged.

At Mason City, also, crowds stood up and shouted when the beaming little workman climbed through the ropes. His appearance was advertised as being "by popular demand" and in that case the phrase was true.

Newspaper sports experts on the west coast praised Fidler's work highly after he had appeared in Seattle for one stretch. At that time, a Seattle sports writer said: "Referees in this state might well copy the work of Alex Fidler, Iowa man who worked last night's card. His conduct in the ring was a pleasure to behold. He kept the fighters fighting and never gave them a chance to stall. Here's hoping we see more of Fidler."

On that trip, Fidler worked several times in Denver, winning wide acclaim by his hustling tactics inside the ring. He was back in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota and Illinois shortly after that, however, where most of his refereeing work has been done.

Fight crowds in Davenport, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Sioux City, Mason City, Omaha, Sioux Falls, S. D., and dozens of smaller cities have watched the agile little referee at work. His work in Milwaukee was in the rôle of referee at a wrestling match.

During his long career, Fidler earned at one time the title of "Iowa's one-man commission" because of the manner in which he hopped on lazy or cowardly fighters in rings he supervised. It was nothing to see Fidler stop a fight and berate both men for not trying. If they kept on loafing, out they went. One time he threw a fighter out almost bodily.

* * *

ABOUT five feet, seven inches tall and weighing less than 150 pounds in his prime, Fidler was fast enough to keep a sharp eye on what took place and still keep out of the fighters' way. One memorable bout in Cedar Rapids, however, saw Fidler almost subdued.

The occasion was a match between Bearcat Wright of Omaha and Seal Harris, another gigantic Negro. Both boys were black as coal and apparently were in a friendly mood that night. They dived into each other's arms and wrestled through the ten rounds. Fidler fought harder than either trying to get them apart and fighting. When it was over, he was a wreck but the crowd gave him the ovation.

In South Dakota and Nebraska, where Fidler had to be licensed to referee, promoters sought his services because of the popularity with which crowds greeted his decisions. On occasions, he aroused the ire of managers who felt convinced their man had won but Fidler's decisions stood.

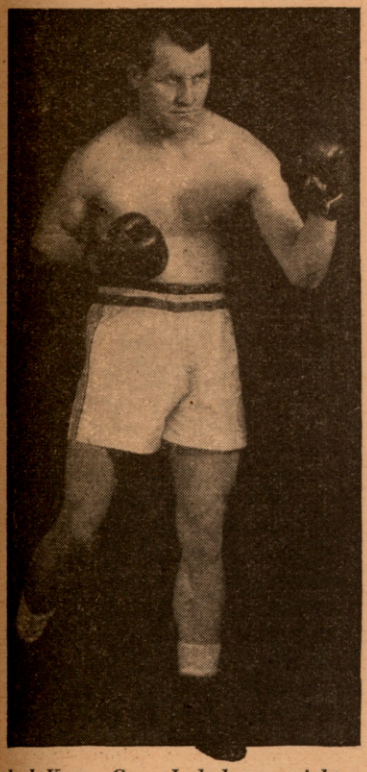
* * *

IT'S impossible for anyone to have such a long career in the ring without making hundreds of acquaintances and also seeing most of the top-notchers in action some time or another. Fidler worked the first ten round fight Sammy Mandell ever fought. He worked several other matches with Mandell during the time he was champion and afterward.

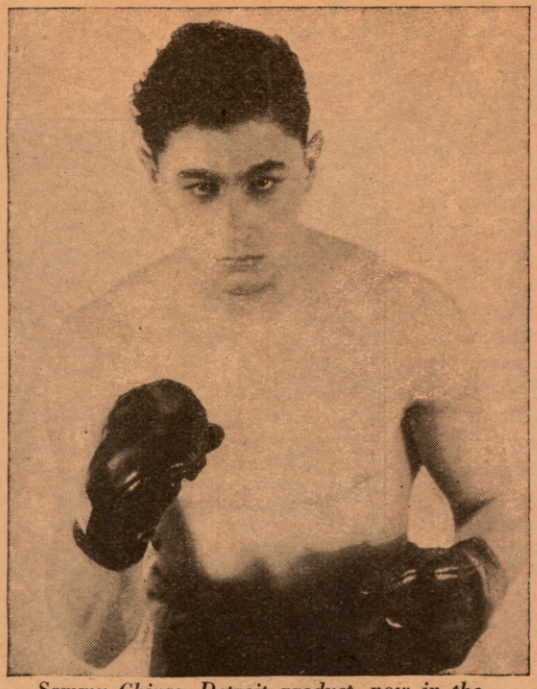
Benny Bass, king of the featherweights at one period, fought under Fidler's watchful eye as did Gorilla Jones, the Negro Middleweight champion, who was an intimate friend of Fidler. Primo Carnera was another who subsequently went on to touch the heights after taking part in bouts where he took his orders from Fidler inside the ring. Although he never worked a match in which Gene Tunney appeared, Fidler was well acquainted with the former champ, and also with Jack Sharkey who never appeared very far in the middle west.

Benny Leonard, Max Schmeling, *(Continued on page 45)*

MAKING *the* GRADE

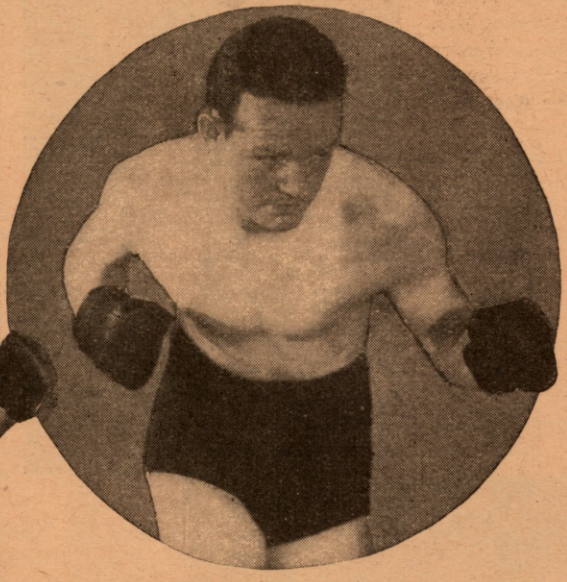


Jack Kranz, Gary, Ind., heavyweight, who went the distance against Joe Louis.

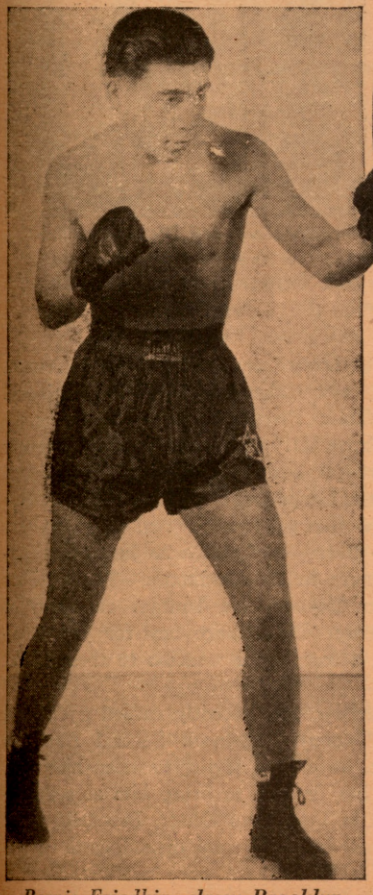


Sammy Chivas, Detroit product, now in the Jack Dempsey stable.

Al Lopiano, smashing New York featherweight from the Bronx.



Jimmy Kirwen, Miles City, Montana, welterweight, who shows promise.



Bernie Friedkin, classy Brooklyn featherweight youngster.

Tom Chester, former Golden Glove champion from New York.

Sammy Meadows, hard-hitting New York welterweight prospect.

British Lads Coming to U. S.

By NAT FLEISCHER

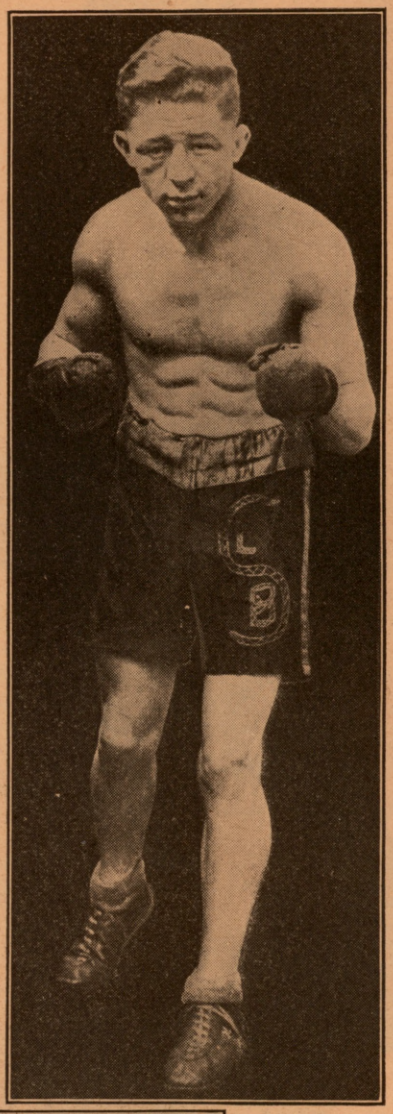
THE success of Jock McAvoy in America and the reams of healthy publicity which he is getting from New York scribes, has acted as an impetus to the British boxers and as a result, a number of good lads from across the Big Pond are either on their way to the land of "Milk and Honey" or will be here shortly. When McAvoy decided on his American invasion, few of the British fight fans conceded him much of a chance against the stars of Uncle Sam's boys, but Jock's victory over the leading American contender for light-heavyweight honors, Al McCoy, and his knockout of Babe Risko, U.S. middleweight king, followed by his other triumphs, has proved to the British skeptics that there is such a thing as a square deal in our domain hence the reason for the latest invasion.

A few weeks ago one of England's best lightweights, Davey Finn, arrived in New York with Harry Goodman, who as the mentor of Harry Mason and Jackie Berg made several trips here a few years ago. Finn has been placed in the hands of Billy McCarmey, who will act as his American representative, and no better choice could possibly have been made.

The old Maestro, who helped to guide Max Schmeling to a world title, and who has had more experience in ballyhoo than any U.S. manager with the possible exception of old Doc Kearns, is sure to obtain several lucrative engagements for Finn, whose record is a good one. At any rate, at least one thing is certain—with McCarmey on the job, nothing will be left undone in an effort to make Finn's stay here an enjoyable one and a financial success. Finn will shortly make his debut in the Garden.

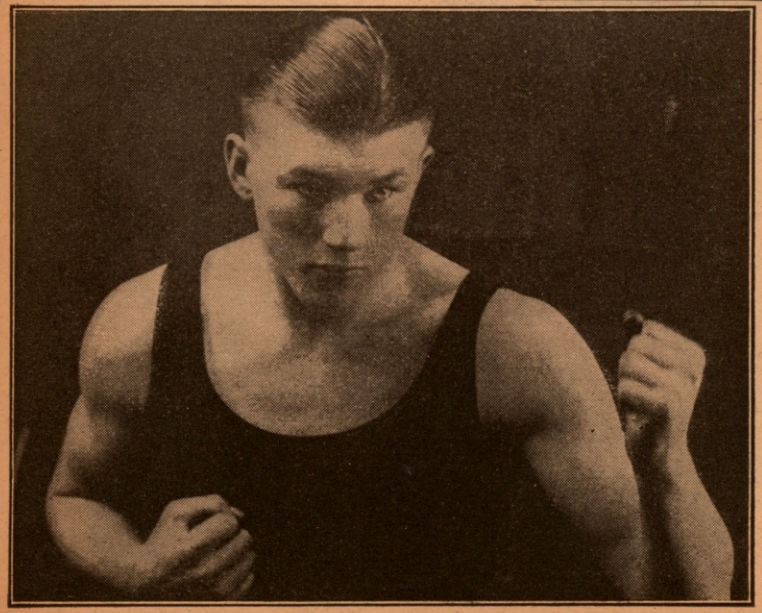
* * *

FROM Ted Broadribb, England's widely known promoter and assistant to Jeff Dickson, comes word that he has engaged passage on the initial trip of the world's greatest ocean liner, the "Queen Mary," and Ted with an assortment of good talent, will make another of his periodical bows to New York. Broadribb, better known to the old timers as "Snowball" under which name he fought for Dan McKettrick here before the World war and who gave Georges Carpentier one of his toughest fights when Gorgeous Georges was a real scrapper, has in tow among others, two lads who have been cutting quite a figure in British boxing—Tommy Farr of Wales, Len Beynon, the bantam champion of Wales, and George Daly, office boy for Jeff Dickson. They will accompany Broadribb to these shores in May.



George Daly, Jeff Dickson's office boy, a good lightweight.

Len Beynon, bantam champion of Wales.



Tommy Farr who recently defeated Tommy Loughran.

Farr is the fellow who recently earned a disputed decision over Tommy Loughran. Several American managers since, have been trying to wean him here, but Broadribb has decided to bring him across himself. In a letter to THE RING Editor, Broadribb says:

"Although there has been some dispute as to the accuracy of the decision which gave my boy, Farr, a victory over your Tommy Loughran, naturally I feel that the verdict was a just one. In an effort to prove

Davey Finn, the fighting lightweight of London.

finer points of this great Negro fighter. I feel confident that such a move would prove a good one, and of course, if Tommy shows what I'm sure he can, then I shall expect Mr. Jacobs and my friend, Tom Ardle, his matchmaker, to give Farr a chance to show on the card. Farr is extremely popular here and his presence on the Louis card will help draw in the shekels so far as Britishers are concerned, though I fully realize Mr. Jacobs won't need much help to pack any stadium with such an attraction as Louis vs. Schmeling.

"There is much speculation here regarding the possibility of Schmeling turning thumbs down when it comes to going over for the Louis mill. Many stories have emanated from channels that are pretty close to home, that Schmeling's wife objects to such a bout but those of us who know Max intimately, as I do, disregard such rumors. Schmeling has always proved a man of his word so far as I know, and I believe that the propaganda that is being sent out on Schmeling's proposed runout, should be regarded very lightly."

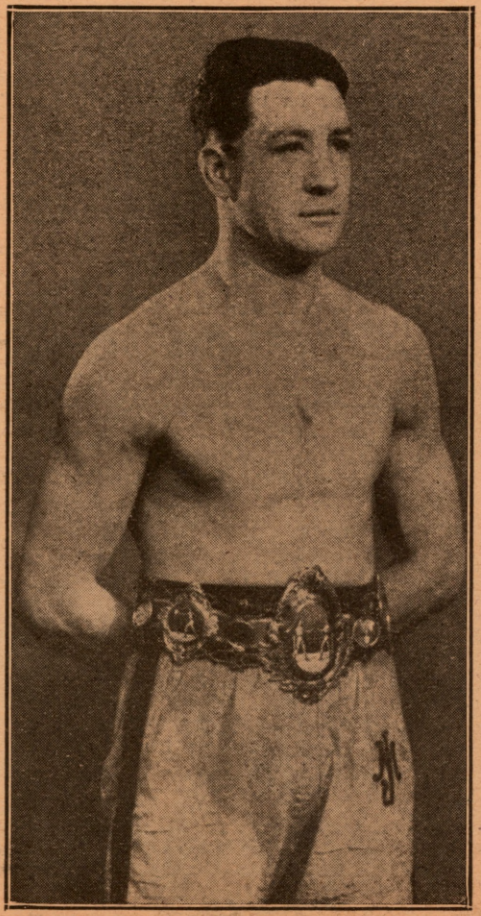
* * *

BEYNON, the Welsh champion, has a decision over Johnny King and fought a hot draw with Kid Francis, the correctness of my opinion, I shall try to get the boys together before I leave for the States.

"I am going to New York primarily for two purposes—to see if I can get Farr on the coming Joe Louis-Schmeling card which Mike Jacobs will stage and to get an eyeful of your best prospects with the idea of signing a number of your best boys for a series of engagements in my new venture.

* * *

I SHALL try to induce Mr. Jacobs and Messrs. Roxborough and Black to permitt Farr to train with Louis as one of his sparring mates in the hopes that such workouts will not only help the fight because of the international aspect but will help Tommy to acquire a knowledge of some of the

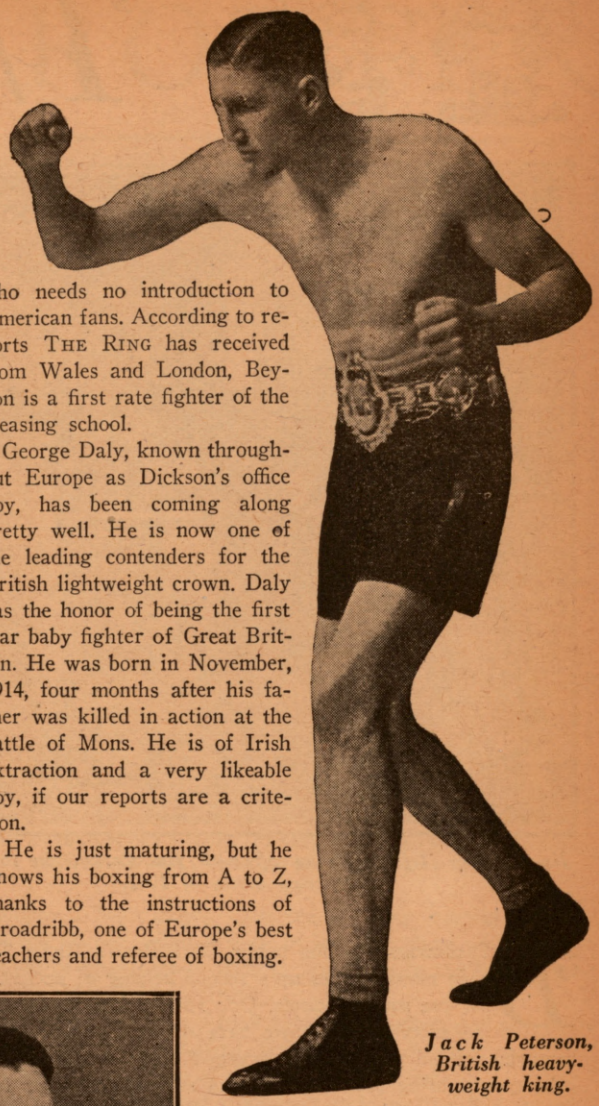


Jock McAvoy, British middleweight and light-heavyweight champion.

who needs no introduction to American fans. According to reports THE RING has received from Wales and London, Beynon is a first rate fighter of the pleasing school.

George Daly, known throughout Europe as Dickson's office boy, has been coming along pretty well. He is now one of the leading contenders for the British lightweight crown. Daly has the honor of being the first war baby fighter of Great Britain. He was born in November, 1914, four months after his father was killed in action at the battle of Mons. He is of Irish extraction and a very likeable boy, if our reports are a criterion.

He is just maturing, but he knows his boxing from A to Z, thanks to the instructions of Broadribb, one of Europe's best teachers and referee of boxing.



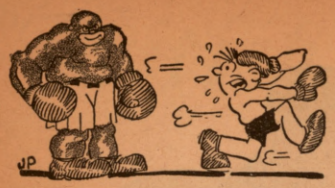
Jack Peterson, British heavyweight king.

"SINCE Jack Peterson's victory over Len Harvey," writes Broadribb, "the interest in the heavyweight ranks in England has taken a jump forward. The promoters are angling for a return engagement between Walter Neusel and Peterson and such a fight will draw well in London, despite the poor opinion American scribes hold of the big German."

According to reports THE RING has received from several sources close to Peterson, there is a chance that Jack will attempt a flyer at the game in America, if he hurdles those whom he is scheduled to meet in the meantime. Broadribb thinks that the possibility of such a trip for the British heavyweight king is very remote as he can make far more money fighting in his native land than he could hope to obtain in America for three bouts.

"If he makes the trip at all," says Broadribb, "I'm sure it won't be to fight. It will be a pleasure visit only."

It is Broadribb's intention to remain in the States only a few weeks, possibly a fortnight, during which time he hopes to survey the American boxing situation with the idea of taking some good boys back *(Continued on page 44)*



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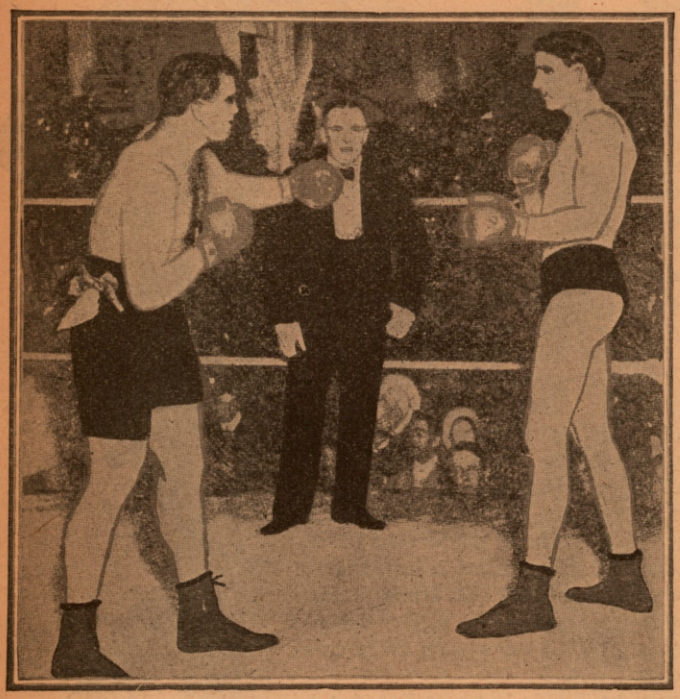


Jim Jeffries (left) sparring off with Jim Corbett in their San Francisco battle of 1902.

A second helping of ancient films brings back old memories, and depicts the vital moments of most vehement classics of the fistic past.

BY command of the public, THE RING's Globe Trotter this month serves up a second helping of ancient films of the squared circle. Our feature last month proved so successful that we have dug once more into our magazine of old pictures and dragged forth a few which, we believe, will bring back pleasant and stirring memories for the old-timers, and hold no small interest for the current generation.

There is a certain something in old fight pictures which makes them live on and on. Even in the still film you see certain differences which mark out the past from the present. You glimpse the old John L. stance, with one fist laid against the chest and the other arm outstretched.

You see the stance of a later day—the McGovern and Jeffries crouches. And as you proceed along the years there are other differences which mark out each fistic era.

In the ancient films, you see champions with belts of their own, or the national colors. These belts were prized by their owners, and by followers of the fistic fancy. You note the difference in ring garb. Now the boys wear running pants. Years ago there was a distinctive uniform which went with the ring. And men fought in spiked shoes on the turf. Incidentally, that battle in which Corbett knocked out Sullivan for the championship in New Orleans, while fought indoors, was staged on a dirt floor. John L. insisted on it. Perhaps he felt the dirt would cut down Jim's advantage in foot work.

However, we are straying. The films await us. The crowd is seated, and the orchestra strikes up an ancient ditty, "Turkey in the Straw." Lights out, and we sit back to view the parade of the years that used to be.

San Francisco, Cal., March 25, 1904:—Jimmy Britt Beats Young Corbett in Twenty Rounds.

SEE them, Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett, squaring off for their battle for the lightweight championship in the city of the Golden Gate, just thirty-two years ago. Goodness gracious me, is it that long? Why, it seems only a couple of decades ago that Jimmy came out with the announcement that he had claimed the lightweight title!

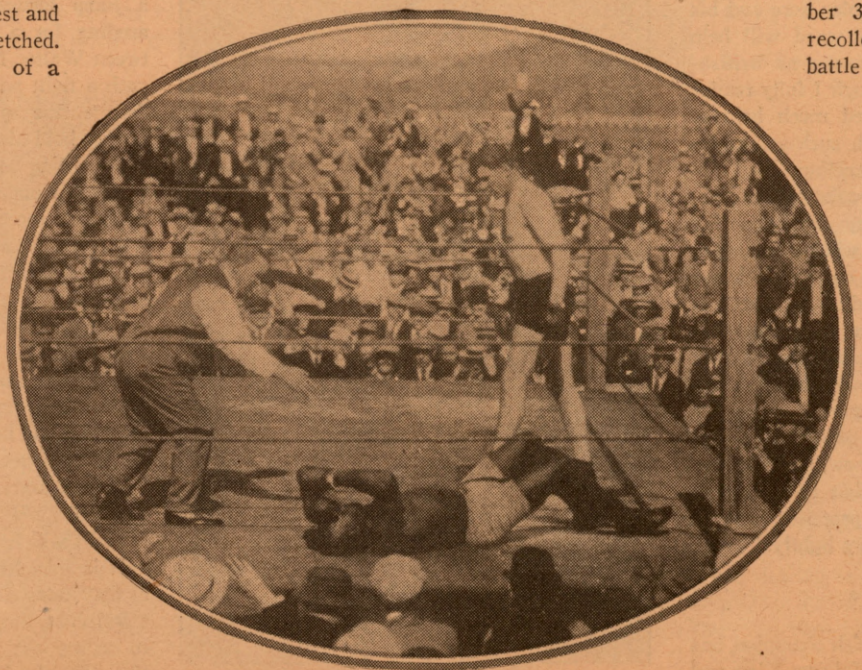
You see, it happened this wise. On May 2, 1902, Joe Gans became the champion by knocking out Frank Erne at Fort Erie in one round. On November 26, 1902, Britt stopped Erne in seven rounds in San Francisco.

When Gans, whose health had been ruined and vitality sapped by loose living and weight-making, refused to get down to the limit of 133 pounds, Britt, a genuine lightweight, who was a native of San Francisco, announced that his victory over Erne made him the real champion. And Jimmy proceeded to go out and defend the title against Young Corbett in 1904. That same year Britt beat Battling Nelson in twenty rounds.

You may recollect that in 1905, Nelson knocked out Britt in eighteen rounds at Colma, and that Nelson and Gans were matched for the lightweight championship by Tex Rickard at Goldfield, Nev., on September 3, 1906. You also will recollect that this terrific battle was won by the Negro on a foul, in the forty-second round.

However, Gans had developed tuberculosis. He was knocked out twice by Nelson in 1908, in seventeen and twenty-one rounds.

But let us get back to the film which we are showing. Young Corbett had knocked out Terry McGovern twice, and in the East they felt that the winner was the best of the 133-pounders. But after they had squared off in that San Francisco ring on that March night in 1904,



The much-discussed "shading the eyes" scene in the Willard-Johnson fight at Havana in 1915, when Jess won the title.

GLOBE TROTTER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Britt proceeded to outfight Young Corbett and get the decision.

San Francisco, Cal., August 14, 1902:—Jim Jeffries Knocks Out Jim Corbett in Ten Rounds.

AH, friends, here we are again in romantic San Francisco, the old city by the brawly Pacific, the metropolis of the Golden Gate. It is a none too warmish August, and here we see James J. Jeffries, heavyweight champion of the world, tackling James J. Corbett in their second fight.

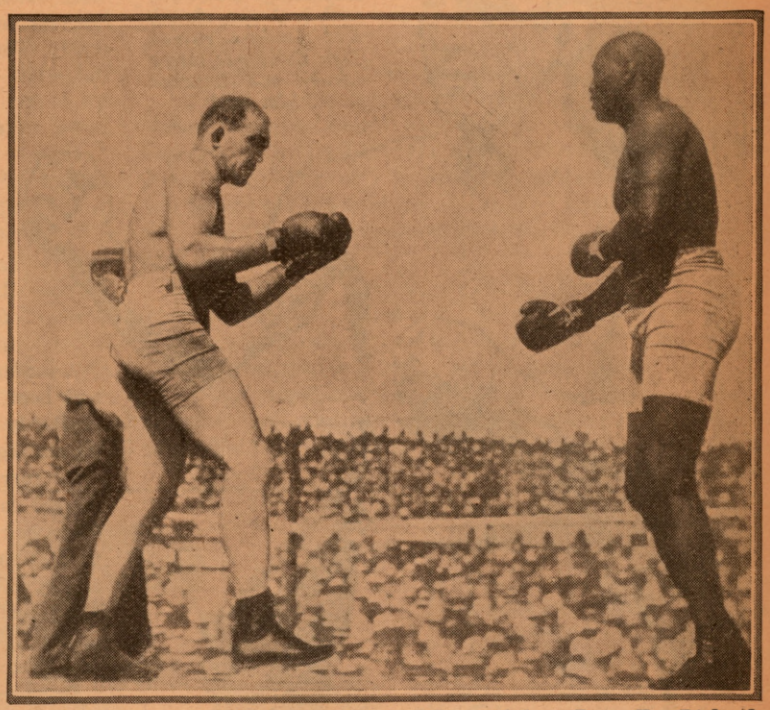
You must know that they met for the first time at Coney Island on May 11, 1900, when Corbett had the championship in his grasp in the twenty-third round, only to find his legs going back on him.

Jeff clipped Gentleman Jim in that twenty-third, and thus Corbett just barely failed to achieve a trick which has yet to be performed in the heavyweight division. In that class, no fallen champion ever has regained the title.

Yes, Jack Dempsey almost did it in the second fight with Gene Tunney—the battle of the long count in Chicago. But just as Corbett had run against the old jinx, so did Dempsey run afoul of the hoodoo.

The second Corbett fight with Jeffries, which we find depicted in this ancient film, was notable because Gentleman Jim was in the sere and yellow of his career, and yet stayed ten rounds with the Boilermaker. You see, when Corbett first encountered Jeff, the former bank teller had been out of the ring for more than three years. Corbett had been running a cafe on Broadway in New York. And yet, after that long layoff, after that protracted stretch of easy, soft, living, Gentleman Jim was able to outpoint Jeffries in every one of the twenty-two rounds that preceded the knockout.

And so we find that in the film here shown, Corbett is a has-been; Jeffries is fresh from his second knockout over Bob Fitzsimmons, which occurred only nineteen days before the Corbett fight.



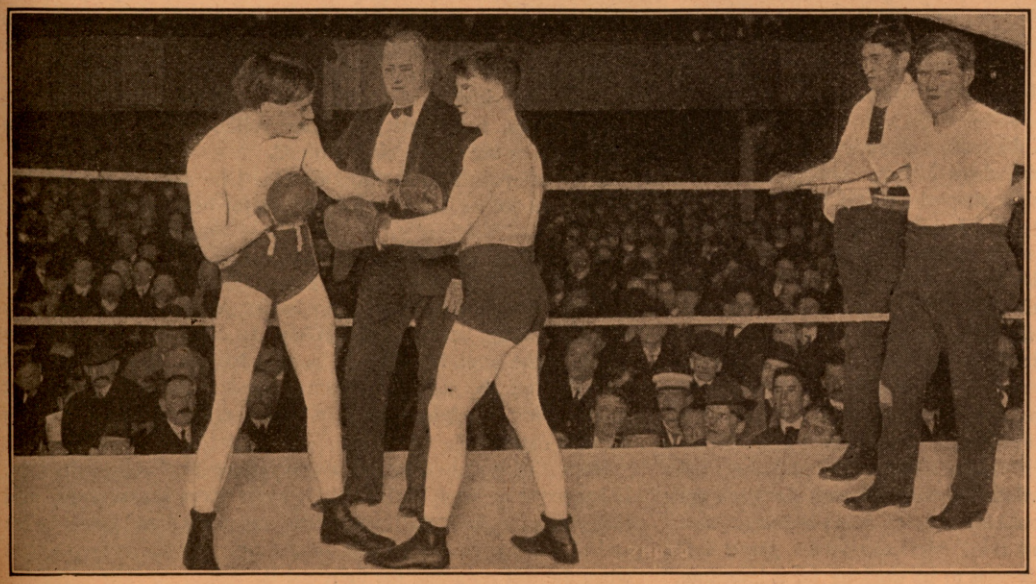
The eleventh round of the famous Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno. Tex Rickard, who refereed, is seen on the left.

Imagine a heavyweight champion of today meeting Fitzsimmons and Corbett within a space of less than three weeks! Why, it would be preposterous—that is, according to the highly commercialized standards of 1936.

Eight years after that second fight with Corbett, and five years after he had officially retired, Jeffries was induced to meet Jack Johnson. Jeff got plenty of money—and a beating.

That contest was staged at Reno, Nevada, by Tex Rickard, who not only promoted the affair and gave what at that time was considered to be a record purse, but also refereed the mill.

Slow music, Professor. A requiem for James J. Corbett, one of the grandest characters any sport has boasted in these United States—or any other country.



And here is a scene in the bout between Jimmy Britt and Young Corbett in San Francisco. Ed Graney is the referee. Britt won in twenty rounds.

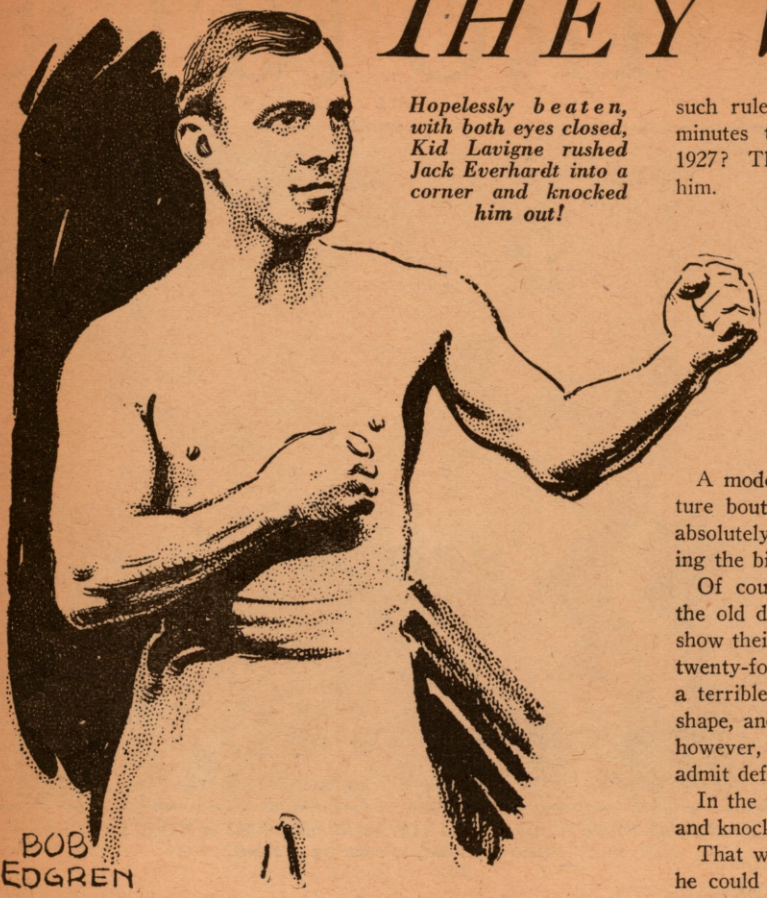
Reno, Nev., July 4, 1910:—Jack Johnson Becomes Undisputed Champion by Knocking Out Jim Jeffries in Fifteen Rounds.

HERE is the very picture, folks! Here is the film of one of the most remarkable fights in the history of pugilism, which established Jack Johnson as the one and only Negro heavyweight champion of the world.

Here it is, taken in Nevada that July afternoon twenty-six years ago, when Jeff, a mere hollow shell, tackled Johnson. Out of this fight

(Continued on page 29)

THEY WEREN'T



Hopelessly beaten, with both eyes closed, Kid Lavigne rushed Jack Everhardt into a corner and knocked him out!

THE average modern fight fan looks back on the old days of boxing as an age of rough stuff, when fighters fought without gloves and bouts went to a finish. As a matter of fact, not all old-time fighting was rough stuff by any means, and some of it would seem ludicrously soft to the modern ringsiders.

Back in the wild and woolly California of 1877, blackened glove matches were the rage. Barney Farley and Soap McAlpin fought for an hour at old Dashaway Hall in San Francisco under conditions that would send the fans to sleep today. Their gloves were blackened, and every time a punch landed, it left a big black mark. The fight was then stopped, a point scored for the puncher, and his victim wiped clean with a towel. Then the fight was resumed until the next punch landed.

Farley was a pretty clever man, and managed to score the most punches within the one-hour time limit set for the bout. He got the decision. That was one bout in which a scrapper could get a half-dozen black eyes and be none the worse for it. But it didn't appeal to the fans.

In England at the turn of the century there was a trial involving the National Sporting Club, where Murray Livingstone died in a boxing bout. The prosecutor showed that "if it was a question of one competitor trying to knock his opponent out . . . . then this was . . . . illegal; but if the parties were only trying to show how often . . . . each could hit the other without intending to hurt him, then it was lawful sport."

One of the witnesses at the trial described the Scottish boxers of that day in these words: "The Scottish men who box are as hot-headed men as I have ever seen." Yet the Scottish amateur rules under which they boxed tried to discourage fighters who sought for a knockout. The rules said: "In the event of a knockout blow, the round in which it occurs shall finish, and the marks for that round shall be awarded in accordance with the work done up to that point, the knockout blow *scoring as an ordinary point.*" The English school rules of those days allowed *no points* for a knockout. "If a competitor is seen to be working for a knockout," they said, "he will be cautioned."

I wonder how Bat Battalino would have felt, fighting under such rules, when he knocked out four men in less than eight minutes to win the American amateur featherweight title, in 1927? The referee would have spent all evening cautioning him.

* * *

JIM CORBETT and John L. Sullivan wore full dress suits when they had their first fistic meeting, and it was that bout which determined Gentleman Jim to go after the heavyweight crown, because he then discovered that he could beat Sullivan. This bout was a four round exhibition in San Francisco, when John L. was touring America. Corbett would have preferred to box a regular exhibition, but John L. refused to go through with it unless they wore full dress suits.

A modern parallel of this exhibition bout was the moving picture bout between Primo Carnera and Maxie Baer, which was absolutely harmless in itself, but made Max confident of beating the big Italian and winning the championship.

Of course there *was* plenty of roughness—and gameness—in the old days. The longer fights gave boxers plenty of chance to show their courage. Kid Lavigne fought Jack Everhardt a furious twenty-four rounder in New York back in 1896. Lavigne took a terrible beating in that fight. His face was all punched out of shape, and both his eyes were closed in the 23rd round. Lavigne, however, valued his lightweight championship and refused to admit defeat.

In the twenty-fourth round, he rushed Everhardt into a corner and knocked him out!

That was the only thing that Lavigne could do to win, because he could no longer see Everhardt, and his only chance was to work him into a corner where he couldn't dodge around. Many another fighter would have quit, but not Lavigne. He was made of championship stuff.

Another fellow who was a champion clear through was Solly Smith. In 1896, Solly, who was a confident young featherweight from the Pacific Coast, went to England and challenged the English champion Willie Smith. Solly was very much surprised to find that the odds quoted in London before the fight were five to one against him. The English had no idea what kind of a fighter Solly was, and Willie Smith was a popular idol.

Solly was very practical, and instead of worrying about the odds, he decided to make the best of them by betting every cent he could lay his hands on. He bet all that he had, and looking around for more funds, asked the National Sporting Club if they would give him his share of the purse in advance. This was a very unusual demand, but as soon as they found out what he was going to do with the money, they very sportingly let him have it. He bet it all at one to five, and stood to be either rich or penniless at the end of the fight.

When the time came, Solly boxed along handily through the early rounds, found out just what Willie Smith could do, and knocked him out in the eighth round.

Solly afterwards beat little George Dixon in twenty rounds, so you can see he had plenty of reason for being confident.

* * *

MODERN fighters, trying for knockouts, have contributed some weird incidents to boxing history. In Philadelphia in 1929, Benny Bass and Red Chapman both landed knockdown blows at the same instant. The referee took up the count, and as he tolled off the seconds, Bass managed to struggle to his feet at the count of eight. Chapman was not so lucky, and he was counted out.

Hans Birkie once knocked out his opponent, but lost the fight. It happened in New York in 1931, when Steve Hamas outpointed Hans in an eight round bout. Steve stopped a hard punch at the end of the last round, but the referee only got up as far as eight when the bell rang and the fight ended.

When Young Stribling lost to Max Schmeling by a technical knockout in the fifteenth round, referee George Blake stopped the

ALWAYS ROUGH

By BOB EDGREN

fight with only a few seconds to go. The Stribling family was very proud of the fact that their boy had never been knocked out in his long career, up to that time, and they rather wished that the referee hadn't stopped the fight. Of course, Blake had no way of knowing how much time was left, and stopped the fight when Stribling was helpless, as any good referee would have done.

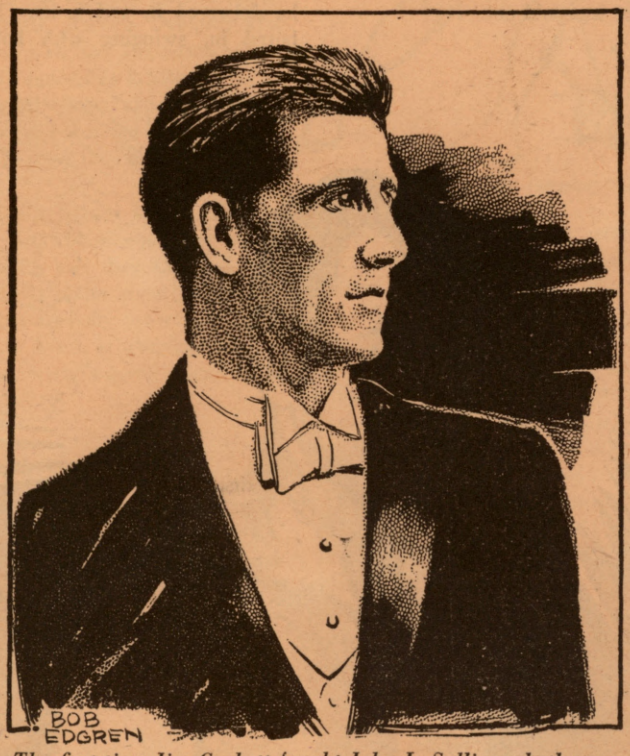
Young Stribling's quest of the championship on that occasion seemed to be ill-fated from the start. The telephone number of his training camp, for instance, was "Chagrin Falls, 200 W 1."

There is one story about young W. L. that I have always enjoyed, because it showed an interesting insight into his character. It tells about a time that he attended a dance, down in the south. It happened that a fellow with a bad disposition was there that night, and was dancing around the floor a trifle unsteadily. He bumped into Young Stribling. As they went around once more, he again bumped into the young fighter, and loudly accused him of causing the collision on purpose. He issued a challenge, too, threatening to take the young man out behind the building and give him a thrashing.

It was obvious that the fellow didn't know he was challenging one of America's leading heavyweights. He wouldn't have had a prayer if he had ever gotten into a fight with Stribling, and some fellows with less self-control than the southern lad might have accepted the challenge just to settle matters in a sudden and violent fashion.

Stribling, however, saw the funny side of it. He looked up at his challenger in an awe-struck way, and said: "What do you want to fight me for, mister? Gee, I'm not big enough to fight a man like you. I'm only a boy. It wouldn't be any match at all."

He tried as hard as he could to keep from laughing, and in a minute he had the fellow so sorry for him that the big fellow offered to lick anybody in the room who dared to bump into Young Stribling. But the big fellow never did find out who that boy was who talked so persuasively.



The first time Jim Corbett fought John L. Sullivan, both men wore full dress suits.

* * *

BILLY DELANEY was another fellow who knew how to make words count. Before the days when he managed Jeffries and trained Corbett, he had a fighter named Jack Brady. Brady took on a fight with a Negro heavyweight, and was getting a bad beating. It was obvious that something startling would have to be done if Brady was to come through on top; and that was an important thing in those days because the winner got the big end of the purse, and there was very little left for the loser.

When Brady came back to his corner, Delaney had a plan. "Listen," he whispered. "The next time he knocks you down, swear at him. Call him a big black blankety blank!" Brady went out gingerly at the bell, wondering whether his manager had suddenly gone crazy, and whether he would be killed if he followed Delaney's advice.

In a few seconds Brady was knocked to the floor, and as soon as he could get his breath, he looked up and repeated the words Delaney had whispered in his ear. And sure enough, they won him the fight!

His opponent landed a punch on Brady's jaw before he could even get up off the floor. There was nothing left for the referee to do but to award the fight—and the winner's end of the purse—to Brady on a foul.

But it was really Delaney who won that bout!

No manager could have put any words in the mouth of Dummy Rowen, because Dummy was deaf and dumb and had never spoken a word in his life. He was matched with Mike McClure down in San Diego in 1919, and Mike performed a miracle that was beyond the power of any of Dummy's managers. During the fight he hit Rowen a terrific punch in the stomach. It had an unexpected effect.

Rowen shouted: "You big bum!" and fell forward on his face, knocked out. When he came to, Rowen was dumb again.

"Strangler" Lewis says he has brought in more money through the turnstiles than any boxer, and I wouldn't doubt it. He estimates that people have paid $15,000,000 to see him wrestle, and no boxer could rival any such sum. However, with all due credit to the Strangler, he is just a piker, as history will tell us if we only look into it a bit. There was once a wrestling bout on whose outcome depended a good deal more than $15,000,000 . . . . and THAT was just one bout; not the 6,000 that Strangler Lewis has engaged in.

It all came about in the year 858 A.D., when, it is said, two sons of the Emperor Buntoku of Japan could not decide who had the right of succession. They held a wrestling match, with an empire at stake. Seiwa won, and became Emperor.

* * *

RECENTLY Benny Leonard was the guest of Nat Fleischer at the Hotelmen's dinner in the Hotel Astor of New York City and he called upon Leonard for a speech. Benny hesitated and someone in the gathering shouted:

"Tell us how you beat Tendler and Mitchell, Benny."

Well, that got a good laugh out of Leonard, and this is what he told:

"I was at the Poor Richard Club dinner in Philadelphia with Lew a few months ago and Tendler was delivering an address. Of course, I was the subject of his talk and he said, in part, that the only thing he had against me was that when he hit me on the button, and had the lightweight title within reach, I told him a bedtime story, just long enough for him to give me a chance to recuperate. Thus I cheated him out of a sure knockout.

"What really did I say to him that night in Jersey City? There have been many stories about that incident but this is the true one:

"He nailed me right on the chin—and he could punch, make no mistake about that. My knees sagged and I said to myself, 'Leonard, you're hurt. You've got to think fast. Say something to him.'

"So I said, 'That was a good punch, Lew.'

"He looked at me with amazement and went like that with his hand, meaning for me to shut up, but I repeated what I had said, and this time he said, 'Ah, come on and fight.'

"Now, when I tell it, it sounds silly, doesn't it? But I assure you that it was a lifesaver then. It did just what I wanted it to do. It took Tendler's mind off the fight just long enough for me to steady myself and to give me a chance to prevent myself from being knocked out. I call that good fighting sense."

The DOMINI Gets

WHEN Phil Brubaker beat King Levinsky, on February 14, it was a most workmanlike job.

It's expecting a good deal of a young divinity student to toss him into the ring with a rough-and-ready customer like the Kingfish, and ask him to wallop his way to victory. But Brubaker handled the Kingfish coolly and efficiently, displaying boxing skill and speed that is going to attract plenty of attention from now on.

Brubaker is not one of your tap-and-dance-away fighters. He is one of those rather rare birds who use all their skill and cleverness to get in where they can land a punch. When he had built up a good reputation in his first twenty-four fights, they gave him a test to see whether he was ready to go in tough company. They got him Fred Lenhart, a hardy, rugged heavyweight from the Pacific Northwest. Brubaker knocked him out with one punch. He was ready to go.

Kingfish Levinsky was Phil's next opponent, and on the night of their battle, San Francisco fans crowded for blocks around the Dreamland Arena, and the place was sold out.

* * *

THE fight started off with almost no sparring or stalling. The men were anxious to get at each other and they didn't waste any time about it. Levinsky, down to 199 pounds, and in the pink of condition, let go a couple of light lefts to find out whether Brubaker was really there. He landed lightly on Phil's shoulder and the two went into a clinch. Here Brubaker sprung his first surprise.

From the look of him—a quick, catlike, athletically built fellow of about 192 pounds—you would have expected him to circle around Levinsky like a cooper 'round a barrel, sending in a lot of rapid, stabbing punches. Levinsky, the mauler (most of the onlookers guessed) would have enjoyed the infighting and rough stuff. But it was Brubaker who sprang in with a hard left and a right to Levinsky's jaw, which raised a nice red lump; and it was Brubaker who uncorked a snappy uppercut from close in that dropped Levinsky to the canvas in the second round. Levinsky commenced to look worried, and from then on it was evident that he had considerable respect for the college boy's wallop; and it was Levinsky who tried the circling and jabbing tactics.

* * *

THE Kingfish was in good shape and seemed to be no worse off for the knockdown. During the next round he experimented with some long right swings. Phil ducked a couple of them and drew back from one, but he had an unpleasant way of keeping within punching distance all the time. Whether he has been taught this, or learned it naturally, I don't know; but it's good fighting tactics. He never drew back so far that he couldn't take advantage of an opening.

He caught Levinsky with a hard right to the head twice after the Kingfish had swung around after missing a right swing, and the King resorted to swinging and clinching in order to avoid the counterpunching. His wily young opponent turned up with an answer for those tactics by dropping him to the canvas again in the seventh round with a quick right uppercut.

It takes a very fast man to get away with the punch, the way he delivered it, and it may be worth describing. As Levinsky bored in, swinging with both hands, Brubaker momentarily blocked. He caught the King's left glove on his right hand. Then, before the King could move, he dropped his right about six inches and fired from there—with a clear path to Levinsky's jaw.

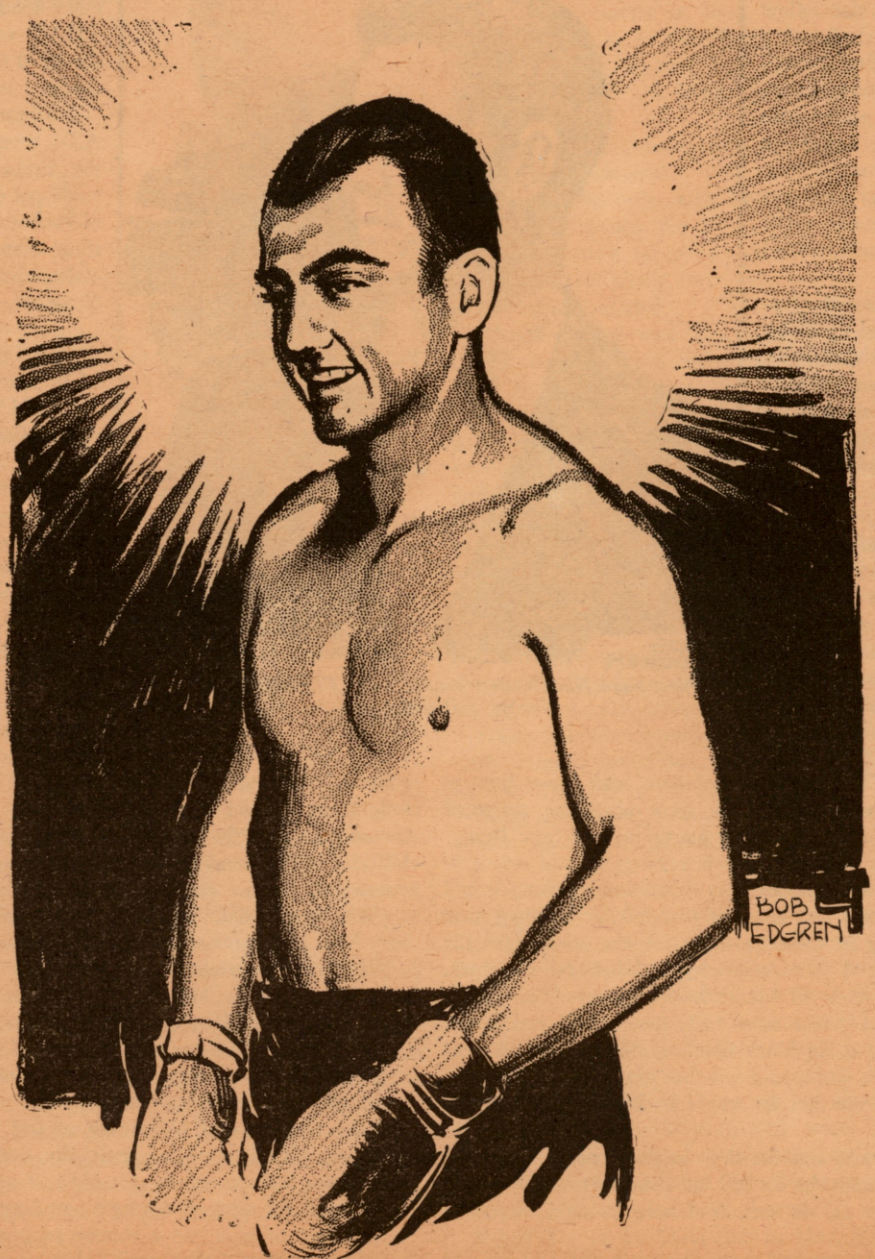
* * *

LEVINSKY left the floor, half turned, and made a one-point landing on the seat of his trunks.

It is a good testimonial to the strength of the Chicagoan's jaw that he was able to scramble to his feet and wrestle around until the bell rang a few seconds later.

In the eighth round, Brubaker landed a few punches, but contented himself mostly by making Levinsky miss long right-handers. Up to this point in the fight Brubaker had taken eight straight rounds, and the crowd was calling for him to take no chances, as Levinsky could only win by a knockout.

The Kingfish came tearing out in the ninth prepared to put over that very trick, and landed a wicked right to the head. About two-thirds of the way through this round it looked as though the fish-peddler



Phil Brubaker, the Coast heavyweight.

the DUKE

Phil Brubaker, Conqueror of King Levinsky, Turns from Divinity Studies to the Ring

By ROBERT EDGREN

might pull out of the fix after all, as Brubaker looked very tired and the punches shook him up so much that his cleverness all but vanished. During this round he was a queer mixture of weakness and strength, because he was too tired to dodge quickly, but still chose to mix it rather than to tin-can. Although it was Levinsky's round—by far—Brubaker landed a couple of nasty jolts that kept the trial horse from being too enthusiastic and kicking over the traces.

* * *

LEVINSKY'S greatest chance, or so it seemed, ought to have come in the tenth round. Phil wasn't content to try to coast along to a decision, however, and he put on a spurt of his own with what looked very much like an attempt to knock the Kingfish out. Both men had their moments in this canto, and it was even.

Referee Joe Gorman had a pretty obvious decision to render. He raised Brubaker's hand. The fans, who were with the California boy, raised a great cheer and immediately began to wonder if they had seen the start of another great fighting career. Many of them at the ringside had seen Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey and Baer begin their string of ring victories in San Francisco which later brought them to the top of the championship ladder.

It wouldn't be a bad idea to know a little more about Brubaker, anyway; because, whether he reaches the top or not, he's got something beyond the ordinary, and he ought to compile a good record before he's through.

You don't get much chance to judge a fighter in the dressing room, but a visit to one—after an important bout—is often worth while. For one thing, the men are tired, and they may tell you what they think without any effort to be polite about it. I think it was Gene Tunney who once said that anybody can make things go right when he's fresh, but the fellow who's in complete control of himself when he's dog tired is the man who's going places. So I went into the dressing room.

* * *

BRUBAKER was stretched out on the rubbing table. There wasn't a mark on him, except a bleeding scrape on his left leg where Levinsky had kicked him on the shin. Accidentally. We exchanged a few words. Phil was very modest—and, after all, why not? Look what Louis did to Levinsky! The most he would say about his victory was that he hoped he would do better next time. There was nothing very important about all that; but as he talked, something more important impressed us.

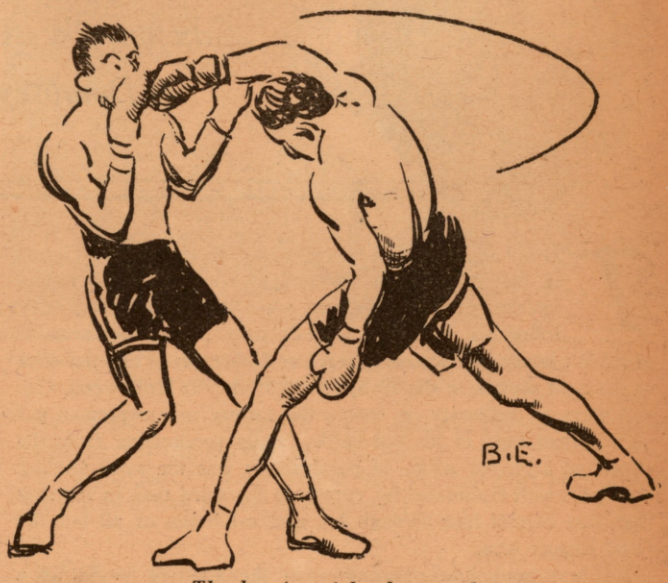
That fellow is smart. If he goes places in the heavyweight ranks, he'll be a good combination of brains and brawn, and those fellows are hard to lick.

His build is rather unusual for a heavyweight. He's well-proportioned, like an all-around athlete, but his wrists taper down into a small pair of hands that would be a good fit for a middleweight. He has already broken his right hand four times. Once, hitting Bobby Brown on the head, and another time when he was showing a fraternity brother how to box. Bobby Brown was knocked out. I never did hear what happened to the brother.

* * *

BILLY HUNEFELD has been teaching Phil. It was Hunefeld who financed Brubaker at the start, when the boy either had to begin making money or leave the College of the Pacific. You see, he was a star amateur basketball player and track man. He had an athletic scholarship. When he became a professional fighter, that cancelled his scholarship.

However, he did well as a fighter, and built up a college following even without a career on the track and basketball court. He is probably one of the very few fighters—if not the only one—to be accompanied by a rooting section. They were present at the Levinsky fight and let fly some mighty vociferous organized bedlam under the direction of a yell leader.



The looping right that caught.

At first his father was against the idea of fighting, but Brubaker's success has won over the opposition. As a matter of fact, although he has been boxing since he was a sophomore in high school, he claims that he doesn't like the game and is strictly a money fighter. He wants to lay by a fortune for his young wife and himself. That's a reasonable ambition, and he's serious enough about it to stick to business.

Of course, the first question people ask about a white heavyweight these days is, "Would he have a chance with Joe Louis?" The answer to that, as far as Brubaker is concerned, is no. He doesn't know enough. In a couple of years, a fighter as smart and quick as Phil can learn a lot. There wouldn't be much chance for him to get a fight with a topnotch heavyweight sooner than that, anyway.

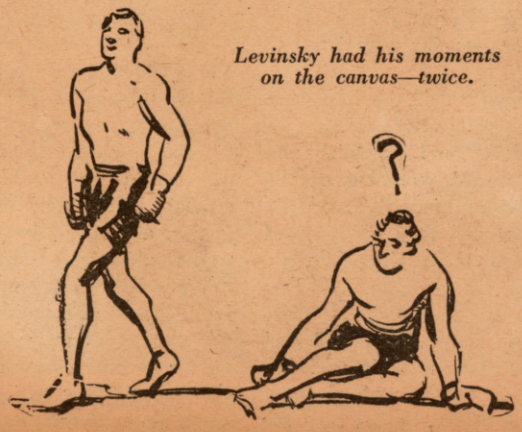
If he learns more about pacing himself, and builds himself up a little more across the shoulders by hard work, he is going to be a mighty dangerous heavyweight.

And such a man would have a chance with anybody.

* * *

BRUBAKER is only twenty. He has a good neck for a heavyweight boxer and wears a 17½-inch collar. Prior to his fight with Lenhart, Tommy Baird, a very good judge of fighters, came forth with a statement that Phil was the best prospect of any of the white hopes now seeking recognition.

"Brubaker may be the heavyweight that the world is looking for in connection with Joe Louis, and if he carries on as he has been during the course of his development, then we may yet see him pitted against the Brown Bomber. His only flaw, so far as I can see at this writing," continued Tommy in his paper, "is weak hands. They are small and have been giving him much trouble since he began professional fighting in 1933. But I think he can overcome that, and if he does, he'll be a sensation."



Levinsky had his moments on the canvas—twice.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Sports World Loses an Ace in Death of Ed Smith
Canzoneri's Aid to Boxing Unparalleled in Years
Dempsey's "White Hope" Tourney Aid to Ring

THE hand that raised the arms of numerous winners in the boxing and wrestling worlds of sport was lowered for the last time when the Great Timekeeper tolled the fatal ten seconds over the earthly remains of Ed W. Smith, well known referee of "other days," and the dean of the fight scribes, at the Hollywood hospital, at Hollywood, Cal.

Always an authority on sports, the former newspaperman put up a gallant fight in his last battle, finally succumbing from the effects of a second stroke of paralysis. It was the same sterling courage which dominated his career as the third man in the ring that also carried him through his greatest battle of all but the Grim Reaper won.

Ed first came into prominence in the sporting world as a member of his high school's track team where he was an outstanding star as a runner and all-around athlete. Upon completion of his school days, he entered the employ of the old Chicago *Record* as a correspondent. His vivid description of sporting events soon gained for him a national reputation, and he became a recognized authority on sports.

For more than half a century, he was closely affiliated with the sport world, being recognized as the outstanding referee in the country both for wrestling and boxing matches. Hundreds of times the gladiators of the hempen arena gazed on the smiling countenance of the jovial Ed Smith. Among the principal matches which he worked were the never-to-be-forgotten wrestling bout between Frank Gotch and George Hackenschmidt at the Dexter Pavilion at Chicago, in 1911. He also worked the boxing match between Arthur Pelky and Luther McCarthy, at Calgary, which resulted in Luther's untimely death. He officiated in the match between Jack Johnson and Fireman Jim Flynn and hundreds of other important bouts. In all, he called them as he saw them with never the sign of dissatisfaction on the part of the spectators.

The sports fraternity, with the death of Smith, lost one of its most sparkling supporters. His first-hand knowledge and splendid judgment of events and sport characters, revealed him as one of the greatest. "If Smith said it was so, then it was," is a slogan used widely along the main stem of cauliflower row due to the exactness of Smith's statements.

For over twenty-five years, as sports editor of the Chicago *American*, his daily column sparkled with vividly painted word pictures of the outstanding sporting events of the day with his readers being numbered among all walks of life and in all parts of the country. For many years he was a regular contributor to THE RING Magazine.

Since his retirement from the newspaper field, he has spent his time contributing articles to various publications. He was a constant contributor to THE RING Magazine, and his clearly and interestingly written articles of boxing and wrestling of the past and present will be missed by the many readers. THE RING has a number of his unpublished articles and they will be used from time to time to keep Ed Smith's name before the public.

* * *

THE past month was a busy one for Tony Canzoneri, world lightweight king. Young fighters whose goal is to reach the top rung of the fistic ladder, could do well to study the case of Tony. With the exception of Freddie Miller, he has been the most active title holder we have had in many years, a credit to the sport that has enabled him to gain international fame and a good sized bank roll. While other champions, have been hiding away in the woods, protecting their crown by a watchful waiting system, Canzoneri has proved that he is a fighting champion who has never sought any special favors from the powers that be.

The most noteworthy act of this sterling lad, is the aid he has given to the smaller clubs in the metropolitan district by fighting boys in non-championship mills, even though his end of the purse didn't reach far beyond his training expenses. In recent months he has boomed the interest of boxing by accepting such contests at the Ridgewood Club, the St. Nicholas Rink and other minor organizations, just to help the promoter to meet his rent and to give young, coming talent, an opportunity to get much needed publicity at Tony's expense.

In this, he has been aided by the boxing commission which thrust aside its rule against champions fighting in non-titular bouts, and as a result, all hands have benefited, including the state, whose treasury has been enriched by several thousand dollars more during the past month than was the case that same month a year ago. That shows what can be done when a champion lives up to his name.

Tony has demonstrated among other things, that he is a real champion, one who is ready at all times to engage his most formidable opponents. Every one of his recent battles has been one of fireworks. In each, he has gone into the ring with one objective—to prove his fighting worth, and by scoring four consecutive knockouts against good opposition, he has earned a place besides Gans, Leonard, and other notables, in the Hall of Fame as one of the ring's greatest fighters of all time. His most recent k.o. victory, scored as we are about to go to press, was over Steve Haliako in 2.47 of the second round. Previously he stopped Brescia Garcia, Toots Barbara and Billy Hogan, a total of four knockouts in forty-one days. Tony is matched to meet Jimmy McLarnin on May 8, and these k.o.'s should give Jimmy something to think about.

* * *

IT is most unfortunate for Lorenzo Packs that his bout with Frankie Edgren ended as it did—a "no contest." When Packs was matched with Edgren, Jack Kearns, manager of the crack Detroit Negro, should have known that such a fight would end disastrously for his charge, because not by the widest stretch of imagination could one conceive Edgren giving Packs a good battle, and the charge was openly made that Edgren was handled by Kearns' publicity director. When a manager has an excellent fighter under contract and thinks so well of that boy that he will flood the market with the type of propaganda such as Kearns released on Packs, then it seems strange, indeed, that the mentor would hesitate to pit his boy against a real scrapper—one whose ability is unquestioned and who would measure up as a proper opponent for him.

When Kearns had Hank Bath scheduled to fight Red Burman in New York, I stood up for him because I honestly believed that the bout would be well worth seeing. But when a manager deliberately selects a so-called easy mark so that he can bolster the record of his own man, then I have no sympathy for either when the bout ends as did the Packs-Edgren mill. According to

the reports, neither was showing a lick and Packs was so tired that the referee, Norman McGarrity and the judges, agreed to call a halt and declare it "no contest" in the sixth round.

Of course Jack Kearns protested, but he had no one but himself to blame. If Packs is as good as Jack says he is and excellent mid-west critics declare him to be, then Lorenzo should not be wasting his time fighting poor talent. He should prove his worth against the best, just as did Joe Louis whom he is challenging and by that means, alone, can he receive the support that goes to a high-class fighter.

Kearns is too wise a manager not to know this. You don't see Messrs. Dempsey and Waxman, who are handling the affairs of one of the best string of prospects in the country, picking soft spots for their boys.

"If Burman, Quarles, Chavez, Lipps and other fellows who we are managing are not good enough to mingle with the best, then we don't want any part of them. They are either fighters or hams, and we don't want any of the latter in our stable," was the comment of Dempsey to me recently in discussing the Packs case, and I congratulate Messrs. Dempsey and Waxman for their stand.

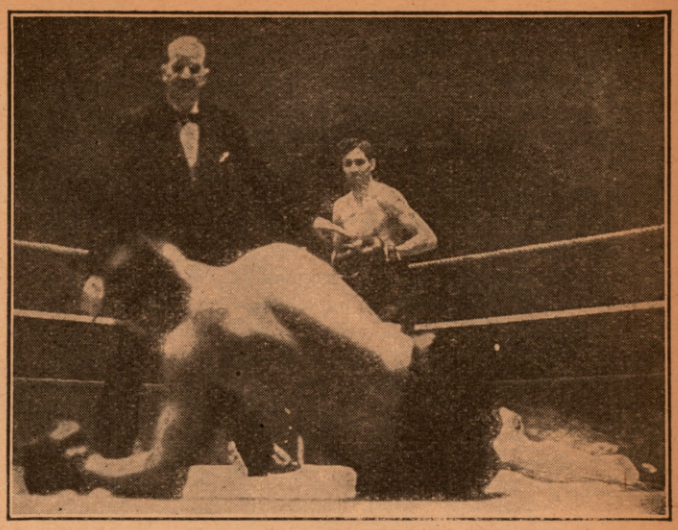
* * *

ALTHOUGH Jack Dempsey's White Hope tournaments which are being staged in many parts of the country, have not as yet had on exhibition a lone warrior who might be discussed as a possible opponent for Joe Louis if he succeeds in winning the world title from Jimmy Braddock, they have aroused an amazing interest in boxing in localities where boxing has been on the down grade. Thus in Buffalo, when Dempsey appeared to help the bout staged by Charley Murray, he packed the place to the rafters, but a few weeks later, when Murray staged a tourney on his own, the heavyweights didn't draw a fly.

What's the answer? The magnetism of Jack Dempsey is the thing that draws 'em in. The heavyweights who are striving for a place in the spotlight through the medium of Jack Dempsey in most cases, don't even know how to stand properly, but the fact that they are creating such a furor all over the country, is due wholly to the influence of the old Manassa Mauler. That's what popularity means.

Up in Toronto, where Playfair Brown, who has charge of all of Dempsey's tournaments, staged the Eastern Canadian finals, close to 15,000 persons, the largest gathering seen in a boxing arena across the border in many years—if not record—turned out to pay homage, not to the finalists but to the former king of the heavies. When Phil Red Monroe won the tournament, he received international publicity, the kind he never would have obtained had Dempsey not been behind the movement.

Those who have been panning Jack for not sticking to the restaurant business, opposite the Garden in New York City, instead of dabbling in "Socks preferred," should, instead, be praising the Idol of Fistiana for what he is doing in keeping the game alive in sections where boxing has been dead as a door nail for several years. Boxing is Jack's business and to my way of thinking, his Eighth Avenue restaurant is a side line with him. Boxing is Jack's love—first and last, and the sport owes a vote of thanks to him for his keen interest in it.



Phil Zwick, American featherweight, knocking out Jimmy Stewart, Liverpool lightweight, in the third round.

* * *

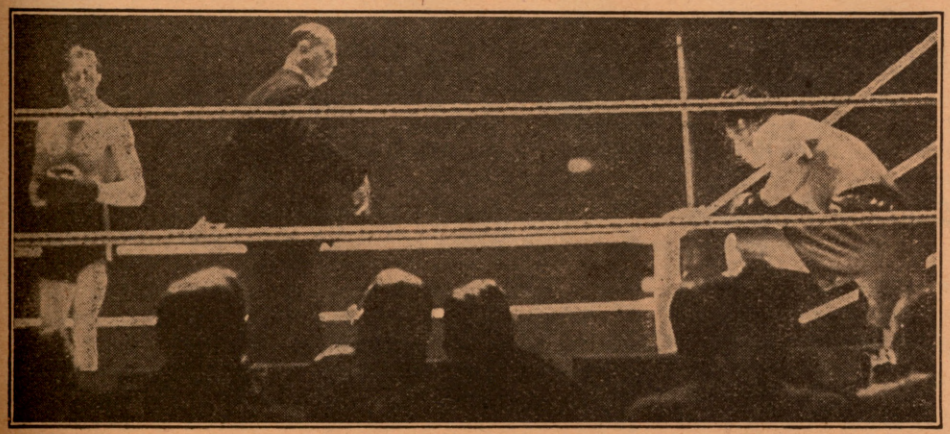
OUT on the Coast they are singing the praises of a middleweight, Fred Apostoli, a 158-pound Italian from San Francisco who knocked out Paul Pirrone in the seventh round. Fred, like Steele, who gained an international reputation by his knockout of Vince Dundee, is now spoken of as a possible opponent for Marcel Thil in a world middleweight bout. The manner in which he disposed of Pirrone was so thorough that the bellhop finds himself in the middleweight contender class almost overnight. He dropped Paul in the fourth and sixth rounds with vicious rights and then put him away.

His addition to the field of star middleweights is welcomed, for that division now boasts of as fine a lot as we have had in many years. Thil, Brouillard, Steele, McAvoy, Palmer, Risko, Apostoli, Pirrone, Henneberry, Seelig, Rankins, Battaglia and several others, make up an excellent group in the class over which some of the greatest fighters of all time have held sway.

* * *

ACCORDING to Ted Scales, a British boxing writer who is in America for the McAvoy-Lewis battle, Tommy Loughran, despite his defeats, has made a hit abroad because his style is so pleasing to the British. Scales also declares that Tommy should have been declared the winner in his bouts with Tommy Farr and Ben Foord, contests in which the decision went against him. The referee's verdict in each case caused considerable dissension and according to Ted, it would be interesting to know by what margin Tommy must win to receive the nod.

Joe Smith, Tommy's manager, writes from London that he probably will keep both Loughran and Eddie Houghton abroad throughout the summer. Both are well liked by the British. Houghton has been kept busy in the movies. He took part in a New York gangster scene in a picture called "Where There's a Will," and was well paid for his work. "In fact," says Smith, "Eddie is making more money in the movies than he could make in boxing and I have hopes that what he has done here will be the start of a career for Houghton in the pictures."



Len Harvey rising after a count of three during the first round of his fight with Jack Peterson for the British heavyweight title at Wembley Stadium.

Jack Peterson, the British heavyweight champion, has turned down several offers to fight Loughran. He won't have any part of the American who apparently is too clever for him.

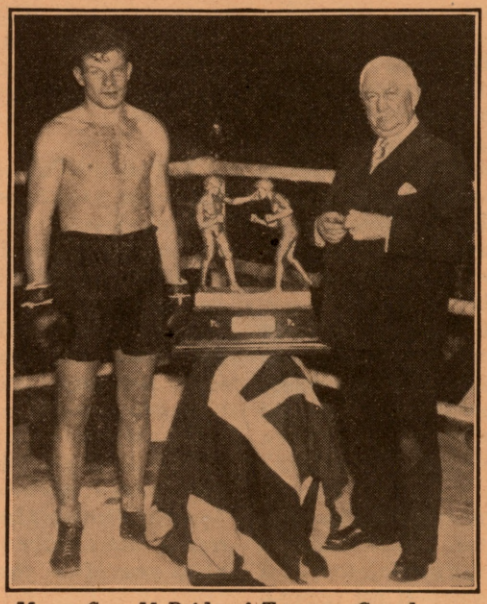
* * *

PHIL ZWICK, the young American fighter who has been doing good work in Europe and in Australia, recently gained considerable notice in the British papers by his knockout of Jimmy Stewart, the Liverpool lightweight. Stewart scored a three-round k.o. over Jackie Kid Berg before Jack won the British title. Zwick turned the trick on the Liverpool "K. O. Specialist" as Stewart is known in Europe, in the second round. A short right hook to the jaw, following a series of body punches, ended the fight. Zwick previously had been floored in the same round by a right. Phil, as a featherweight, always had a good rating in this country.

* * *

THE recent championship fight in Miami in which Freddie Miller, the world title holder, was pitted against Petey Sarron, proved the gameness of the lad who holds the reins over his division in practically every state and every country except New York. Freddie was fouled at least half a dozen times yet fought on bravely after a short rest on two intervals, to win the verdict—a just one. The Miller-Sarron fight indicated the wisdom of New York's no-foul rule which compels the contestants to wear foul-proof cups, for were it not for the cup that Freddie wore, he probably would have been incapacitated and forced into retirement for a stretch.

The bout also proved my contention that even the no-foul rule is not sufficient to protect the clean fighter. When a fighter is unable to keep his blows up, and repeats the offense more than twice, it should be optional with the referee regardless of the no-foul rule, whether the culprit should be granted permission to continue his practice at the expense of his opponent. In England Sarron would have lost the fight when he tossed the first foul, and in New York, we have had the fearless Artie Donovan halt a bout and disqualify the perpetrator of too many fouls, despite the no-foul rule. But not recently, I'll admit. Yet I dare say that if Petey were fighting in New York and Donovan were the third man in the ring, he would not have had an opportunity to toss his blows below the belt line more than two or possibly three times. Arthur would have acted first and then answered questions later.



Mayor Sam McBride of Toronto, Canada, presenting the Jack Dempsey trophy to Phil Red Munroe, winner of the heavyweight "white hope" tourney staged under the direction of Playfair Brown.

It is my opinion that this point merits the attention of General Phelan, Col. Wear and Commissioner Brown, the men who direct the New York boxing. Their no-foul rule has stood the acid test, but could be made even stronger by making it mandatory on the part of the referee to disqualify a fighter who has been warned three times and who has had the round taken from him through such a warning. There then would be no Petey Sarron fouls committed. As things stand now, a fighter who thinks he is likely to lose, is willing to take that desperate chance of weakening his opponent through foul means and simply having the round count against him.

* * *

FRANK MENKE, whose sports stories have adorned the pages of newspapers throughout the world, is to be congratulated upon his splendid achievement in bringing out the 1936 "All Sports Record Book." A book without a parallel—that's what Menke's publication is. Within its pages there are 10,000 or more facts on all branches of sports, including a mass of most interesting data on boxing from the days of the early Greeks to the present.

Some of the extraneous information to be gleaned from his effort, is . . . . Jack Dempsey received $10,000 a fighting minute for his conquest of Louis Angel Firpo in 1923 . . . . his pay was $470,000 and he was busy three minutes and fifty-eight seconds. . . . Gene Tunney hit the high water mark for fistic pay, receiving $990,445.54 for his defense of his title against Dempsey at Chicago in 1927. . . . George Dixon, great Negro fighter, was responsible for padding on the floor of boxing rings . . . . he hit Fred Johnston at Coney Island and Johnston hit his head on the floor . . . . The first bout in which padding was used was between Bob Cunningham and Sammy Kelly. . . . A. A. U. sports drew 26,750,000 persons in 1935 . . . . boxing led with an attendance of 15,000,000.

Every boxing and wrestling fan should have a copy. Get one from THE RING Book Shop.

* * *

RED AFFINITO, who was so seriously injured in his fight with Fred Henneberry at the National Boxing Club of Sydney, Australia, last fall, that he hovered between life and death for many months, is back in the U.S.A., happy at the thought that he is still alive though flat broke. His case merits the attention of managers and fighters who so often are eager to journey to foreign lands but fail to protect their interest through proper pre-sailing arrangements. It is just such cases as that of Affinito that caused me to make my trip to Central and South America, for too often are young lads left stranded in foreign lands by promoters whose selfishness and unsportsmanship have placed foreign promoters in a bad light where deserving or not.

When Affinito agreed to fight for Jack Munro's club in Australia, he at least thought, and had ample reason to think that if an emergency arose, such as in his case, he would be protected by the promoter. But was he? No, indeed he wasn't!

Were it not for the fine sportsmanship displayed by several Sydney fight fans and the support offered by them to Affinito, he probably even now would be walking the streets of Sydney, a helpless creature. When Affinito fractured his skull he was injured in line of duty, and that being the case, he should have been cared for at the hospital by the club for which he fought.

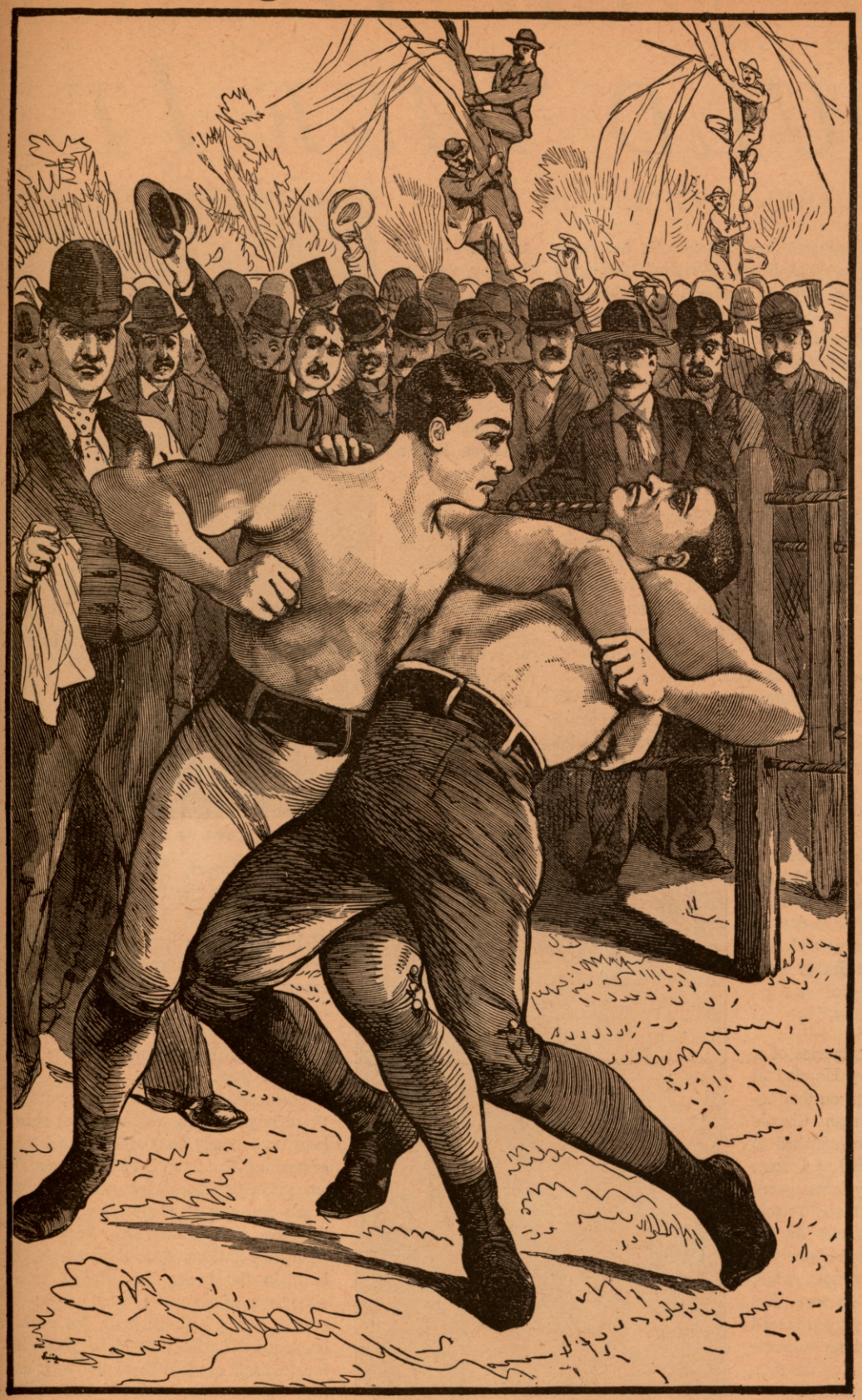
It was a moral obligation on the part of the club and its promoter, Jack Munro, to see that Affinito was properly cared for and that the expenses for his caretaking should have been paid for by them, something they sadly neglected to do. Instead, they thrust Affinito on his own, left him stranded and were it not for the sportsmen who gathered a fund for him, his experience would have been even sadder than it was.

When a little more than 100 pounds, or about $500 was collected, Jack Munro insisted that the money, instead of being given to Affinito, be turned over to the hospital to pay for the nursing bills and his medical attention, but the committee in charge advised him that the money was to care for Affinito when he returned to the States, and to date, the expenses incurred in caring for the New York University lad at the hospital, remain unpaid. Small time stuff, says I, and I hope that when the call for American boys is again made by Mr. Munro and his agents, the boys will remember the Affinito case.

I'm happy to state that not one lad who has been recommended by THE RING for foreign service, has to date had such a trick pulled on him. THE RING, in its desire to help foreign promoters, always makes sure before recommending boys to make the journey, that the promoter and club *(Continued on page 42)*

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 21)



The fight between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., in 1889.

Johnson achieved the undisputed hold on a championship which he had claimed after his victory over Tommy Burns.

Out of this fight, which drew $270,775 for Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason, Jeffries got himself $117,066—$40,000 as the loser's end, a bonus of $10,000 for signing, and $66,666 for the pictures.

Note Johnson's flat-footed shuffle in that sun-baked arena in Reno, where Rickard had taken the fight after it had been chased out of California. Note the ageing Jeffries, certainly no match for the Negro, even if so many experts did make Jim the favorite.

For eight years—since 1902, when he lost a four-round exhibition with Jack Munroe in Butte by failing to stop the miner—Jeffries had been in retirement. But friends induced him to come back—friends and money. And so we see him in this relic of a bygone day, a relic himself in this very picture.

You may recollect that Jeffries had announced his retirement in 1905 and had "presented" the championship to Marvin Hart, who knocked out Jack Root at Reno in twelve rounds on July 3, 1905. Jeff refereed that fight.

In February, 1906, Tommy Burns beat Hart in twenty rounds, decision, in Los Angeles. That made Burns the spurious champion Burns then beat Jack O'Brien in twenty heats and Bill Squires of Australia in one round.

But on December 25, 1908, Johnson won from Burns in fourteen rounds in Sydney, Australia, where they had been lured by a purse of thirty-five thousand dollars!

The jolly constables stopped the fight in Sydney and Johnson left the ring with the impression that he had won the heavyweight championship of the world, which was not true, as Jeffries had no right to "give" the title to Hart in the first place.

Well, Johnson beat Jeff, and then he proceeded to defend the title, thus bringing our showing to another interesting old-time film.

Havana, Cuba, April 5, 1915:—Willard Gains Heavyweight Title by Stopping Johnson in 26 Rounds.

FROM Johnson's triumph over Jeffries in 1910, we jump a span of five years to Jack's defeat by the giant from Kansas under that blazing sun of the Antilles in April, 1915. Willard, who was destined to rule (Continued on page 44)

How Old Timers Could Take It

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

SEVERAL newspapermen had gathered in the headquarters of the New York Boxing Writers' Association recently and as usual when the gabfest begins, the question of gameness in boxing came up for discussion. Harry Harris, famed bantam of the Horton Law days, was sitting in, and Harris, who now is a member of the Consolidated Exchange, ventured to remark that when it comes to gameness, he'd give first call to Jimmy Wilde for his brave stand against Pancho Villa when the Welshman lost his flyweight crown; Harry Markson of the *Bronx Home News* mentioned the first McLarnin-Petrolle battle in which the Irishman, out on his feet a half dozen times, kept going to finish the contest; Hype Igoe named the championship fight between Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson; Caswell Adams of the New York *Tribune* broke in to mention the more recent fight between Al Roth and Pedro Montanez in which Al was battered severely yet finished the ten rounds; Ned Brown, who covered the Jeffries-Johnson mill at Reno, gave that as one of the best exhibitions of gameness he had ever seen. Then the veteran Billy Roche, one of the best referees the fight handlers of the old school remarked:

"If you want to get a list of fighters who were game to the core, I don't think you have to go very far. You'll find an army of game kids in every part of the country. That's the trouble with most boys, especially the preliminary lads, they try so hard to make good they don't know when to quit if the going proves too tough."

And then Billy described in detail contests in which he had officiated in which one or both fighters thrilled the fans with their exhibition of courage. Among those he named, was Charlie Roden, an old time bantam who fought many great contests in the early nineties and who to-day, in his sixties, is hale and hearty and employed as inspector of the Jersey City highways department.

* * *

THAT name revived memories of a tough battle that Harry Harris had engaged in, and his opponent on that occasion was none other than Charlie Roden. He and Roden were matched to fight on the same card with Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey and the weights agreed upon were 112 pounds at three o'clock. Harry, known in fistic circles as the "Human Hairpin," because of his height, was unusually tall for a bantam, while Roden was just the opposite type. But Roden had rolled up a pretty good record among the small boys and he was regarded as a lad who could give the then invincible Harris a good run.

Kid McCoy, and Jimmy Deforest were handling Harris and while sitting in his corner awaiting the call of Referee Charley White, Deforest kept warning Harry, "now just guard against his 'Mary Ann.' If he loops it over and catches you on the chin, you'll go down. Just watch that, and you'll be o.k."

Harris, who had received considerable training from McCoy, was almost as adept in the use of the Kid's famed corkscrew punch as was McCoy himself, and he used that punch often on Roden throughout the affair. The fight took place as the semi-windup to the Sharkey-Corbett battle in the Garden on November 22, 1898, the contest in which McVey jumped into the ring and caused Corbett to lose on a foul, and the Jersey followers of Roden flocked to the arena in droves, for Charley was a popular boy in the Skeeter State.

Charlie Roden as he looks to-day.

Roden when he was in his prime.

* * *

WHEN the gong sent the lads on their way, Harris crashed a corkscrew against Roden's jaw and rocked him. The second round found Harris delivering another of that variety, and it hit Roden with such force that the blow broke his jaw.

Throughout the battle, Charlie, despite the agony through which he was going, kept up a steady bombardment and took everything that Harris could deliver. On several occasions, Harris, whose gentlemanly manners were always with him in the ring, just as they have been in his business relations, several times stepped back in the hopes that Roden would either stop of his own volition or that the referee would halt the bout, but neither happened. Charlie refused to yield. He fought back every inch of the way, and that contest was voted the best of the entire card.

In the eighth round, Roden was asked whether he wanted to quit.

"Quit! Hell, no!" snapped back Charlie, who was bleeding badly from nose and mouth. "He'll have to stop me or I'll go the limit," continued Roden.

When the ninth round was about to begin, Deforest remarked:

"Harry, you had better end it in this round, or the referee is sure to stop it. Go to it."

Harris heeded the advice and set sail after Roden at the clang of the bell. What a fight those boys put up in that brief session! About half a minute before the bell would have ended the round, Harris crashed a left hook to Charlie's jaw and he went down and Charley White stopped the bout.

Gameness? Say, you don't see them come any more game than Roden was on that occasion.

At this, Harris, who was listening to the description of the fight, nodded his head and then backed the statement of Roche with this addition:

"I fought many tough battles, and in my time, I've seen many hardened fighters exhibit courage that is seldom seen except on a battlefield, but I'll say this for Roden—he took the cake for courage that night. It wasn't my hardest fight by any means, but it was one that I'll always remember because of Charlie's exhibition."

* * *

CHARLEY RODEN was one of many fighting fools who were developed in the East in the early nineties. In view of the story told of Roden by Billy Roche, I think it appropriate to give a little background of the Jersey bantam. Charlie learned all of his boxing around the back lots of Jersey City. At the time club stags were given almost nightly and Roden, as a member of the Chrystal Club, with Dick Powerdly, Lefty Newell, Peter Closterman and Pete Farrell, took part in quite a number of exhibitions at these stags. In this manner he got his experience and then joined the Wayne A. C., where he not only represented the club in boxing, but also as a cross-country runner, with Tommy Vogellis and Chief Billy Clossey of the Hudson Boulevard Police as his teammates.

Later Charlie joined the Lorillard A. C. and represented that club in the Metropolitan championships of 1893. When that organization disbanded, he joined the Scottish-American A. C., and as a member of that club, he found plenty of activity as a boxer with such well-known men as Ally Gallagher, Jimmie Larkins, both of whom were excellent featherweights; Pat McCahill and Cal McCarthy, the old-time featherweight who fought George Dixon a seventy-round draw in 1890 and then was beaten in twenty-two rounds in 1891.

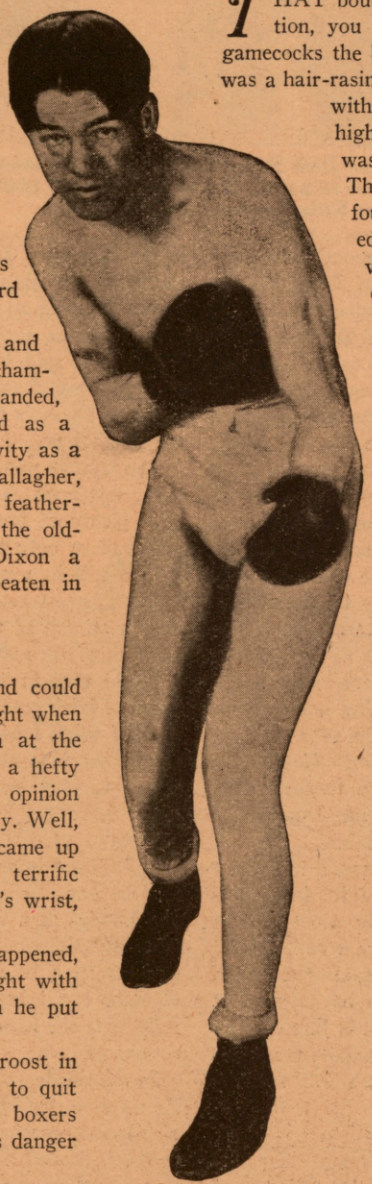
* * *

RODEN carried a beauty right hand and could take it. I remember one Saturday night when he was matched with Dick Nolan at the Star A. C. of Long Island City. Nolan was a hefty walloper and mighty clever and the general opinion was that he would store Roden away in a jiffy. Well, the first punch put Nolan down, and as he came up following a short count, Charlie crashed a terrific left hook to the chin. That blow broke Roden's wrist, but he kept going until the bell rang.

Then he confided to his seconds what had happened, and they urged him to quit. But, as in the fight with Harris, he refused, and in the second session he put Nolan to sleep with a right swing.

That's the kind of fighters who ruled the roost in the old days. They regarded it as a disgrace to quit under any circumstances and that's why the boxers of today are far better protected. We find less danger attached to the sport today.

Still on another occasion Charlie was boxing a young boy named Gallagher, who also was known as Young Rickey. Charlie was a little careless in the first round and received a broken nose. He was sent to the floor and the claret rushed from his nostrils like a stream. When the second session began, Roden rushed from his corner, crashed his right to his opponent's chin and the fight was over. He was of the type that when aroused, was most dangerous and he was most aroused after he either took a count or was badly hurt.



Terry McGovern who beat Roden after Charlie agreed to take Jimmy Johnston's place when Jimmy balked at meeting the Terror.

Roden was a great drawing card in Newark, Jersey City and Paterson. Pat Powers, the old promoter of bike races, walking races and fights, liked Roden and gave him considerable work. On one occasion Powers matched Charlie with a fellow named Kid Vaughn of Trenton. On the day of the fight, Vaughn took sick and Roden was informed that Casper Leon, the bantam king would substitute for Vaughn. Imagine such a thing happening to-day!

Well Roden didn't mind tackling so great a fighter as Leon but when Charley White, then handling the fighter, weighed Casper, he tipped the scales at 120 as against Roden's 108 and naturally Roden objected. But when Roden was informed that he could have Casper's forfeit of $25, he consented to fight.

It was a star bout, with a purse of $175, the winner to take $125 and the loser, $50. Tim Hurst was agreed upon as the referee and when the men went to their corners, White instructed Leon to take no chances on fighting Roden, but to box him.

* * *

THAT bout was a six rounder and when you talk about action, you must not forget to mention that mill. Like two gamecocks the boys flew at each other and from gong to gong it was a hair-rasing affair. In the sixth round, Roden caught Casper with a beautiful right that struck just a fraction too high to score a knockout, but it shook up Leon and he was wabbly for the remainder of the round.

The eight round, the last, was a humdinger. They fought a toe-to-toe battle and when the gong sounded, Referee Hurst raised Casper's hand in token of victory, but the crowd gave Roden a rousing reception. In fact, so thrilling was that mill, that Pat Powers signed the boys for a repeater. This time they fought ten rounds, with a stipulation that the weight would be 108 pounds at three o'clock.

Again Charley White brought Casper to the scales and this time he weighed 115 pounds. Joe Mason, old-time English handler who took charge of Roden, balked at the weight. An argument ensued and Mason announced that he would not permit Roden to fight.

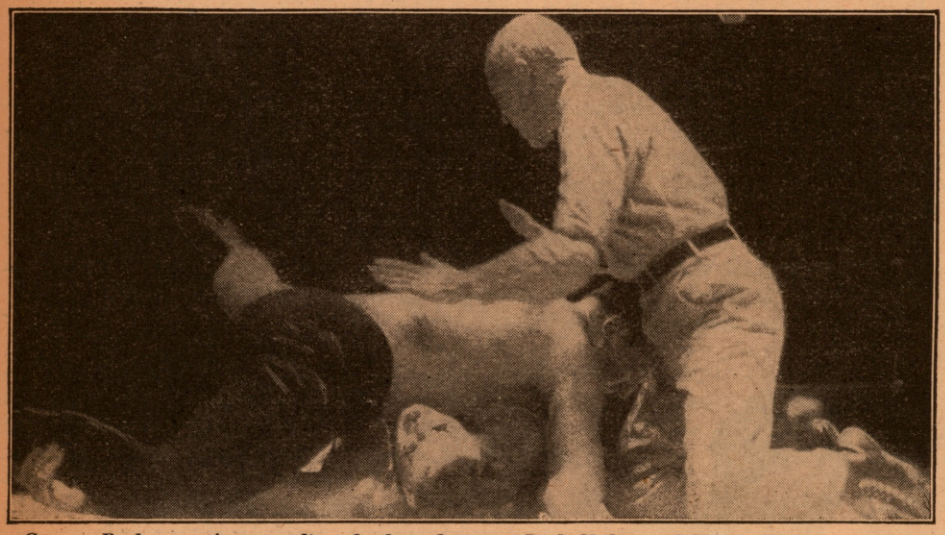
That aroused White and a free-for-all followed. Roden's Irish was up and he called Leon several names as a result of which a bet of $250 was placed that Leon could not stop Roden. This was used as a ruse by White to get the fight to take place, and what a bout that was! A thriller? Well, I'll say so! I never saw a bantam fight its equal other than the battle between Young Jack Sharley and Joe Lynch in the old garden.

* * *

CHARLIE landed on Leon in the second round and down he went for an eight count. Roden, like Dempsey in his fight with Tunney in Chicago, stood at Leon's side and waited for him to get up, but the referee Tim Hurst grabbed Roden by the arm and threatened to disqualify him if he didn't get to his corner. This delay enabled Leon to get his bearing and when the count finally started, he was refreshed and had no difficulty getting up.

Roden rushed at him and Leon let drive a terrific left hook which fractured Roden's jaw as it connected. Round after round Roden took punishment but his gameness was in full evidence. He wouldn't give in and thus remained the limit. When the fight was over, Roden walked over to *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW CHAMPION CROWNED



George Bothner, referee, ending the bout between Dick Shikat and Danno O'Mahoney in the Garden. The Irish wrestler pleads with the referee to put an end to his agony as Shikat has a punishing hammerlock on him. Thus Shikat regained the world title.

Dick Shikat Wins Heavyweight Title by Forcing Danno O'Mahoney to Quit in Garden Match

By THE RING EDITOR

THE biggest wrestling news of the past month was that which heralded the return to the top of Dick Shikat, who in a match in Madison Square Garden that lasted only 18 minutes and 57 seconds, dethroned Danno O'Mahoney to regain the world heavyweight championship. Strange at it might seem, the changing of the title actually happened, despite the fact that both Jim Londos, who has returned to active competition and is making another bid for the championship, and Yvon Robert were being considered by the powers that be in the wrestling world, as Danno's successor. The general line of talk following Shikat's victory, a most unexpected one, was that Dick had a falling out with the moguls and had crossed all hands by refusing to play second fiddle to the champion and set about to prove his superiority to O'Mahoney by unleashing all the tricks at his command much to the consternation of the title holder.

Shikat forced Danno to take a lot of punishment in the short time they were on the mat, and it was a gruelling hammerlock that ended the fray when Danno pleaded with the veteran Referee, George Bothner, to halt the bout. The brazen effort of the Boston flock that controls O'Mahoney, to prove to the public that Bothner had no right to halt the bout because Danno had not requested it, may be taken with a grain of salt.

Bothner, a referee with an unblemished character, a man who knows probably more about the mat sport and its intricacies than any other person in this country, acted only when he was requested to do so. I watched every move of the wrestlers and watched Bothner, also, and as a disinterested spectator, I can vouch for the fact that O'Mahoney pleaded to have the bout stopped and thus lost his title without question. It is just another move on the part of the sectional promoters to muddle the wrestling situation again and I hope the fans won't fall for the trick and will give to Shikat his just due.

* * *

DICK is the champion—make no mistake about that, and don't let any of the promoters take you for a ride by selling you a lot of trash about O'Mahoney still being the champion because he didn't quit. If O'Mahoney didn't quit, then I wonder why neither he nor his mentor, Jack McGrath, didn't file a protest in the ring after Joe Humphreys had announced Shikat the new champion, or didn't even murmur the semblance of a protest in the dressing room. As a matter of fact, Danno, in his interview with the scribes following the loss of his crown, praised Shikat and said that he hoped he could obtain a return bout with the new champion. That didn't indicate that there was any doubt in Danno's mind or that of McGrath as to who was then the title holder.

The trouble with O'Mahoney was that he had engaged in too many tough matches. His bout with Robert was a stirring affair with plenty of hard knocks received by both and as that had taken place only two nights before the Shikat struggle, it left Danno still in a weakened condition.

But as one who has seen all of the wrestlers of note in action over a stretch of thirty years, I feel that I can say that Danno was one of the poorest of modern wrestling champions. He knew so little that in my humble opinion, with the hopes that our army of Irish readers won't take any offense at this candid statement, I think I could name at least a dozen top notch wrestlers right now who could pin Danno to the mat if they were not forced to play second fiddle to him.

* * *

OF all the recent champions, the new title holder rates among the best. Shikat is in a class with Ed Lewis, Stan Zbyszko and Londos as a wrestler and that is saying considerable. Danno is a splendidly built athlete and a credit to the Irish race, but as a wrestler, he still has plenty to learn. What happened in the Garden, could have happened many times during the past ten months if the handcuffs were unlocked on most of O'Mahoney's opponents.

In the Garden affair, Shikat took the aggressive from the start. At no time during the short bout was he in any danger. In fact, on several occasions, the ease with which he got out of Danno's holds, indicated a tough night for the Son of Erin. The affair was less than a minute old when Shikat dropped Danno with a wrist lock, but O'Mahoney crawled out of it. Then came a headlock which had Danno in agony but he got loose of that also by rolling under the ropes. Danno caught Shikat with a wrist lock that for a time seemed

(Continued on page 46)

Wrestling Boom Seen

Rise of Robert and Lopez and Proposed Comeback of Jim Londos Should Help Sport, Says America's Leading Promoter

By JACK CURLEY

IS wrestling due for a big run this spring and summer? Is there anyone in the field who is likely to stimulate interest in the mat sport, as has Joe Louis in the boxing game? Would the proposed comeback of Jim Londos help to bring back the halcyon days of 1930, 1931 and 1932 when he was in the prime of his career?

These and other queries were fired at me by Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication, a few days ago, and instead of answering them verbally, I told him I'd jot down the answers for him in a written statement.

It is my opinion that wrestling has come back with a bang. We are not experiencing the prosperity that was ours three and four years ago, but we certainly are playing to banner crowds in most localities and it is my opinion that before the outdoor season gets under way, you'll find wrestling doing the same jump forward as did boxing following Joe Louis' triumphant march over our best white heavyweights.

I think that the rise of Robert will instill sufficient interest in the East to add to the drawing power of the mat sport, and that the contemplated trip to the East of Vincent Lopez, California's champion, and the appearance of several new faces, will all help. I look for a good outdoor spring and summer season. And if Jim Londos should come back, which I, as a promoter, hope he will do, then there will be no stopping this rise.

Why? Because the Greek Adonis always has been ranked among the most popular of the wrestlers of recent years. He is a showman of the finest quality, a wrestler whose graceful movements, whose skill and general ability make it a pleasure to see him in action. I'll be praying for his comeback. Despite the fact that in some cities, like New York, the sport is not doing as well right now, the mat game is in its best condition since Kid Depression began to put the game on the skids. Numerically, there are more wrestlers than ever competing, even if we must admit that they are not, on a whole, as classy as in the years previous to Londos' rise.

* * *

NO, the matter of unemployment of the masses has nothing to do with it. Of course, there are a lot of men drawn from the colleges. When the boy gets ready to enter into life's competition of earning his coffee and—he finds that hundreds of young lawyers are on the verge of starvation.

He sees doctor's shingles on doors and windows, but cobwebs prove that very little traffic by customers disturbs the quiet and solitude. He looks about and finds that college professors wear last season's straw hats, and all of a sudden, he looks up to see a chauffeured limousine roll by, and who do you think is lolling in the rear seat? Sure, nobody but Joe Savoldi, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Mr. Chief Little Wolf, Jim Londos, Don George, Sandor Szabo, Serge Kalmikoff, Ernie Dusek, or, if the limousine is of the very expensive type and the driver's seat is augmented by an addition, such as a footman in livery, but why keep up the suspense, it's none other than Mr. Danno O'Mahoney of Ballydehob, County Cork, Ireland, and by his side is his bride, manager and secretary.

With the new additions in memberships amongst the wrestling fraternity, the same expansion applies to the addition in territorial aggression. Let no one dispute Mussolini's right for expansion. The wrestlers, ably assisted by new promoters, have led the way and set the example.

Where in the good old days William Muldoon, Tom Jenkins, Frank Gotch, George Hackenschmidt, Earl Caddock and Ivan Podubny, segregated themselves into a couple of dozen cities where their wares were bought and sold, today, the game is propounded on a world-wide basis. All this success is almost wholly operated by the heavyweight ranks. A very few spots, dotted here and there, are occupied by light and middleweights, but whenever and wherever the heavies choose to enter, out go the lighter classes.

* * *

THE game is on its biggest boom and territorial rights for booking and promotional rights are bought and sold for sums fabulous and unbelievable.

This country is divided up into ten major key cities. Usually the promoters of the larger cities maintain booking offices for their territories. Pretty soon, minor districts grow into important spots and additional key cities are established. Of course, there enters here and there some disgruntled, dissatisfied, and may we add, undesirable promoter who bids to offer opposition, mostly with a view to horn in with the established promoters. But, usually, such opposition is short-lived.

The biggest asset for those handling the game is that open door is the motto, insofar as accepting all applications from ambitious wrestlers. Not one is refused, and always ability is not only tolerated but joyfully accepted.

The New York territory includes such cities as Albany, Newark, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, Utica, Camden, Trenton, Pittsburg, with another dozen smaller spots. Figure a show a week, mostly five bouts to a show, in most spots, and it will give you an idea as to how many wrestlers are required to fill the bill. Add doormen, ticket sellers, ushers, booking agents, etc., and the game becomes important from the viewpoint of employment. Hundreds of dollars are spent on telephone, telegraph, railroad fares, printing matter, government and state taxes on admissions, rentals, etc.

Main territorial spots are headquartered in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles.

* * *

LAST year Los Angeles became so important in money-making returns that Joe "Toots" Mondt migrated to the Coast to remain permanently. He took with him his force of bookers, secretaries, bookkeepers and, of course, some of the wrestling stars. As talent gets a bit stale in one territory and has enjoyed a rest from another section, an interchange of stars gives new life. The Los Angeles territory includes, of course, San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Santa Barbara, Sacramento, Portland, Tacoma, Spokane, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Stockton, Reno, Pasadena, San Diego, and included at least one 100,000 pesos attraction in the City of Mexico.

St. Louis is *(Continued on page 42)*

Jack Curley, the man who has just completed forty years as sports impresario.

YVON ROBERT—

IS another French-Canadian grappler going to win the world's heavyweight wrestling championship as did Henri Deglane? Right now, Yvon Robert, the 21-year-old kid who makes his home in Montreal, seems to be the foremost contender for the title held by Richard Shikat. Just as Joe Louis was sprung on the fight fans suddenly, so has Robert, pronounced as though spelled ROBE-AIRE, thrust himself in the wrestling limelight and everywhere he has appeared, the critics are singing his praises.

It was largely through accident that Robert sprang into prominence. Early last December he went to Boston to his friend Eddie Quinn, of Waltham, Mass., who has since become his manager. Yvon had wrestled in the Hub two years previously, defeating Pat McGill, considered a tough hombre, in seven minutes.

When news got around of Robert's feat, Paul Bowser, New England's ace promoter, wasn't able to secure an opponent for Yvon so he returned home and lived in obscurity until recently.

Robert was in the Boston Garden, seated with Quinn, in the role of a spectator. Leo Numa, who was scheduled to meet Hans Steinke, showed up with a badly infected finger and a certificate from his doctor that he wouldn't be able to wrestle as scheduled.

Bowser, desperate for a substitute, discovered Robert in the crowd and recalling his performance against McGill two years before, asked him to accept the assignment.

"I have just eaten a big meal and am not in good shape," Robert said. "However, if it's a question of saving your show, I will go on."

* * *

BOWSER managed to find trunks and shoes for the French-Canadian and he jumped into the ring to face the "German Oak."

Robert is a handsome, clean-limbed youth and when the fans saw him stacked up against the huge Steinke they said to themselves:

"Just a setup for Hans!"

These same fans are still talking about what Robert did to the veteran. He pinned him in seven minutes and thirty-three seconds.

Since then Robert has been a thorn in the side of Danno O'Mahoney. He defeated him in an unscheduled melee at Holyoke, Mass., and within a period of a week, tossed Jim Browning and Ed Don George, two former champions.

The trouble between O'Mahoney and Robert really commenced with the Steinke match. Bowser had O'Mahoney signed to meet the winner of the bout between Steinke and Numa. When Robert agreed to substitute for Numa, it was only after Bowser had promised him the title bout with O'Mahoney if he disposed of Steinke. The Boston promoter thought he was treading on safe ground. He didn't figure Robert had a chance, so gave him a contract for a title bout, with a provision of victory over Steinke in it.

When Robert bumped off Steinke, O'Mahoney and his manager, Jack McGrath, refused to have any part of Robert. He just wouldn't accept him.

"We agreed to meet the winner of the Steinke-Numa bout," McGrath and Danno explain. "No mention of a substitution nor Robert was made. We will not meet the French-Canadian kid until he goes out and gets a reputation."

* * *

WELL, that started the O'Mahoney-Robert duel. Since that statement, all Robert has been doing, is getting a reputation—one of the best any wrestler ever had.

When O'Mahoney refused to take Robert as a foe, Quinn, the latter's manager, showed the contract calling for the match publicly. He threatened court action to force Danno into the bout. He claimed the title for his wrestler and still calls Robert the world's heavyweight champion.

When O'Mahoney refused to take the bout, Promoter Bowser secured Ed Don George, dethroned by O'Mahoney, as an opponent for a match in Boston Garden on December 27. Two days before, or on Christmas day, Bowser received the following wire from George: "Unable to take 27th bout with Robert. Need more time to train."

Bowser postponed the match two weeks, rather than make a substitution. Early in January he received the following telegram from George: "Match with Robert is off permanently. Tell him to go out and get a reputation."

That last telegram from George turned Robert and his manager into a pair of wild men. They were bent on revenge.

"Well, George ran out, just like O'Mahoney did," were statements given to newspaper men.

* * *

THE Garden was closed to wrestling several weeks because Bowser was unable to find a frontrank wrestler with courage to meet the French-Canadian youth. Meanwhile, Quinn put out handbills, berating both O'Mahoney and George. A few days after the handbills were spread, Bowser secured Jim Browning's consent to meet this new sensation of the wrestling world. He made Browning put up a sum of money to act as an appearance forfeit.

The Browning-Robert match was scheduled for January 10. Two days before that, or on January 8, O'Mahoney was scheduled to meet Frank Judson, former Harvard University wrestling coach, in a match at Holyoke.

"We'll take that bout in," Quinn said to Robert. And that decision is what really sprang Robert into the headlines.

Robert and Quinn attended the Holyoke match. They had seats in the first row ringside. Yvon had on wrestling trunks and shoes, over which were his street pants, sweater, overcoat and hat.

After O'Mahoney and Judson had entered into the ring, Robert sprang through the ropes for an introduction. Before the introduction was made, he ripped off all of his clothes but his trunks and

Yvon Robert in the role of "The Village Blacksmith."

the JOE LOUIS *of* WRESTLING

By ALEX SULLIVAN

shoes. Manager Quinn offered Judson the latter's end of the gate plus a bonus of $1,000 to let Robert take the match with the champion. Judson refused. Fans were in an uproar. Gendarmes and the promoters rushed into the ring and hustled Robert and Quinn out of it and into their seats.

"We want Robert!" fans chanted all through the battle.

And all through the battle, O'Mahoney was a target for a tirade from Robert and Quinn. The latter pair rode the champion unmercifully.

O'Mahoney beat Judson a first fall. He took the second fall in 40-odd seconds. Immediately upon pinning Judson, the Irishman rushed to the corner nearest Robert and Quinn, reached over the top rope and, pointing his forefinger at Robert, shouted: "I'll take you any time—the sooner the better!"

* * *

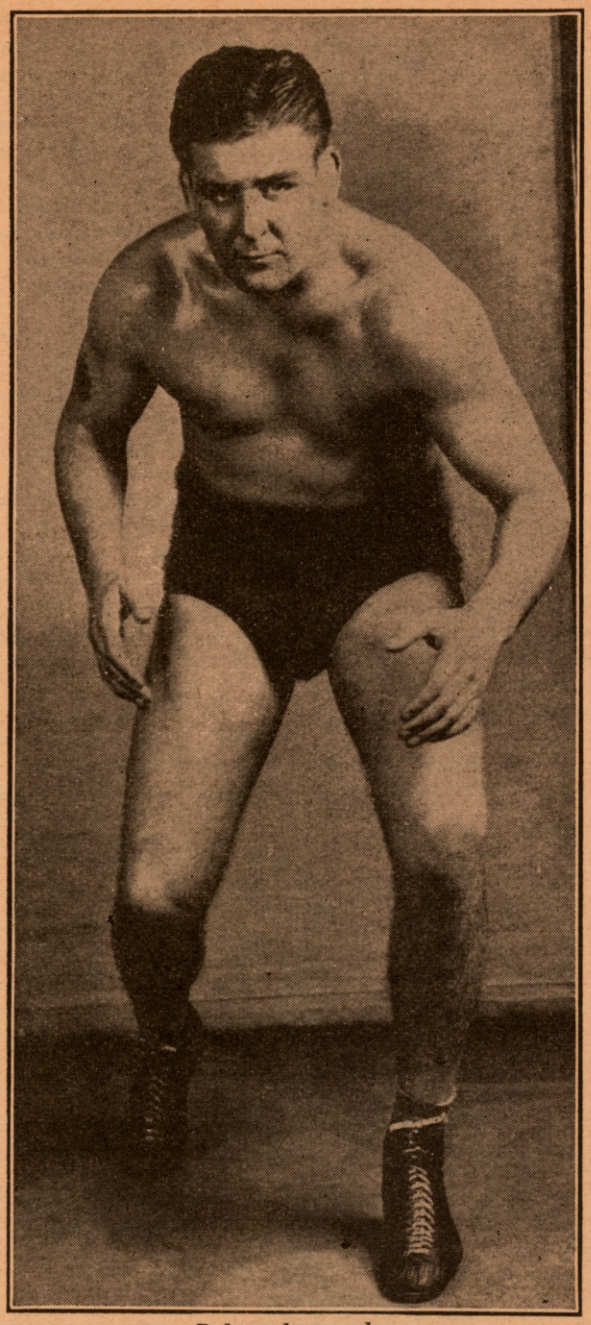
WITH that challenge, Robert fairly leaped into the ring. He picked O'Mahoney up with a crotched hold, before the latter realized what was happening. He pinned Danno's shoulders. He left them pinned 35 seconds and then let him up.

As Robert started toward a neutral corner, O'Mahoney slugged him from behind. Yvon went down. He arose to an upright position and again Danno dropped him. Again Yvon clambered to his feet, measured Danno and landed a perfect right cross. O'Mahoney shivered a moment, fell backward through the ropes, landed in the aisle in front of the ringside seats and went out like a light. Seconds lugged the unconscious champion to his dressing room.

After that Holyoke affair, Robert and his manager claimed the title more than ever. What is more, the referee of the O'Mahoney-Judson bout said that if it was in his power, he would have called Robert the winner and the new champion, because Danno had challenged him for that impromptu scuffle.

Well, two days after the O'Mahoney affair, Robert took on Browning, once heavyweight champion. The day of the match, Ed Don George challenged the winner, as a gesture to clear himself with Boston fans. It was in Boston that George won the championship and made most of his money. Promoter Bowser promised him the winner after both Browning and Robert had agreed to him as an opponent and after George had put up a $5,000 certified check to go as an appearance forfeit.

What Robert did to Browning, caused another sensation. He beat the rugged ex-champion from Verona, Mo., a single fall in 32 minutes. So badly was Browning mussed up with a toehold, that he could not come back for a second fall and limped to the hotel, and to the train the next day. He may still be limping, so far as this author knows.



Robert, the wrestler.

ROBERT immediately started training for the George match. In between gymnasium drills, he found time to harass O'Mahoney. He had more handbills, accusing the then champ of dodging him, passed out wherever there were public gatherings. He offered Danno $100 a day to act as his chief sparring partner, which Danno naturally resented. He then offered to meet Danno in any kind of a bout he chose in Boston Common at 3 p.m. on January 18, the day after his match with George. He was that confident and cocksure of disposing of the former titleholder.

Robert appeared at the Boston Common during a hard snowfall. He was clad in old clothes, prepared for any kind of action. Thousands crowded the common, looking for physical fireworks. But no Danno appeared.

The night before the Boston Common party, Robert defeated George in one hour and 14 minutes, and Don was carted to his dressing room, not to come back for that night for a second fall. In this match, the French-Canadian showed he had courage, for during the first 20 or 30 minutes of the bout, he took an unmerciful beating from George. He weathered all Don had to give and then came back to punish his opponent into submission.

Now that Danno has been deposed by Shikat, Paul Bowser is angling for a bout between Dick and Robert. "Such a match," Bowser says, "will clinch the heavyweight title for Yvon."

* * *

JACK McGRATH, manager of O'Mahoney, conferred with Paul Bowser in the latter's office, on January 18, signed to meet anybody Bowser named, except Robert, at Boston Garden on January 31.

Bowser fairly begged McGrath to accept Robert as an opponent.

"They'll pack the Garden—we will have to turn them away," Bowser said in his sales talk.

"We'll take on anybody but Robert," McGrath replied. "So long as Danno is champion, that fresh youngster will never get a crack at the title. He has been insulting the champion. We'll not make one move to make him any money."

So, Bowser signed Danno for an appearance in Boston on January 31, when he beat Count Casmir Polowski before a slim crowd. Polowski had been bowling over everybody lined up against him during the last seven or *(Continued on page 45)*

JUST RASSLIN'

By EDWARD MERRILL

THE big news of the month, was the return of the heavyweight title to the head of Dick Shikat, who held it back in 1929, and the return to ring activity of the man from whom he had then won it and to whom he later lost the title, Jim Londos. It won't be long now, before we see a revival of the Shikat-Londos feuds and possibly, the winning of the crown again by the Greek Adonis. Here is the leading mat news from various parts of the country:

Doc Almy, veteran fight and wrestling scribe from the *Boston Post,* sends in the following interesting items from New England:

On the night of February 28, Boston again proved itself to be the best spot in the East for the wrestlers. The attraction was Danno O'Mahoney, then the champion, *vs.* Yvon Robert of Montreal, at the Boston Garden which drew a gate of $28,000. The match, which was won by O'Mahoney, was a very good one —one of the best we have ever seen. O'Mahoney, as the result of his knocking Robert down and falling on him, took the lone fall scored in 1 minute 57 seconds, a happening which started a brawl in the ring of several minutes' duration.

This excitement over, the principals went to it for the second round, with the going largely in favor of the challenger. At the expiration of the two-hour time-limit, something new in championship bouts hitherto decided best two-out-of-three, Robert had O'Mahoney on the canvas and practically helpless with a short-arm scissors.

As both men used their fists on numerous occasions, they left the ring bearing ample signs of the rough going. Robert was in the fresher and better condition. Though after the match O'Mahoney announced that he would not wrestle Robert again, the probabilities favor a return some time in May.

* * *

Continuing the chatter about the matmen, Primo Carnera made his debut as a mat referee in Boston on February 18, he handled a "royal" for Promoter Charley Gordon at the Mechanics Building, that evening. To the surprise of many, Primo went over very big in more senses than his size. The matmen ganged him on one occasion and tumbled him over the ropes, but the upset was not serious and, when it was over, Carnera was in command of the ring.

* * *

The crashing to earth of Danno O'Mahoney by Dick Shikat of Philadelphia in New York on March 2, and loss by the former of his world's mat title, probably for all time, draped with crepe the doors of Promoter Paul Bowser's office here in Boston. Naturally, Boston is with Bowser and always has been, we recognize in him the man largely responsible for making the mat game the great pastime it is today. Years ago when Bowser picked Gus Sonnenberg out of a Providence, R. I., auto agency and started campaigning him along the road to the world's championship, he was the means of giving to the wrestling game a new and greater lease of life.

Bowser put the "it" into the sport, making it more popular and interesting for all classes of society than ever before. If the loss to Bowser, of the Irish ace, who time after time has filled Boston and other arenas to capacity, forces the Hub promoter into the big league background, it is an open question whether the mat game greatly benefits thereby. We don't think that it will.

As for the defeat of O'Mahoney, it was bound to happen. Never a great matman, but far better than he was when he started—his situation could hardly have been otherwise—Danno had been on the verge of cracking for some time. Despite his 22 years and truly wonderful physique, the toll of more than 200 matches, an average of four a week, taken with the continuous traveling, excitement and lack of rest, was bound to pull him down.

Danno plans to return to Ireland in June. He would do well to quit wrestling and America before that time. As for the championship, now in the hands of Shikat, it would be no surprise were the title to fall to Everett Marshall, Ernie Dusek or Jimmy Londos within the present year.

* * *

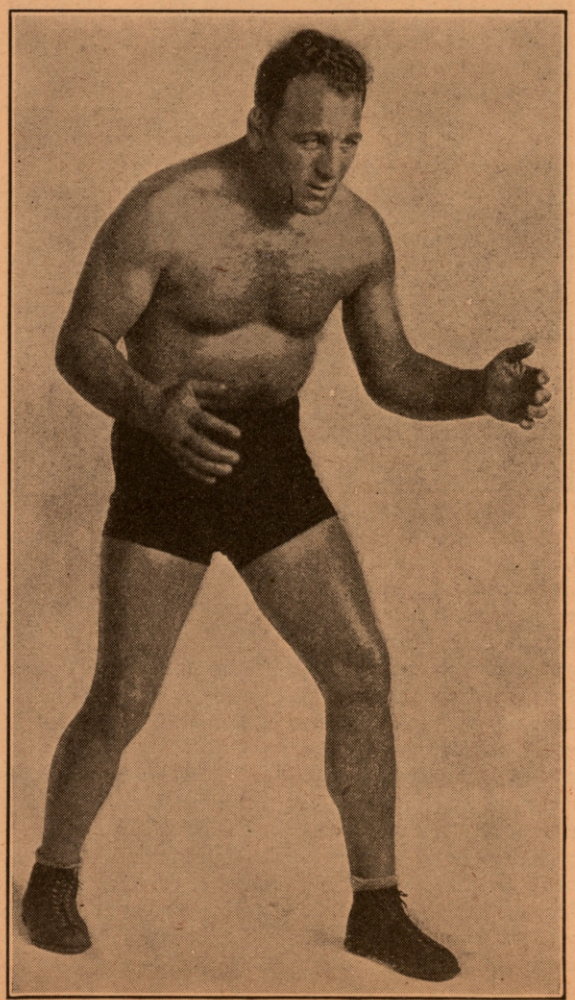
After an absence of a year, Jack Dempsey was back on a Boston mat as referee on February 25, at the Mechanics Building, a "royal," for which Promoter Gordon is famous, being the event. Four matmen, one of the number being Ted Germaine, who a year ago had pitched Dempsey out of a local ring, were the combatants. Prior to the February 25 bout, Germaine had announced that he would again pitch Dempsey over the ropes, to which the ex-ring champion retorted that a real slam to the jaw would be Ted's portion if he tried it.

As it turned out, Buck Jones, a colored matman, pulled Jack out over the ropes, and was biffed to midriff for doing it. Later Germaine, in concert with Pat Schaeffer, worked Dempsey outside the ropes, and got away with it for the time. Later on, however, when Schaeffer got into an altercation with the ex-champion, Jack bowled him over with a blow to the chin. Germaine promptly hopped aboard Schaeffer, as is the way in "royals," and pinned him for the fall and bout.

* * *

DOWN IN DIXIE, according to our live-wire correspondent, Bernice Sandboe, things are humming in the mat sport. Here are her "Dixie Doin's:

A great big welcome back from yours truly to Jimmy Londos, the greatest wrestler of them all. We have suffered in silence all these months while we regarded a dull colorless boy try to carry on in the tracks you have made, and as a



Johnny Cox, known as America's leading mat villain.

result, the game has lost much of its glamour. Once you have regained your title, which I sincerely hope you do, it will seem like grand old times again.

* * *

O'Mahoney and his manager McGrath certainly managed to stir up an unpleasant mess here in Houston. Adding insult to injury, O'Mahoney tossed Leo Savage bodily out of the ring one night here in Houston and the following night proceeded to commit the unpardonable and mortal sin of wrestlers, and "run-out" on a match in Galveston, leaving Promoter Ralph Hammonds with a house full of disappointed and irate fans.

Both actions were decidely unsavory and certainly did nothing to prove that O'Mahoney was a fit champion or a good sport. We in Texas are happy to know that Shikat has deposed him.

Meanwhile, natural complications pile up, making the whole affair a most disagreeable mess. The jilted promoter sues, the commissioner vacates O'Mahoney's throne in Texas, the N. W. A. suspends him, and endless quibbling and unpleasantries ensue. All because one man couldn't play the game straight. And that man was our champion!

* * *

Comes word that Billy Edwards (nicknamed Hair, Eye and Tooth Edwards because his favorite wrestling "holds" are pulling hair, gouging eyes and biting) and Gus Sonnenberg were both injured in a car wreck recently. Wrestlers lead a hazardous life traveling late at night after a bout in order to get to another town for an appearance the next evening. But they prefer to make their hops at night so they can sleep all day and awaken refreshed and rested in the evening for work.

One of the greatest dangers of their traveling at night is that they are likely to be so physically exhausted from a hard work-out on the mat that they will fall asleep at the wheel. Too, the majority of the wrestlers have poor eyesight which is no assistance to night driving. Frequently a wrestler's wife will travel around with him, driving the car at night so he can catch a few hours' extra sleep. You seldom hear of the wrestlers being seriously hurt in the ring, but any number of them have been in terrible car wrecks and at the moment I can think of two, George Kotsonarous and Pat Flannagan, who were killed at the wheel.

* * *

Whenever I see young Ernest Kelley wrestle, I chirp his praises for days. And try to figure out why the big time mat moguls have not as yet snapped him up. The many mat fans who enjoy watching a well-conditioned, clean-cut young athlete exhibit undeniable talent are staunch followers of the Irish boy and his loyalty to the wrestling rules in this day of hectic law-breaking is refreshing to say the least. Of the many luminaries down here in Dixie-land, I think that among the younger crop Kelley would make the most impressive ambassador of matdom to the big eastern wrestling circles.

* * *

RAMBLIN'S ON RASSLERS . . . . Sorry Spider Mascall, about the error on Chief Little Wolf, and thanks for calling my attention to it . . . . from somewhere comes the rumor that George Zaharias, of all people, has a hopeful eye on the wrestling crown . . . . more power to you, George . . . . our deepest sympathy to Tiny Roebuck who lost his adorable little twin boys, Wiley Post and Will Rogers Roebuck . . . . Tiny is that great big, likeable Indian boy who had such an outstanding football career at Haskell . . . . and doesn't he look picturesque in that big cowboy hat and boots . . . . by the way Tiny gets my vote for pulling the best pun of the month . . . . when I informed him that I was from Des Moines Tiny chirps up "De gold moines or de silver moines?"

Imagine if you can, a matman scorning publicity . . . . Darna (Barney) Ostopavich, the overgrown Pole, has scoffed my every effort to write a story on him for the mat fans . . . . so you shall have to carry on without a story on Mister Ostopavich . . . . you should see Jack Warner's purple suit . . . . it's a lulu . . . . can't keep secrets from your RING reporter, George Harbin . . . . a little birdie told me that you middle-aisled it last week with a little girl from Dallas . . . . someone stole Red Ryan's wallet and the poor kid lost $125 . . . . Red sang over a local radio station recently and you should have heard him warble "Frivilous Sal" . . . . when Karl Davis returns to Houston he's going to find that a local sport scribe has a great big bone to pick with him . . . . I think the most amazing thing I've ever seen Leo Savage do, was to remain upright when Gus Sonnenburg, no less, flying-tackled him . . . . and the hard-headed Gus fell in a daze to the floor at Leo's feet . . . . did you see Chief Little Wolf's Christmas card . . . . it's a picture of the Chief with his pet dog and reads "Xmas greetings from two good pals to a pal" . . . . thanks a lot, Chief . . . . speaking of Indians, I've never seen two people look so much alike as "Firpo" Wilcox and Sun Jennings, both redskins . . . . Doc Sarpolis never misses a Major Bowes program . . . . and a Toscannini concert on Sunday afternoon can keep him home from the golf links.

Irvin Cobb was among the celebs present at the O'Mahoney-Savage tussle . . . . one of the fans presented Bob Wagner with a big bouquet of posies and a box of cigars in the ring . . . . Solly Slagel pulled one of the cutest tricks on record the other week . . . . he got a headlock on his opponent and the referee at the same time, one on each arm, and then flipped them over in a flyng mare . . . . the latest meanie to rile the fans down here is Cy Williams, and he's plenty rough . . . . Bill Sledge, Houston boy, is certainly making good in a big way . . . . since his arrival in California, Bill has thrown Dick Daviscourt, Jack Washburn, Joe Malcewicz, Stanley Pinto and Kimon Kudo . . . . Tiny Roebuck is also barnstorming the west coast.

* * *

FROM the Pacific Coast and Northwest, we get the following from Charles "Spider" Mascall:—Several issues ago, I announced the arrival in Western Canada of a Hindu grapple artist whom I believed to be the famous Inman Bux Gama. My beliefs were incorrect as this giant East Indian turned out to be a notable Indian wrestler named Ganda Singh. Ganda comes to America with a splendid reputation and is recognized as India's second ranking grappleman. He has defeated many Hindu wrestlers among whom are Tiger Daula, Sundar, Mahidia, Alla Bux and Haidar.

During the last month, Jack Reynolds, veteran master of the welterweight division, stepped out of his class to annex the junior middleweight title. A few weeks later Reynolds faced the Japanese ace, Tetsura Higami and the rubber-like oriental walked out of the ring with the crown. It's a funny thing, but, since the arrival of Higami and the so-called junior middleweight belt in California less than four months ago, the title has been at varying intervals in the hands of Pat Finnegan, Jack Reynolds and its original owner Higami.

Les Kennedy, at thirty, too old *(Continued on page 43)*

The Only Complete History of Wrestling

IN the February issue of The Ring we asked wrestling fans who have enjoyed the Milo-to-Londos-to-O'Mahoney series that started three years ago and was completed in the March number, whether they thought that the story, with corrections and additions, should be put into book form. We told them that such a book would be costly to produce and that if we received 1000 subscribers we would get out a limited edition — limited to that number and autographed by the authors, A. D. Phillips, the octogenarian sports writer and Nat Fleischer, Editor of this publication.

We are glad to announce that at this writing we have received orders from 207 readers, each of whom seems pleased to pay $3.00 for this work.

We now make our second appeal. Are you with us? Would you like to possess the most authentic history of wrestling ever placed on the market, a book which will cover the sport from the time of the Egyptians to the present day and will carry close to 300 photographs in addition to the life stories of every wrestler of prominence through the ages?

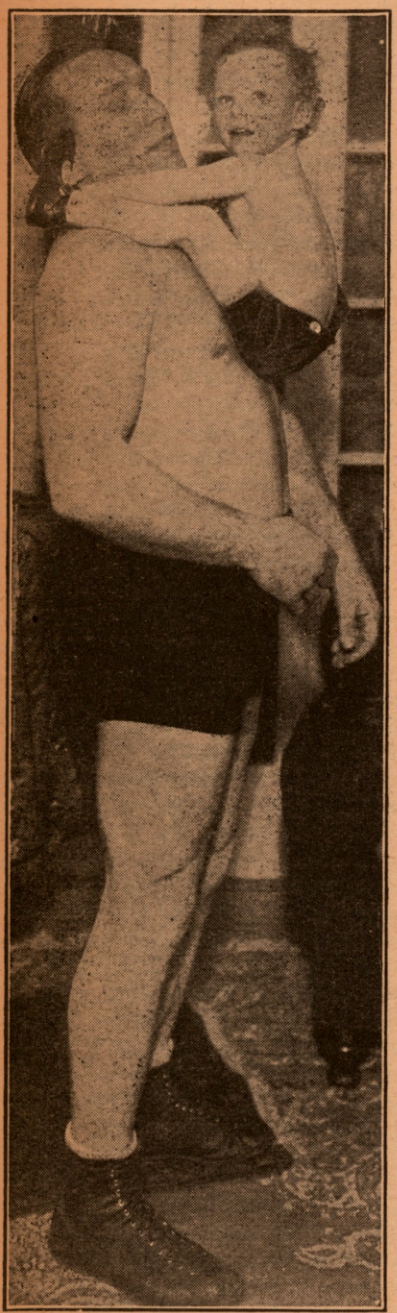
Here's your chance. Let me hear from you.

Nat Fleischer, The Ring, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City, New York.

GETTING

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARK



Rudy Dusek and his daughter, Marie.

WHO is the toughest and most aggressive wrestler among the present crop of heavyweights? Ask that query of 100 mat fans, and you'll probably receive a hundred different answers. But if you place this query to Toots Mondt, one of the world's foremost judges of pachyderms, without hesitation he'll reply—that rests between Rudy and Ernie Dusek. And you'll also find that many of the best wrestling scribes in the East will agree with Mondt's judgment.

Rudy may be a rough-and-tumble wrestler within the roped square, but at home, like all good fathers, he is a real daddy. If you have any doubts about that, just watch him play with his three daughters. The picture on this page was taken in Rudy's home when he was having a little calesthenic workout with his family. Daughter Marie, who is quite an acrobat, is showing daddy a "new hold."

Out on the Pacific Coast, where Vincent Lopez is the recognized champion, his mentors are priming him for an invasion of the East, with a championship match with the newly crowned king, Dick Shikat, as the objective. Rudy is a glutton for punishment while training. The photo on this page shows him with Rusty Westcott (left) and Al Tafroff, who are strengthening Vincent's leg and arm muscles with holds that would set the average wrestler howling with pain. But not Lopez!

* * *

PERHAPS the most ardent patrons of wrestling are men of the medical profession—any good mat show, invariably has a good representation of doctors gathered at the ringside. Somehow the game holds a fascination for them, best explained perhaps by the punishment which can be absorbed by the human body. But outside of the scientific observation of the mat game, many doctors have and still are numbered among the top notch wrestlers. The outstanding medico of the mat sport, was the late Doctor Roller.

In another division of wrestling the light-heavyweight section, there is a young doctor who is cutting quite a figure in wrestling around New York. He is John E. Murphy.

John Murphy owes much to wrestling. He is the first to admit it. He tells us that without the mat game, it would have been impossible for him to go through medical college to pay his tuition fees, much less to graduate. Besides that, the money he has earned and is earning, enables him to live well and buy expensive scientific instruments which otherwise would also be impossible. And Dr. John Murphy can wrestle, make no mistake about that.

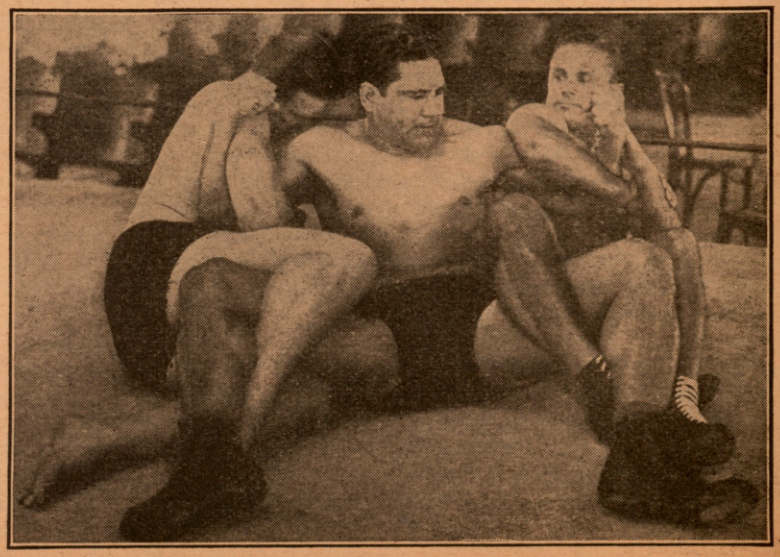
Then too Dr. John E. Murphy is a handsome, blonde haired Irishman with twinkling Irish blue eyes who off the mat, has a contagious sense of humor so typical of his native Ireland. What manner of a wrestler is Dr. John Murphy. He has stamina, is clever, can take it no matter how rough the going and with his knowledge of the construction of the human diaphragm, he is enabled to apply telling and punishing holds where they are likely to do the most damage. Besides these natural assets, his manner in the ring is something worth going a long way to see. He is pleasant, smiles at his opponent as if pleased to meet him and the next instant will apply so punishing a hold that pain is written all over the victim's face.

Some day, perhaps, Dr. Murphy will add the wrestling crown to his golden locks which suit him so well.

* * *

FANS who follow the destinies of the pretzel bending fraternity, especially those who mourn the retirement from active competition in this country of the Zbyszko brothers, can well dry their tears for a new Pole has entered into their ranks, Jack Gacek by name. It is "Our Jack" in the Polish districts today, as a decade ago it was "Our Stachu" and "Wladek," for Jack is a direct descendant of Polish parents.

Born in a little town on the outskirts of Warsaw, Poland, in year of 1908, he came across the big Pond with his parents five



Vincent Lopez in training with Rusty Westcott (left) and Al Tafroff.

ACQUAINTED

years later to settle on a farm in northern Wisconsin. There Jack went to school and later worked with his father, who was a carpenter. By the time he was sixteen, he had gone in for amateur wrestling in a big way, and the rugged, outdoor life he lived, enabled him to build himself up into a steel-like, Herculean body.

Jack is a protege of a former world's champion, Fred Beel, who, at that time was living in Marshfield, Wisconsin. Beel, whose curiosity was aroused when he heard of the accomplishments of this Polish lad, wrote to Rib Lake in Wisconsin, asking him to get Jack to visit Beel. This was, of course, the answer to Jack's dreams, as he had never hoped to attract the attention of such a renowned wrestler.

After the visit to Beel, who was very much impressed by this young, straight-built, smooth-skinned lad, Beel sent him to Farmer Burns for more experience.

Jack's strength and skill got to be a thorn in the side to all the wrestlers at this school, for Jack believed in giving a guy the "works" all in a rush. In other words, he didn't try for fancy holds and grandstand effects, but started out in a workmanlike manner to soften up his opponent in a way that would make a deaf mute yell "uncle" in six different languages.

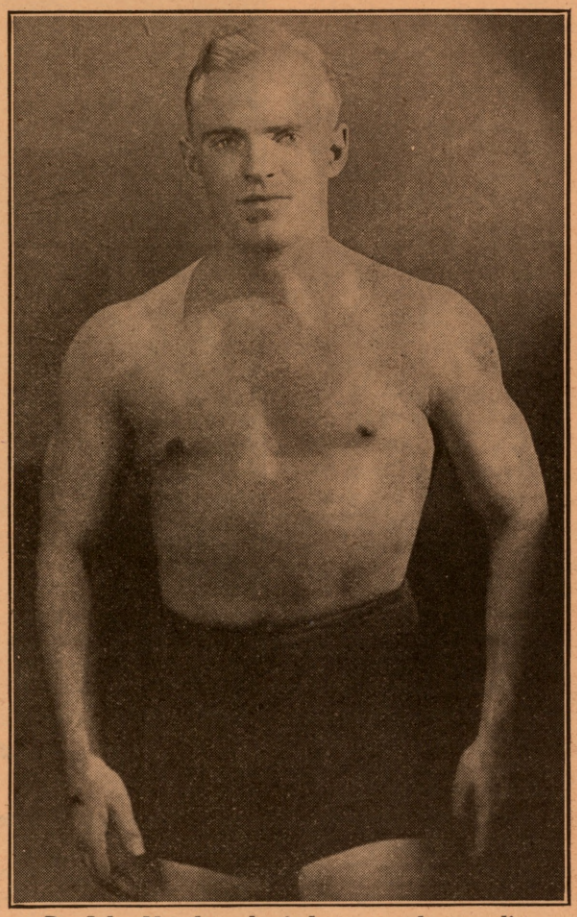
Today, Gacek as a scientific wrestler, has few equals. His movements are fast and as deadly as a panther's.

The first high point in Jack's wrestling career came in 1928, when he won the Wisconsin state Middleweight championship at Milwaukee in an open tournament. Following this, he defeated many men of undoubted ability in the light and heavyweight division, and since then, has wrought havoc among the best wrestlers in the country. He is known as the "Tough Polish Hercules."

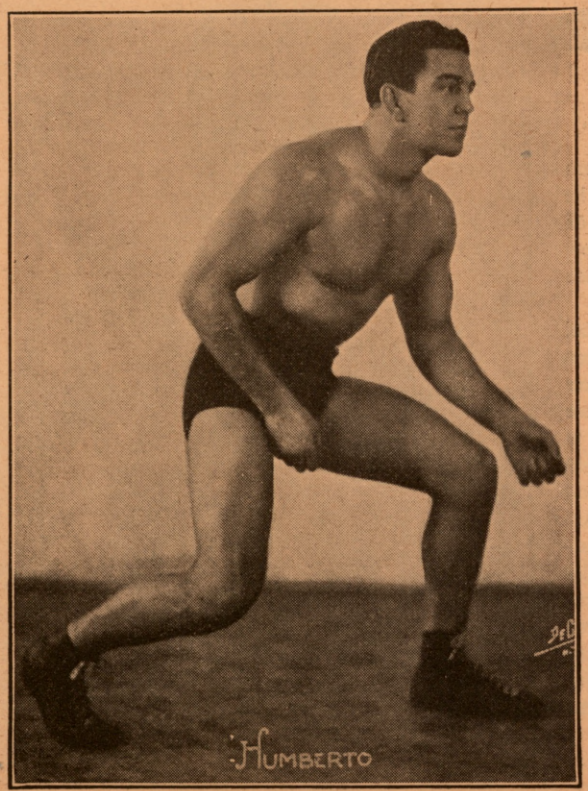
Jack's best hold is known as the pile driver which consists of getting a reverse body hold on your doomed opponent and lifting him waist high, his head between your thighs, and then dropping him on his cranium. Invariably following this stunt, the match is over.

* * *

WHO is Juan "Jack" Humberto, who made Danno O'Mahoney, then world champion, swallow a run-out powder?



Dr. John Murphy, who is known to the wrestling profession as "Drop-Kick Murphy."



Juan Jack Humberto, former fighter, who is now one of the leading matmen in the South.

This question has been on the lips of all dyed-in-the-wool grappling fans, who do not already know the Mexican Adonis, since O'Mahoney refused to go into the ring with Humberto at Galveston, Texas, on the night of February 8.

O'Mahoney walked out of his dressing room shortly before he was scheduled to meet Humberto, without explanation according to officials of the Texas Athletic Commission.

Humberto at once skyrocketed to international fame. He has a wrestling and boxing career which would provide "Believe-it-or-not" Ripley with a good subject. Several years before he traded the padded mitts for wrestler's trunks, Humberto held the Southern Light-heavyweight boxing championship.

The splendidly-built Mexican began his professional wrestling career in San Antonio, Texas, in 1925, as a light-heavyweight. He moved into heavyweight ranks in 1931 and a year later invaded the Eastern seaboard to begin an amazing career on the mat.

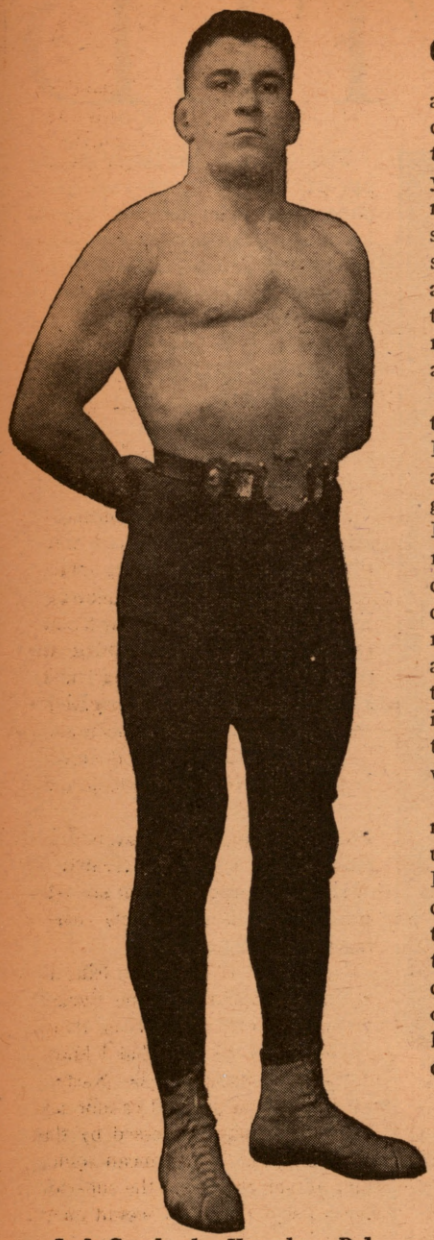
During his campaign in the East, Humberto had 130 matches and lost only 7 decisions, in 1932-33.

Barnstorming back through Texas and on to California in 1934-35, the handsome Humberto waded through 212 scraps and won them all excepting 9 decisions which went against him via the disqualification route. He was not pinned by any opponent in those 212 battles, and he met the best in the tinear racket.

Humberto is one of the best box-office attractions in the southern circuit, including Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Georgia.

The Texan is in no hurry to move to metropolitan centers and cash in on the rich publicity which attended O'Mahoney's failure to go through with the match in Galveston.

A perfect physical specimen, Humberto is 27 years old, tips the beam at 214 pounds, is six feet tall, and moves around the ring with the pantherish stride of a bantamweight boxer in action. In addition to a wide knowledge of scientific clutches, the Mexican sheik is well-versed in villainous tactics which go to make up modern showmanship in the groan and grunt fraternity.



Jack Gacek, the Herculean Pole.

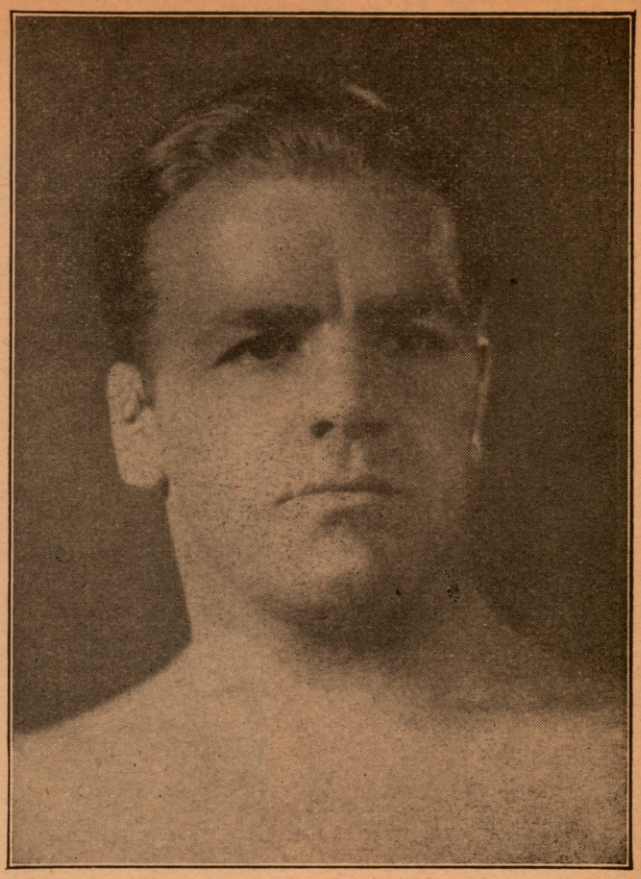
for his opponent and plainly registers regret that Conley did not win. If he does, he comes in for more boos, all of which makes it difficult to explain how a man can be so unpopular and popular both at the same time.

Jack Conley passed through the school of hard knocks. All his life he has been an athlete. He started off as a boxer and made the grade. He defeated some of the best heavyweights there were at the time. For instance, he knocked out Vittorio Campolo in three rounds and fans will remember that the giant Argentinian was once spoken of as challenger for the heavyweight title. He defeated George Godfrey when the Negro was at top of his form and considered unbeatable. Later, he reluctantly quit the boxing game because of an eye accident which impaired his sight for a time. When cured, he took up wrestling professionally and has climbed to the top of the ladder by persistent hard work. He surmounted difficulties which would have proved impossible in one less determined, but now his career is assured.

IF you should happen to meet Jack Conley in a social way, nothing could convince you that this is the same Conley you have seen on the mat. It would be impossible for you to picture so quiet, so soft-spoken and so well bred a gentleman to be such a roughneck once let loose against an opponent.

Irish Jack Conley is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the mat. He is a villain in tights and a gentleman in trousers. His appearance in the ring is the signal for cat calls, boos and other cheers of the Bronx variety while he struts around the ring defying the audience to come up individually or collectively and have it out with him.

Crowd psychology has made him the most popular villain in the game. In a match, the crowd cheers his opponent to the skies, urges him to tear the Irishman apart, commit modified murder on him, yet if he losses the contest, the crowd has few cheers



Jack Conley, the "Irish Roughneck."

Conley's wrestling ability was first discovered by Jack Pfefer who took a liking to the Irishman. Jack is not an ungrateful athlete, he knows to whom he owes his success and is not likely to forget it.

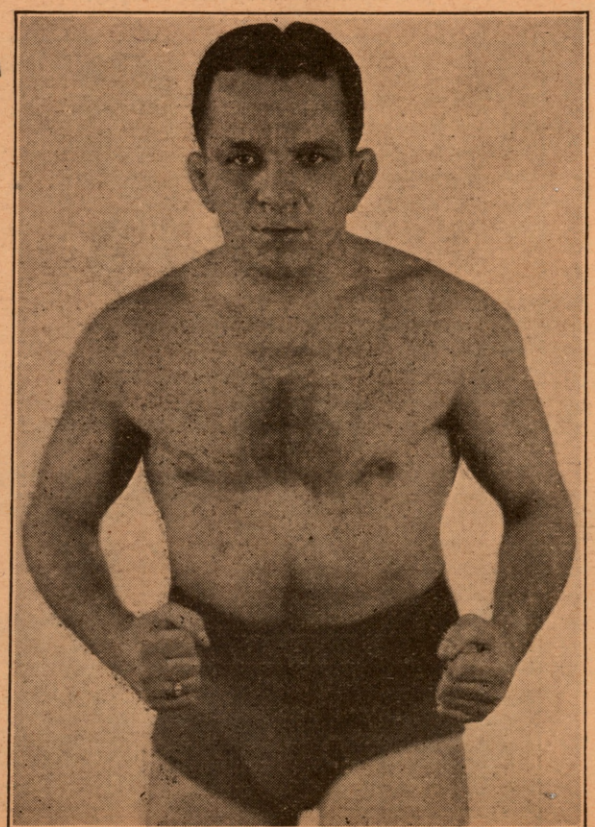
* * *

WILDMEN of the mat, men who stand out for their rough work, are plentiful among wrestlers. Italians, like other nationals, have had their share of them, but Fred Bruno, known to fans as the Italian Wildman, is almost in a class by himself.

He was born in Italy in a coal district. His father was a coal miner and so were his uncles and other relatives. His earliest recollections are of coal, coal mines, work and no play, poor pay, poor quarters, occasional disasters in the coal pits, the wailing of women and children, then back below the earth again never knowing whether he would come up again or if an explosion would put an end to all the drudgery and misery.

Then his family came to America. To young Bruno this meant a new life, opportunity, the land whose streets

(Continued on page 45)



Fred Bruno, the "Italian Wildman."

The BAD BOY *from* OKLAHOMA

By BERNICE SANDBOE

I HAVE never to my knowledge—or to my face—had a sarcastic "boo" directed at me. All you boys have been perfect gentlemen about panning me behind my back, but somehow I feel that when the Dixie fans pick up this copy of THE RING and espy this narrative on their pet hate, Ellis Bashara, the bad boy from Oklahoma, politeness shall be thrust aside and I shall then know the joys of being openly disliked. Me and Winchell.

I, however, have a decided advantage over Mr. Bashara, the great unloved. I'm writing this story and can "write" (this is a pun) myself with the fans by declaring that I am definitely on their side because I, too, dislike Mr. Bashara's ring technique very much. However, to a reporter a story is not only a tale, but the bacon, ham and pig's feet as well, and reporters must eat.

So I write of Ellis Bashara. Are you listening?

Ellis was born in the Indian territory in Oklahoma (why couldn't it have been Siberia?) many, many years ago. He says he's twenty-four, but then, you know how these handsome, devil-may-care lads kid the girls so don't take that as definite. He went to school, much to my surprise, and possesses quite an athletic record. If you don't want to hear anything good about him you had better skip the ensuing paragraphs and we'll get down to some nasty remarks about him a little later.

He attended Norman, Oklahoma, High School and played football four years on an all-victorious team. In his last year in high school he was acclaimed the best wrestler in the state at the weight of 145. In college, Oklahoma University, he won the national collegiate tournament, was all-state champion wrestler and all-Big Six champion, and in his third year at the university qualified and went to the Olympics in 1932.

His football career is even better. Cast an eye on this. He was selected for the all-American Hawaii team and went to Honolulu to play. He was an all-Missouri selection for two years, and an all-Big Six selection for three years. He played in the East-West game, was named in eight or ten all-American selections in 1933, made the *Illustrated Football Magazine* every year he played college football, was on the all-Time, all-Oklahoma team and the all-Rocky Mountain team. Which is, come to think of it, a lot of "Alls" for one young man to shoulder.

* * *

IN 1933, Ellis started wrestling. It may or may not, according to your disposition, gratify you to know that in those three years Ellis has had plenty of tough luck and therein lies the solution to why he is such a malicious meanie in the ring. "The more you take, the tougher you get," says Ellis, "and I go out there to beat up the other fellow before he beats me up."

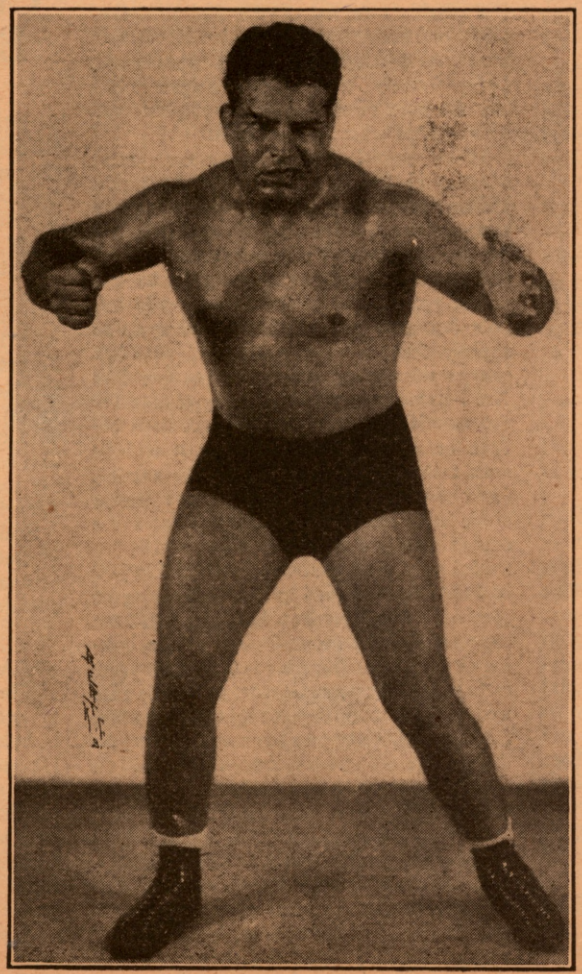
If you are of a malicious nature here is something that should cheer you up considerably, but if you're a weakie like me, you'll understand Ellis' psychology. To begin with he has suffered a fractured skull. In a bout with Abie Coleman, in Springfield, Illinois, he missed a flying tackle and went sailing through the ropes into a ring post. In Indianapolis, he broke his shoulder in a bout with Leo Numa. In a match with "Strangler" Lewis, he had four ribs broken. He has had two fingers broken, his back wrenched, a touch of tracoma, and was blinded in both eyes for some time, has had his teeth knocked out and has cauliflower ears.

And I think that's enough to make even Mary Sunshine surly.

I used to think Chief Chewchki was the top showman in the game, but with due apologies to the eccentric chieftain, I now take my bonnet off to Ellis as the most colorful caperer of them all. Some time ago in Houston, at the suggestion of Doctor Karl Sarpolis, a wrestling battle-royal was staged. In the mad melee were included the towering Leo Daniel Boone Savage, Tiny Roebuck, Bobby Stewart, Marvin Westenberg, Solly Slagel and lastly but not leastly, little Ellis, the baby of the bunch.

As the pachyderms swarmed into the ring, public sentiment immediately swayed to Ellis, and he who had hitherto known only booes and hisses found himself the object of the fans' delight. While the five big bruisers ambled about the ring trying to annihilate one another, Ellis dashed madly to and fro like an enraged banty rooster, socking first one and then another, and then rushing to the safety of the ropes. The crowd simply roared in amusement and it was all Ellis' show. Even Leo Daniel Boone was forgotten in the scuffle. And, believe it or not, Ellis outlasted the bunch and won the match! Never have I seen a more colorful and clever performance turned in by a wrestler, and Ellis can rest long and well on his laurels.

I suppose you are wondering when I am going to get around to the promised nasty digs about Ellis, but do not be surprised if I turn traitor on you and tactfully ignore the subject. I shall not tell you that I actually like him and this he is a perfectly swell guy offring.



Ellis Bashara

I forgot to tell you that Ellis is the proud possessor of the Syrian championship. Inasmuch as there are only three Syrians that I know of, George Mansur, Abe Kashey and Ellis, in the game, I cannot say that I am vastly impressed by the distinction, but it may mean something to you that he is the superior Syrian, so I thought I would mention it.

Whether you like to admit it or not, Ellis is good looking. As a matter of fact, he is very good looking in a dark, dashing, Syrian way. He has a black mustache, and black, wavy hair that arouses the masculine fans to yell, "Where did you get that marcel, dearie?" He is five foot nine and a half, weighs 222 pounds, and has a marvelous build similar to Jimmy Londos.

To their sorrow, he has met practically all the topnotchers in the game. He has engaged in hectic affrays with Lewis, Sonnenberg, Steele, Slagel, O. Brown, Pesek, Browning, the brothers Dusek and countless others.

In conclusion, let me give you something to look forward to. When he makes enough money from the wrestling game, Ellis plans to leave it and become a football coach. Can you beat that? Well, worse things have happened.

Wrestling Boom Seen

(Continued from page 33)

handled by Tom Packs, and Ed White, who operates out of Chicago, books Minneapolis, Detroit, Omaha, Des Moines, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Duluth, and others.

The Texas territory, formerly in Tom Packs' domain, became so important and grew into such proportions that the Siegel brothers down in Houston invested a small fortune to do their own booking.

Most fertile territory with local men promoting worthy of serious consideration comes with Jack Corcoran of Toronto, who figures a show under $10,000 gate receipts a failure. Lucian Riopel promotes Montreal and Quebec, Ralph Mondt and Bill Lewis, the Richmond, Virginia; and Jim Downing operates Florida to big success, while Paul Bowser takes in Boston, and Aurelia Fabiani holds the reins over Philadelphia.

It would sound like an Arabian Nights tale to figure the total of wrestling promotions in all sections in dollars and cents, but in sum total, the fight game receipts would shrink to almost nothing in comparison.

* * *

THE biggest gates drawn in 1935 are credited to Paul Bowser's Boston shows. O'Mahoney versus Don George was the biggest with $60,000 gross at Fenway Park. Londos versus the Irishman came next with $35,000. New York boasted of no real large gates, hitting an average of $15,000. On the Coast, they ran a tournament under the direction of Jack and Lou Daro, which aggregated $120,000 gate receipts in five weeks. The tournament established their own champion, a Mexican named Vincent Lopez, not the orchestra leader, but a Simon-pure Mex, the son of General Don Jose Lopez of revolutionary fame.

Jim Londos, since his defeat by O'Mahoney, has kept out of sight and, may we add, out of mind. He accumulated a fortune of well over $1,000,000 in real cash and no doubt feels he is entitled to a rest. He is nibbling now for a comeback. Let us hope he will come along before the fickle fan forgets how to spell his name.

* * *

WITH the growth of the game in America, we must mention the activities of foreign lands.

Dan Koloff, Henri Deglane and Dick Shikat worked up plenty of interest in Paris appearances. Jeff Dickson launched the game in his Palais des Sports, the Madison Square Garden of Paree, La Belle France. Earl McCready is knocking them over in Australia, and no doubt will be the undisputed cock-of-the-walk over in the Land of Down Under. In Africa, especially in Capetown, wrestling is having its boom and a bunch of the boys who tripped over there last summer are loath to return. Pickings must be good there.

In the Punjab, India, the land that gave Gama to wrestling, there is plenty of activity.

Souma style in Japan continues to shine as the National Sport and the sessions annually at Tokio are always attended in State by Emperor Zito.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 28)

seeking their services, will play fairly with the American boxer and that in turn, the fighters will play fairly with the promoters.

Remember boys, the Affinito case, when the National Boxing Club asks you to make the trip to Sydney for a series of fights!

* * *

WHEN Primo Carnera stopped Isadore Gastanaga in the Garden a few weeks ago, the general impression was that he was heading for another shot at the heavyweight title, for his performance against the Spaniard was an excellent one. At the time there was considerable talk about Joe Louis refusing to engage in a world titular contest with Braddock in the event that the Brown Bomber succeeded in eliminating Max Schmeling, and that if Carnera could be built up into a formidable opponent, he would be rated the No. 1 man by the Garden when the time arrived for the choice of Braddock's opponent.

The plans of the Garden seemed O.K., even though the public would never have stood for such a championship match, and Braddock and his mentor were of the same opinion as the fight fans. But all of the Garden's plans have now been knocked into a cocked hat by the upset in Philadelphia on St. Patrick's eve, when the heavyweight comeback hopes of Primo were flattened in three rounds of heavy bombardment, Carnera being halted by the slugging fists of Leroy Haynes, a Los Angeles Negro.

With that upset, Carnera's days as a top-flight fighter are over. Louis Soresi and Bill Dufy, mentors of the Italian Behemoth, had better henceforth give all of their time to developing Primo's stablemate, Jorge Brescia, who at this writing looks like the most promising of the present crop of so-called white heavyweights.

When Soresi signed Carnera to meet Haynes in Philly, little did he think that Primo was taking on any other than a tune-up bout. And what a shock Louis and his co-partners on Primo received! Haynes, although not listed in the record books, has a fine record. He failed to win only one bout last year and has been coming up so rapidly that our Eddie Borden, who has charge of the monthly ratings, lists him No. 7 among the ranking heavyweights for the month ending March 10—six days before he stopped Primo. Hence it will be seen that Haynes is no set-up for anyone. How Soresi figured him just a stepping stone in Carnera's comeback attempt for a titular shot is difficult to understand!

Not only did Carnera prove that his jaw had not been softened by the shellacking he received from Baer and Louis as had been expected, but he showed considerable boxing development since his last performance, and set a lively pace. Gastanaga tagged him with several round-house rights to the chin, but they didn't seem to have much effect on Primo. He didn't jump into a clinch as on previous occasions, but fought his way out of the difficulty, a most encouraging sign.

As for Gastanaga, he was a willing fighter who gave all he had and took plenty. The rumors which for a time almost halted the bout, seemed unfounded, at least so far as collusion was concerned, for both men fought their very best and the crowd was pleased with the performance. Gastanaga made a brave resistance while it lasted, and based on that stand of his, the boxing commissioners gave it as their opinion, a most correct one—that the bout was absolutely on the level.

* * *

THE fight between Jock McAvoy and John Henry Lewis, in which Lewis retained his world light-heavyweight crown in the Garden, was an excellent, fast mill, with plenty of action, good hitting and considerable scientific boxing on both sides. Unfortunately, the bout was staged on the day this issue had to go to press, hence I will have more to say about this contest in the next issue.

Suffice it to say that McAvoy found in Lewis, every inch a champion. The Negro surprised even his most ardent supporters by his cleverness and sharp hitting, although at times he was extremely wild when his opponent started bobbing. It was McAvoy's crouching that proved his undoing, for Lewis, well trained by Jack Blackburn, who takes care of Joe Louis, rained many hard blows to Jock's head and made him change his stance. The Englishman was handicapped severely by a right hand injury suffered during the bout.

Jock, according to my figures, won four of the first eight rounds, with three for Lewis, but thereafter took only one round, while the Negro piled up a big advantage. The British may well feel proud of McAvoy, who, although beaten, showed that he is every inch a fighter. He made many friend during his American visit.

Central America Boxing Minded

(Continued from page 10)

to attend to our leading contests both in baseball and in boxing, has done much for the sport in Havana. It was he who popularized boxing in past years when it was still in its infancy in Cuba and now he keeps the sport alive with many columns of interesting material on both the home lads and the leaders of other countries.

I had occasion to spend considerable time with Hon. Raphael Cepeda Stinson, Cuban Secretary of the Interior and Chairman of the Boxing Commission, who I found well up on the sport. He is a charming fellow who knows his boxing and who, if I judged him correctly, conducts the sports in a manner that would do justice to the best of the American commissioners.

Senior Stinson informed me that he regretted exceedingly that the Louis-Gastanaga fight failed to materialize as he felt confident it would have drawn $100,000.

* * *

JACK McDONALD, a Harlem Negro lad who a few years back was a pretty good club fighter around New York, is holding down a very important post in Havana. Jack is the general sales and export manager of Cia. Licorera "Pinin," which ranks with the Bacardi Company as the biggest manufacturer of rum and liquors in Cuba. Jack is an attendant at all fights and has arranged to come to the States with a party to see the Louis-Braddock fight if it is staged.

As for Panama, it is still one of the liveliest boxing spots in Central America.

Just Rasslin'

(Continued from page 37)

for the boxing game, has turned to wrestling. Kennedy, who once won over Max Baer, made his wrestling debut by flattening the old-time grappler Joe Varga in 8 minutes and 31 seconds. Les used a series of flying mares and body slams to dispose of his opponent.

MINIATURES OF MATMEN

Michael Leroy McGuirk was born in Garvin, Oklahoma, on December 10, 1910. He attended college at the Oklahoma A and M and there learned to wrestle under the watchful eye of the celebrated Ed Gallagher. During his school years he won the 145 and 160-pound National A.A.U. crowns. Leroy turned professional in 1932. Two years later, at Tulsa, Oklahoma, McGuirk defeated Hugh Nichols to become light-heavyweight champion of the world. The title-holder has turned back the challenges of Dude Chick, Red Lyons, Ted Christy, Luis Mayo, Barney Coznek, Jack McDonald, John Kilonis, Jimmy Lott, Charro Francisco Aguayo, Ted Travis, George Sauer Steele, Les Wolfe, Elmer Guthrie, Jimmy Logas and Mustapha Pasha.

* * *

Billy Sledge, from down Texas way and one of the élite of the younger heavyweight grapplers, is barnstorming in California.

* * *

Charles "Steve" McPherson, late of Kansas City, Cleveland and Boston, has been appointed to succeed Ted Thyde as assistant to Virgil Hamlin, genial generalissimo of the grapple game in the Northwest. McPherson will make his headquarters in Portland, Oregon.

* * *

Coastal Gallery Gods Gasped When . . . . "Yukon Jake" Jackson scored a two out of three fall win over Stacey Hall . . . . Danny Winters subdued Abe Coleman . . . . Al Baffert drop kicked the jovial Irishman, Jack McArthur, for a one fall win . . . . Gino Garibaldi tossed Emil Dusek but went down before Ed "Strangler" Lewis . . . . Bob Kruse vanquished "Rebel" Russell and Mayes McLain . . . . Jack Hagen threw Jack Lipscombe but was trounced by Otis Clingman . . . . Daula, the Hindu tiger, won twice from Ed "Strangler" Lewis . . . . King Elliott, handsome New Zealander, pinned Chief Thunderbird . . . . Stanley Rogers downed Wayne Long . . . . Ganda Singh, another Hindu matman, continued his triumphant march by bowling over "Sad Sam" Leathers and John Freberg.

* * *

Francisco Aguayo, who was soundly trounced by Leroy McGuirk in Old Mexico some months back, is being exploited as "a challenger for the Mexican heavyweight title held by Vincent Lopez." Aguayo is working under the banner of Monsieur Jack Reynolds.

* * *

Walter Miller, veteran Los Angeles middleweight, recently returned to the Coast from New Zealand where he has been managing the affairs of the Canadian, Earl McCready. The New Zealand wrestling season has just closed after a very successful year for all concerned. The New Zealander, Lofty Bloomfield, came close to relieving Earl McCready of his British Empire heavyweight title in two sterling matches. Both the contests were declared draws.

* * *

Joe Marsh, Otis Clingman, Dick Costello, Jack Curtiss, Ernie Piluso and Jack Lipscombe were the contestants of a thrilling "battle royal" in Portland last month. When the smoke of battle was over, Ernie Piluso and Dick Costello were the only grapplers left standing. The pair were given the main event and Costello was awarded the "battle royal" when he pinned Piluso. The following week Piluso avenged his defeat.

Ed "Strangler" Lewis, on his recent trip to gay Paree, won more money playing bridge than he did wrestling. Ed is a real bridge fiend.

* * *

Chief Chewchki, who Lou Daro calls King Chewaki, took several feet of wire from nowhere and wrapped it around the swarthy neck of the Italian torso twister Gino Garibaldi. A near riot followed and the Indian Prince from Oklahoma was suspended. Later in the month the Chief was wrestling in another California city when an enraged fan attacked him with a knife. Oh boy, do the fans love Chewchki.

* * *

A junior heavyweight tournament, open to all-comers under 190 pounds, is being planned by Charlie MacDonald, matchmaker at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. The tournament, which starts sometime this month, is expected to draw the pick of the light-heavyweight division to the movie city.

Al Baffert, French Canadian strongman now resident of Los Angeles, raised the ire of the Oakland wrestling commission by kicking Murrel (Preacher) Hogue. The commission smacked a suspension of 100 days on the rough and ready ex-Canuck.

* * *

Curfew Chatter . . . . As this goes to the East word comes from 'Frisco that Jack Reynolds handed the "Mysterious Mr. X" a neat licking and the fans forced the hooded matman to remove his red mask. It was announced that Mr. X was Cyclone Mack of New York City . . . . Billy Sledge upset the ringside dope by backdropping Kimon Kudo for a win in 11 minutes and 45 seconds. Billy has also disposed of Dick Daviscourt, Joe Malcewicz, "Gentleman" Jack Washburn and several others during his California campaigning . . . . Man Mountain Dean is back after sunning himself in Florida. He looks fatter than ever . . . . Jan Sitkowsky, Abe Kaplan, George Wilson, Charlie Stanten, Big Boy Steele, Joe Woods and Danny Winters of Boston are campaigning in California.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS from the Mid-West, sent by Jimmy Amann of Ohio, follows:—My WRESTLING RATINGS which I issue monthly, seem to be making a hit the world over and seem to have stirred up plenty of interest. As an example of the many letters I receive from all over the world, I will take one selection and with the permission of Mr. Fleischer, I'll issue same as following from Mr. Nepthali Pedi, 4 Plum Sane, Toll Gate, Cape Town, South Africa, who asks the following questions: (1) How old are Ed Don George, Pinkey Gardner, Johnny Stote, Gus Kallio, Joe Parelli, Dick Shikat, Dough Henderson, Midget Fischer, Ray Steele, Paul Jones, Hugh Nichols and Henri de Glane? (2) Can you give me records of Joe Parelli, Bob Kruse, Pinkey Gardner, Paul Jones? I would like to have them as I read anything about them with great eagerness. (3) I like to wrestle but have a weak stomach. Can you give me the necessary exercises for strengthening the stomach muscles? Also my fore and upper arms are not developed like I want them to be. How can I increase their size? (4) Which heavyweight and light-heavyweight wrestlers have held the titles the longest? (5) How many times have Ray Steele and Don George met and who won on each occasion? (6) If during a wrestling bout one of the contestants is accidentally knocked out, what will be the decision?

I have tried to answer Mr. Pedi's questions as best I could. I believe the fans of THE RING would like a small special wrestling question box.

* * *

Paul Bozzell, Little Rock light-heavyweight, is going great guns around Toledo, Ohio, as is Charlie Carr, Shreveport, La., middleweight. Bozzell is now among the first 10 in my ratings which are sold for 25 cents in cash and self stamped envelope at 1904 Young St., Cincinnati, Ohio, care of the writer, Jimmy Amann, and which rates over 1500 of the leading heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestlers the world over.

* * *

Johnny Stote, rated welterweight champion in most states, has hied himself off to the West Coast where he hopes to force Jack Reynolds, the co-claimant, into a deciding match for the world's championship.

* * *

Bert Rubi lifted the world's light-heavyweight championship from the Great Mephisto. Rubi, a Hungarian looks like the best goods on the 175-pound throne since Clarence Ecklund and Hugh Nichols. Rubi is challenged chiefly by George Dusette the French Canadian and Frank Malciewicz, young brother of Joe from Utica, N. Y.

* * *

Japan has several good challengers in American wrestling rings in Oke Shikuna, heavy, Iota Shima, Tetsura Higami, Don Suagi, welterweights.

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How Old Timers Could Take It

(Continued from page 31)

Leon, grasped his hand and remarked:

"Casper you beat me, but you didn't stop me."

Tom O'Rourke was an interested spectator and he liked Roden's fighting so much that he signed him for three fights at the Broadway Club. One was with Hughey Boyle for the championship of New Jersey whom Roden stopped in the seventh round. Steve Flanagan of Philly was his second opponent and Connie Sullivan of New York, his third.

* * *

YOU'VE often heard the story of Jimmy Johnston and Terry McGovern. For the benefit of those who never heard the yarn, I'll repeat it. Jimmy in the early nineties was quite a little fighter. He was a bantam and could handle himself well, just as he can now. The Harlem Sporting Club was staging a fight and Freddy Mayo, a pretty clever lad from Brooklyn was matched with Roden at 108 pounds. A huge crowd, including all of Roden's Jersey rooters were on hand and Mayo was so far out in front in the early rounds that it looked like a sure victory for him. But Charlie fooled him. He played groggy against the ropes and as Mayo came in for the finishing punch, Roden crashed his right against Mayo's chin and down went Mayo.

Billy Joh, the referee, was giving Mayo the long count and bedlam rent the air. So intense was the feeling, that a tussle was started between Joe Gonzales, Mayo's timekeeper and Sandy Clements, timer for Roden. That fight of Roden's gained many additional friends for Charley and the following Saturday, when he went up to the New Polo A. C. to see Georgie Monroe and Terry McGovern box, he cashed in on his popularity.

It happened in this manner: Monroe reported ill and the doctor refused to let him tackle McGovern. Jimmy Johnston was sitting at the ringside and Jack McTrenan, the club's matchmaker and Billy Newman, the promoter, approached Jimmy with a proposition to get into the ring.

"Who do I fight," asked Jimmie. "Terry McGovern," was the reply, "but he'll be easy with you."

"He will, eh!" snapped back Johnston, "well you better look for someone else. I'm not ready to be murdered."

Sam Harris and East Side Charlie Kelly were handling Roden at the time and they accepted the bout for Roden against McGovern.

* * *

WHEN the bout got under way, Roden watched for Terry's rush and as McGovern let go a right, Roden let fly his "Mary Ann" at McGovern's jaw. Roden connected, but he broke the hand.

Then he took a severe shellacking but game to the core, he kept coming in at Terry ready to absorb all that that great fighter could deliver. At the end of the bout, the referee held up McGovern's hand in token of victory, but popular as was the Brooklyn Whirlwind, he didn't receive any more applause than did Roden. Roden made a great showing but had a beautiful mourning optic that had swelled the size of an egg.

When the Sharley-Maher fight took place, Roden was seen on that card when he lost to Bobby Quade of Kansas City.

Roden continued to box until 1900 when he married and retired. During the membership club days in New York, he worked for Bill Brown at Brown's Gymnasium, Tom O'Rourke, at the Forty-fourth Street Club; Sharkey's Gymnasium and the Claremont Club of Brooklyn. It was at Brown's Gym, where he acted as assistant matchmaker, that he arranged the Benny Leonard-Joe Shugrue fight. He started Jeff Smith on his pro career, with two knockouts in one night.

Under Bill Brown, the efficient New York Boxing Commissioner, Roden got the job of referee at Brown's Club and in 1916 he became an official of the Amateur Athletic Union. In 1918 when the Hurley Law was passed in Jersey, he became a referee. He is a great friend of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey, the Democratic Boss of that burg and continues his interest in boxing by staging many shows for charity.

Roden will always be remembered among the old timers as an example of the courageous fighter who fought until either he was stopped or he dropped his man for the count.

British Lads Coming to U. S.

(Continued from page 19)

with him. If his plans materialize, he will open a string of boxing halls throughout England, places which already have been guaranteed to him, and if he finds what he is going to hunt, then he will be in a position to guarantee plenty of work to those whom he signs. He expects to leave his charges in the hands of some capable American manager after he goes back home.

* * *

BROADRIBB, like many other Englishmen, writes that THE RING is going in leaps and bounds abroad. "Whereas in 1925, when your publication was first introduced to our people by me, THE RING was most difficult to obtain anywhere in England," writes Ted, "we now can get THE RING in all parts of the Empire. All a dealer has to do, is to ask for it and he gets his supply. In fact, so popular is your publication, that if a fighter or wrestler is not listed by THE RING, he finds it most difficult to obtain any engagements.

"We in England swear by your publication because it has always stood for the best in sport, and in my humble opinion, it has done more for boxing than any publication the world over. I should know, for I have picked up THE RING not only in my native land, but in South Africa, Morocco, Rome, Russia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Australia, Tasmania, Norway, Belgium, Holland and wherenot where I have travelled with some of my boys. You must have a fine collection of stamps judging by the vast distribution of THE RING.

"In looking over the March number, I find much of interest to me. I'm happy to know that the silver lining is appearing after your many years of struggling to keep THE RING going. Here's hoping that THE RING grows into a real, big paying concern, which you certainly are entitled to for the vast work you have put in during the past fifteen years on behalf of boxing and wrestling. England's sportsmen greet you and THE RING. More power to you both."

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 29)

until July, 1919, when he was knocked out by Jack Dempsey at Toledo, was the outstanding product of the White Hope era.

When Willard was matched with Johnson under the auspices of Harry Frazee and Jack Curley, the Pottawotamie Giant had gone through all the white contenders and had proved his right to represent the Caucasians against the black title-holder.

Much has been written, much has been conjectured about the fight which we show in this Cuban reel. You will note that the film shows Johnson knocked out, with Willard the champion. You will note, too, that Johnson is shading his eyes from the hot sun, and that one of his legs is lifted off the blazing canvas.

These little telltales have been accepted by many as incontrovertible proof that Johnson had taken a dive—that he had sold out to the Willard interest.

It is not the intent or the function of THE RING's Globe Trotter to enter into this phase of the Willard victory over Johnson. But, to the Trotter's mind, those telltales are not conclusive evidence of a sellout.

In his prime, Johnson was a marvel. In the Willard fight, Jack was a hasbeen.

Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889:—John L. Sullivan Beats Jake Kilrain in 75 Rounds.

AH, here is a rare flashback—a prize film of the very ancient days. It shows the one and only John L. Sullivan, who still is the darling of the Old Guard, who believe that boxing died when the Boston Strong Boy was whipped by Corbett. It shows John L. trouncing Kilrain of Baltimore, in the last heavyweight championship fight with bare knuckles.

THE RING's Globe Trotter confesses to being a member of the ancient cult of Sullivan worshippers. But the Globe Trotter bears no illusions about Sullivan's greatness. Your old-timers will bow before the idol and say that he was the hardest hitter, that he was the cleverest boxer, that he was the gamest scrapper, that he knew not what fear was. Much of all this is true. But THE RING's Globe Trotter is of the opinion that we have had greater fighters than "John L."

However, let us not digress, to place Sullivan in the all-time ranking. To derogate John L. is *lese majeste* of the worst order, and we are not seeking to invite the enmity of the Old Guard. So we shall sing of John L. and the days of fistic romance, of strife and struggle on the turf, of bleeding knuckles and knockdowns, of cheering crowds and vehement strife.

* * *

The past lives again in these old pictures, and we make our bow to the old heroes as we shut off the projection machine and darken the house until another month.

The "Iron-Man" of Referees

(Continued from page 16)

Jess Willard, Mickey Walker, Tiger Flowers, Tuffy Griffith, Sammy Mandell, Charley White, Billy Petrolle, Pinkey Mitchell, Tommy and Mike Gibbons, Mike Collins and dozens of others in the headline class were among the hundreds of fighters who "came out fighting" under Fidler's direction. He is also well acquainted with Jack Kearns, Nate Lewis, Jim Mullen and many others in the promotional and managerial ranks.

Young Stribling was an intimate friend of Fidler and his death was a blow to the local man. Leo Lomski, Bearcat Wright, King Tut, My Sullivan, Jack McCarthy, Pal Moore, Tommy Grogan, Eddie Shea, Billy Light and Eddie Anderson, to mention a few others, also date their acquaintanceship with Fidler to fights he refereed.

* * *

FIDLER rates at the present time as the oldest man in the boxing game in Iowa from the point of active connection, both as referee and originally as a promoter. With the late Mike Adams, he started reviving boxing in Iowa at the close of the World war and at present he is the pioneer in the sport.

He comes by his love for the ring naturally, having had aspirations at one time as a flyweight. After a few fights, however, he turned to the refereeing end of the game with an occasional flyer at promoting.

Something of a traveler in his younger days and one of the best newsboys in the world by his own admission, Fidler landed in Cedar Rapids twenty years ago to become street circulation manager for the *Gazette* and has remained here since. He is one of the best-known men in Iowa, deeply interested in all kinds of sports and politics. He has a son, Paul, who graduates this year from high school. The boy is a capable football, basketball and track performer and is interested in boxing.

During the last fifteen years, one of Fidler's hobbies has been training, a work he started while Leo Novak, now head basketball and track coach at the United States Military Academy, was turning out national high school champion football, basketball and track teams at Washington high school here.

Fidler was Novak's right-hand man and made many trips with the teams. Subsequently he joined the Coe college staff as trainer and is an intimate friend of many of the better-known coaches in the middle west. Much of Fidler's work with young athletes is gratis service, largely because he likes to do it and willingly donates time and money without a thought of being repaid.

* * *

FIDLER'S high water mark as an "iron man" came in Des Moines on the night of Jan. 23, 1932 at an amateur tournament. Work started at 6 p.m. and they turned the lights out at 3:30 a.m. The records showed 47 bouts had been run off. When the tourney was completed, Fidler had worked 78 bouts for a total of 219 rounds. On the one night he worked 141 rounds.

In the Golden Gloves bouts here this spring, Fidler worked the nights of Feb. 3, 4, 5 and 12 to chalk up his string of 112 bouts and 281 rounds. He was fresher than anyone in the place at the close, veteran seconds and newspaper men having called for aid several times during the marathon.

Fidler's skillful service as rubber and trainer are pressed into service here every spring by Earl "Dick" Whitehill, star southpaw pitcher of the Washington Senators and formerly of the Detroit Tigers, who conditions here. The pair are close friends.

Fidler loves the roar of the crowd. It is the thrill that keeps him constantly on the alert for signs of revival of the ring sport and, during the time boxing has suffered from the well-known depression in the middle west and elsewhere, he has kept active as a wrestling referee.

Yvon Robert

(Continued from page 35)

eight months at Boston Arena. Of course, now that Shikat is on top, he, instead of O'Mahoney, will probably be the target of Robert and most critics and fans in New England pick Yvon as a sure winner. Perhaps a Robert-O'Mahoney bout will furnish Shikat's opponent for a big outdoor championship match in the Hub.

* * *

JUST who is this Robert kid, who has brought the mat sport out of the doldrums and, apparently, has wrestling addicts all over the country humming his name.

Well, Yvon was born in Montreal on October 8, 1914. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. George Robert and he is one of five children—the baby.

Yvon has two brothers and two sisters. Neither of his brothers, though big fellows, are athletes. One is a Canadian Royal Mounted policeman. The other is a provincial detective. Both are great boosters for Yvon and would readily toss a Robert knocker into a Canadian hoosegow.

Yvon is six feet and one inch tall. In shape, which he nearly always is, he weighs 218 pounds. He is blonde and single—one of the mat game's most handsome. He has turned down several offers to perform in the movies.

Robert started wrestling five years ago, as an amateur. He was 16 years old at the time. He stayed in Simon-pure circles three years. During the last two years he has been a professional. He had been out of amateur ranks but four weeks when he beat Pat McGill two years ago.

Yvon attended Technical School in Montreal. He studied blacksmithing, and the cement and coal businesses. Today he is a clever blacksmith, but seldom works at his trade.

* * *

THIS French-Canadian youth was an all-around athlete in school. He played ice hockey, baseball and rugby. He made the varsity team in all three sports.

All hockey fans know Jean Pusie, one of the game's greatest players of all time. Well, Jean and Yvon were teammates on a team at Montreal. It was just after Pusie had chucked a wrestling career to give his entire time to hockey. Having heard Robert planned a wrestling career, Pusie begged him to forget about it and stick to hockey.

Robert's favorite sport—wrestling not included—is hunting. In his time away from the ring he usually is found with a gun over his shoulder, tramping through Canadian woods in search of moose, bear and deer.

Yvon's father, George H. Robert, never misses a major match in which his son engages. He watched Yvon polish off Steinke, Browning and George. He did miss that unscheduled bout with O'Mahoney, because he didn't know anything about it.

"Mother has never seen me wrestle but she will be at the ringside if that O'Mahoney ever collects enough courage to meet me," Robert declares.

Yvon lived at a Y.M.C.A. in Boston when friends persuaded him to move into one of the swankiest hotels. Before the Browning match, Papa Robert found him there.

"This will never do—pack up your duds and move back to the Y.M.C.A.," was the elder Robert's command. "Temptations are too great for a kid of your age in a hotel."

A compromise was reached. Yvon left the hotel. Today he shares a beautiful little apartment in the swankiest part of Boston with Arthur LaGrand, another French wrestler and from Montreal.

In love? Well, if you press him hard enough, Yvon will admit that he is. And SHE is a Holyoke girl who attends Mount Holyoke College.

Yvon hopes to marry some day but, first, he wants to grab off that championship.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 40)

were paved with gold . . . . dreams—all dreams. He found himself instead on a slow moving ship below decks with little more sunlight than he was used to in the mines. And at last, America! But the family only stayed in New York a few hours. Then a train took all to a coal mining district, and less than three weeks after leaving his native Italy, young Bruno found himself once more underground in the coal pits. The only difference was that now he could not understand the language of his fellow workers, mostly Slavs and Croatians.

Still there was some difference. If conditions were similar to those which prevailed in Italy, at least the pay was better and Fred did not go to bed hungry as was too often the case at home. Outside of that life was tough. Fred learned English and then came the shift from the mine to the mat. He has acquired a knowledge of wrestling and decided to follow that as a vocation. Somehow, Fred Bruno has the faculty to get a crowd excited. Once he gets on the mat, his one thought is to annihilate his opponents with the methods he knows best and which he learned among the rough element of the coal pits on both sides of the Atlantic. But, the game has been good to Bruno, he has made money and he is a great drawing card. His services are always in demand because he is an excellent showman.

Has Fred Bruno any occupation other than wrestling? Yes, he has and we give you one guess in a hundred to name it. He owns a coal company in Connecticut and one of the most prosperous in the state!

New Champion Crowned

(Continued from page 32)

to have Dick in agony, but a flying mare put Danno on his back and quick as a flash, Shikat applied a headlock. This was followed by a Japanese arm-lock and when Danno released himself, he found himself back in the clutches of Dick with a hammerlock and from that, Shikat switched to a leg lock.

Thus it went, with Shikat going from one hold to another and Danno unable to fathom the audacity of his rival. O'Mahoney walked into a double wrist lock and then another headlock before ten minutes of their wrestling time had elapsed.

* * *

SHIKAT maneuvered Danno into the center of the ring and then with a sudden twist, he sent the Irishman to the mat. He clamped on a body scissors, but Danno sought refuge under the ropes and got away with it. While creeping along the mat, he suffered intense agony as Shikat applied a grueling toe hold and when Referee Bothner ordered the men to the center of the ring after Danno had gotten under the ropes, Shikat, aggressive, sprang at his opponent and secured the dreaded hammerlock. He applied it viciously. The more Danno tried to break out of it, the more pressure the German put on, and at the same time, he kept appealing to Bothner to ask Danno to quit before his arm would be broken.

Bothner, who from experience realized the danger, bent twice and asked Danno if he wanted to quit. The Irishman replied in the affirmative, but still George wouldn't stop the bout. He knew that a title was at stake and decided to make doubly certain before halting the mill.

Again Bothner got to his knees and asked Danno in a voice loud enough for all at the ringside to hear:

"Do you want to quit?"

"Yes, he's killing me," moaned Danno. "Stop it, I tell you."

Then Bothner slapped Shikat on the back and raised his hand, the winner and new champion.

In explaining to the scribes what had happened, this is what Bothner said:

"I wanted to make sure that I had heard right. I asked him several times if he wanted to quit and he said yes, but I wouldn't stop it, to give him a chance to break away. He finally pleaded to have the bout halted. He said that Shikat was killing him and I should stop it, which I did."

Shikat won the title for the first time in the elimination tournament staged in New York and Philadelphia. He and Londos had it out in Philadelphia and Dick won and was rewarded with the Jack Curley gold and diamond belt. He later lost the title to Londos.

Shikat started his pro career in 1924. He was born in East Prussia on January 11, 1898 and served in the German Navy during the World War. Only a few weeks previous to regaining the crown, he was disqualified in a bout with O'Mahoney for kicking him in the groin.

WANTED

Can any of our readers supply me with the following numbers of THE RING MAGAZINE for my personal library?

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The Value of a Swagger!

(Continued from page 6)

and frankness, so delightfully outstanding in the man he licked for the title. And as Fitz loved to frolic with kids and made pals freely, Jeff's reserve and all-too-apparent dislike of the public and strangers, cast a repellant fog around him. Jeff liked only a few—and the public reciprocated in kind. Folks didn't patronize him much.

When one looks back, if one can, to the Jack Johnson era it was a disagreeable blank to the American people. Strangely, that era is now emphasized by the coming of Joe Louis, a young man of such excellent habits and such fine racial restraint as to make the Johnson habits the more glaring. Louis is not a champion but he certainly is getting top-spot attention.

Jess Willard, like Jeffries, repelled folks. He was a recluse by nature and wanted to be let alone. He made lots of friends when in the mood, which wasn't often, and gave way to the real swaggerer, the real jaunty stylist, in Jack Dempsey, a young fellow from the mountains of the West.

Now, there was a swagger for you! Best of all it was accompanied by such dazzling fistic ability and such friendliness for his public that while he didn't catch on at once, perhaps because of a managerial connection that did not click so completely with the public as did the dazzling personality of the fighter himself, he came into his own after his first defeat.

* * *

NO fighting man of a recent day ever wore his clothes in such an eye-filling manner or had such an appeal to either of the sexes as this same Dempsey man from out of the mines of Colorado and the slums' fringes of San Francisco. He was a second edition but a much perfected copy of the ancient John L. who back four or five decades ago, had set the fashion of swaggerism in sluggerdom.

Dempsey was fairly bristling with the stuff that made Clara Bow famous. He oozed IT from heel to crown and was such a rare combination that he was alternately hated and loved for what he did and didn't do. But even with a Dempsey wallop sans the old swagger, Jack wouldn't have been what he turned out to be. It was the swagger that did it.

Since the Dempsey day there has been but one and he wasn't even a good imitation of a fighting or even a swaggering Dempsey—Max Baer. He was a good puncher and his greatest contribution to ring history was his careful preparation for and his complete defeat of Carnera, who held the title at the time.

Now, be it known that ego is one of the greatest assets a fighting man can have but when it is accompanied by self-adoration and a certain degree of pulchritude of appeal to the femmes, it is little short of ruinous.

* * *

AND all of this leads up to the main point of this yarn. When James J. Braddock appeared at Hollywood Legion Stadium a few weeks back to give an exhibition, he was before a hostile crowd. Hollywood loved Max Baer because he spoke the language of the colony, lived and loved its silly life, and generally made himself a member without initiation ceremonies or further ado.

Mind you, there is a serious and an altogether commendable side to Hollywood life. It couldn't be otherwise because there are some high-minded, entirely capable people at many of the numerous business helms that guide the huge ship. They have no part in this silly side of Hollywood, this side that engulfs all of the playboys and girls from outside fields.

Baer made a movie picture and a lot of pals. He had money and the inclination to part therewith in proper spots—and there never was a lack of them, just as there never is in any centers of life's fastest spaces. Max was a repartecist de luxe, a bon diable, posture master, buffoon supreme, a good feller and had a lot of silly women sillier than nature had made them.

So, when James J. Braddock appeared at Hollywood for an exhibition, Hollywood resented him. It was he who had beaten their pal and they felt that he didn't belong, either in Hollywood or as a champion. By some strange trick of fate or an implied gesture, Joe E. Brown, a popular comedian, was made referee of the exhibition bout. He clowned so tremendously, that Braddock's boxing was totally lost sight of and the whole thing was made a farce as far as the unfortunate and miscast Braddock was concerned—certainly miscast for the night at least.

But if Braddock had had a swagger and had walked down Hollywood Boulevard dressed up to the nines displaying his utter contempt for the entire colony, they might have taken him to their arms and murmured "Bully Boy."

Not that it makes Braddock less a man or less a great boxer or makes him suffer in the minds of the American people as a sterling family man of deepest courage.

But that lack of swagger surely is going to make a big financial difference to him and his.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Amy Swenson, Newark, N. J.

Q.—Are there any licensed women managers in New York?

A.—No.

Art Fusell, Canton, Ohio

Q.—How would you rate Johnny Kilbane among the featherweights of all time?

A.—As good as any. He was a very clever boy and one of the outstanding fighters of his period.

Abe Kirsky, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Are there any fighters of today who compare favorably with the star boxers of old?

A.—Yes. I think that in Joe Louis we have a heavyweight who rates as good as the best we have had since the Sullivan era and in Tony Canzoneri we have a lightweight who might not be as good as Gans, Leonard and a few others, but certainly has proved his right to be classed among the greatest lightweights of all time.

Guido Giometti, Rio Vista, Calif.

Q.—Why is it that Lee Ramage does not fight in the ring any more?

A.—Since Ramage's knockout at the hands of Joe Louis, Ramage has quit the ring and is living in San Diego, Calif.

Angelo Raminelli, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—Was Frankie Neil ever recognized as bantamweight champion? How did he acquire the title. How long did McGovern hold the championship?

A.—Yes. Terry McGovern claimed the title after the retirement of Jimmy Barry in 1899 and when his claim was disputed by Pedlar Palmer of England, they clashed at Tuckahoe, N. Y. on September 12 of that year and McGovern knocked out the Britisher in one round. The following year, McGovern outgrew the division and entered the featherweight ranks and the bantam title had no champion. In 1901 Harry Forbes of Chicago, a great fighter, laid claim to the honors and on August 13 of that year, in San Francisco, Neil knocked out Forbes in two rounds and was acclaimed the champion. In 1904, Joe Bowker of England defeated Neil in 20 rounds in London for what was advertised as a fight for the world title.

Henry Leafant, Paris, France

Q.—Is there any book in America which gives the complete list of world heavyweight wrestling champions and the dates on which they won the crowns?

A.—No. The RING'S series by A. D. Phillips, "From Milo to Londos" carried the list and the dates, but they have never been listed in any book, I induced Frank Menke, the Editor of Menke's All-Sports Record Book to incorporate the list in his 1936 edition which is now on sale and you can get a copy from our Ring Book Shop, price $1.00. In fact, Menke's record book this year is the finest of its kind ever published. It is the most complete on all branches of sports I have ever seen. Menke showed me the advance copy just before the book was put to press. Every sports writer and every sports fan should get a copy for his library. You'll settle all your arguments with Menke's "Hundred Thousand Interesting Sports Items."

Harold Kinklestein, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Does the Pioneer Club take any amateurs?

A.—If you mean does the club accept amateurs for training purposes, yes. Write to Charley Doesserick, Pioneer Gym, West 44th St. near 9th Avenue, New York City.

Cadman Lecurse, Hempstead, L. I.

Q.—Can you give me the addresses of the following wrestlers? Ray Steele, Jim Browning, Dan O'Mahoney, Gino Garibaldi, Don George and Dick Shikat.

A.—The only way we have of reaching them is through Jack Curley's office, 1482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Archie Sylvan, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—Is practicing before a mirror helpful when training for boxing, or should I box with a pal?

A.—Excellent. Far better at the start than any other method because you have an opportunity to see your faults. Later, when you think you know the elements of the sport, then training with a pal is the best way to perfect your style and to become proficient.

Arthur Hemingway, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Was George Bothner ever heavyweight wrestling champion?

A.—No. He was lightweight king, but probably as good as any heavyweight title holder ever was.

Max Kampfer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Whenever I train for an amateur fight I gain from four to eight pounds and find it to my disadvantage because I must enter the welter division whereas otherwise, I would be a lightweight. What can I do to keep at my proper weight?

A.—You are not training properly. Perhaps you are eating fattening food. If you exercise regularly, you'll not be putting on weight.

Arthur Fleming, Worcester, Mass.

Q.—Is Jack McAuliffe alive?

A.—Yes, but he is quite ill at the Memorial Hospital of New York City.

Martin Chussel, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—I have a perfect body and am physically fit in all respects, but I find that I cannot take it in the stomach. How can I overcome this?

A.—Take bending exercises, medicine ball exercises, wood chopping and any other strenuous exercises that will toughen the stomach muscles. Apparently your abdominal region is tender.

Thos. Haydock, Three Rivers, Canada

Q.—Has Jack Doyle fought since Buddy Baer beat him. If not, do you think he will ever fight again.

A.—Doyle has not fought since. He is trying to get a bout with Peterson in London.

Lee Roy, Southbridge, Mass.

Q.—Where can I get a professional boxer's license? What is the cost? Has a fighter a chance to get any place without a manager, if he is a good scrapper? Is a Massachusetts boxing license good in any state or does each state require a separate license?

A.—State Athletic Commission, 19-24 State House, Boston, Mass. $25 is the cost for a boxer's license. Very small chance to get along without a manager. Different licenses are needed in different states.

C. Redwood, Kingston, Jamaica

Q.—What exercises are good for developing the thighs?

A.—Rowing, road running, tree climbing, body twisting.

Q.—Is Buddy Baer a good fighter?

A.—Fairly good. Looks like a good prospect.

Q.—Has Jack Peterson ever been to America to fight?

A.—No, he has never been to America.

Q.—Is road work essential for developing one's wind?

A.—Best of all exercises for wind development.

Q.—Was Ted Kid Lewis ever world middleweight champion?

A.—No. Welterweight champion of world and middleweight king of England.

Q.—Did Jock McAvoy ever beat Len Harvey and did Harvey beat McAvoy?

A.—Yes, he lost, and then won the British title in a return bout. Get the Post Record Book for all such information.

Hollis Neal, Plain City, Ohio

Q.—Did Otto Snider ever fight Joe Gans or Kid Lavigne and did Joe Thomas look good as a top-notcher?

A.—No record of Otto Snider ever meeting Gans or Lavigne. Thomas was a good fighter in the days when good fighters were plentiful.

Landon O'Guin, Obion, Tenn.

Q.—I am a weight lifter and want to take up boxing or wrestling. Which would you think would suit me better? Will training with weights help me to develop a more powerful punch? Will the Universal Boxing Course teach me all I need to become a professional boxer?

A.—If you have the physical requirements to become a boxer, choose boxing. If your muscles are bulky and knotted, then wrestling should be your game. Weights will not increase your hitting power but will make you stronger. Hitting is developed through co-ordination of the mind and body. The Universal Boxing Course has helped many boys are are now fighting among the professional ranks and amateur ranks.

Ray Clement, Houston, Texas

Q.—Is Terry McGovern still alive? What are the measurements and weights of Jim Londos, Vincent Lopez, Chief Little Wolf and Ernie Dusek? I am only twelve years old, do you think the Jowett Course, which you advertise in the Ring, would make me strong? Do you think practising with the "Iron Shoe" (American Athletic Appliance Co.) would help develop my muscles the most?

A.—McGovern has been dead for several years. It would be impossible to list the measurements and weights here. That information can be secured at Jack Curley's office, 1482 Broadway, N. Y. C. The Jowett Course has been proven successful and is an excellent one but not for one of your age. Forget it now. Also forget the Iron Shoe.

A reader

Q.—Will you please tell me what exercises to do to develop a chicken chest?

A.—My advise would be to see a physician.

Hank Hennekes, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Did Johnson and Fitz ever meet. What was the result?

A.—Yes in Philadelphia in 1908, Johnson won in 2 rounds.

Q.—How old was Fitz when he won the title?

A.—He was 35. Born in 1862, and won from Corbett in 1897.

Art Simkins, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—What was the date on which the following won their title: Braddock, Risko, Ross, Lewis, Montana?

A.—Braddock, June 13; Lewis, October 31; Risko, September 19; Ross, May 28; Montana, September 16.

Sol's Diner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What was Johnny Buff's title, his weight and his last fight?

A.—Buff held the bantamweight title in 1921. He weighed around 115 pounds. He was kayoed by Johnny Breslin in 1925.

Byron Roberts, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Do you think that Lew Farber will ever become bantamweight champion.

A.—Farber is a veteran but is still a headliner and a good fighter but it is unlikely that he will become a champion.

J. McFadyers, Fiji Islands

Q.—Was Stanley Ketchell just a pure fighter or slugger, or was he a master of boxing as well as a fighter? In his famous fight with Jack Johnson did he really double-cross Jack in that famous thirteenth round. Is it true that after he was flattened and all his teeth knocked loose, he retired on his ranch to put on more weight for a return fight and while up there, he was shot by one of his own hands on the ranch? Where do you class him with the middleweights who are top-notchers. Name the middleweights, four of them and how you would place them from past to present?

A.—Ketchell was a vicious, two-fisted, relentless fighter. A terrific hitter who could knock you out with either hand. He was not a boxer. Ketchell feared no man living. It was the twelfth round that he floored Johnson and Jack arose and knocked him out with a right uppercut which did loosen all of his teeth. He fought one year after that and retired in 1910, one year after he fought Johnson. He was killed by Walter Dipley on October 15, 1910, because of some dispute about a woman. Ketchell must be ranked with the great middleweights of all time. Bob Fitzsimmons, Harry Greb, Stanley Ketchell, Mickey Walker. I never heard of a double cross.

A. Stuhl, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—When is Danno O'Mahoney going back to Ireland? Is Rudy Dusek promoting or wrestling? How tall is Erich Seelig and where is he now?

A.—Undecided when, but he will return shortly. Rudy Dusek is doing both. Seelig is 5 feet 9 inches and at the present time is in England.

Abe A. Peters, Manitoba, Canada

Q.—In your January issue you had Tunney being born in 1908 and Max Schmeling in 1905. Is that correct?

A.—The Tunney date was an error. He was born in 1898 and Schmeling was born in 1905. Tunney's complete record can be found in his book "The Life of Gene Tunney" which is on sale at the Ring Book Shop for 75 cents a copy.

Al Eddy, Winchester, New Hampshire

Q.—I bet with a friend that you are a former fighter. Please tell if that is so?

A.—Yes, if a wee bit of amateur fighting counts. I was so good that I got clouted on the chin in one bout and saw stars for a long time after the blow was landed. Now would you call me a fighter?

Q.—Would Sam Langford accept a home with me? Where can I reach him?

A.—I cannot say. He has been given a job in the State Armory of the Fifteenth Infantry where he is a watchman and you can get in touch with him there—139th St. and Lenox Avenue, New York City.

Q.—Is there any way I can obtain some boxing relics, like trunks, shoes, etc.?

A.—Sorry, I don't know how you can get those.

A Ring Reader—Illinois

Q.—Did Jack Johnson and Dempsey ever box? What was Baer's share of the receipts of the Braddock-Baer fight?

A.—No. Baer's share was $88,805.

Alfred Jones, Alberta, Canada

Q.—I have an Everlast mouthpiece. Kindly tell me what is in the solution in the bottle in which the mouthpiece is—kept?

A.—One quarter teaspoonful of Carbolic solution and rest, water. When ready to use, wash mouthpiece thoroughly in cold water.

ATTENTION

Letters which require answers by mail, which are sent to "The Ring" without a stamped envelope, will receive no attention.

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

NAT FLEISCHER, editor of THE RING, paid his maiden visit to Jamaica on February 4. His was a goodwill mission in the interest of boxing in the West Indies, which so far has been attended with pleasing results. When the "Empress of Australia," on which he came, docked at the pier, there was a large gathering of boxing enthusiasts to extend to him a cordial welcome to our sunny isle.

Nat displayed the interest of one well informed about the Island's boxing, and warmly met those who gathered to greet him. Owing to the exigency of time, his wife and party were only able to visit nearby beauty spots, and they voted their motor tour an educational treat.

On returning, Nat lunched with the president, N. W. Manley, K. C., and executive members of the Jamaica Boxing Board of Control. He also met Messrs. G. DeSouza and A. Silvera, promoters, also some of our leading boxers and trainers. It was regretted that the boys had not the opportunity of meeting him at T. K. Wint's Gymnasium, as was arranged, but Nat could not spare the time. The *Gleaner* reporter, introduced by L. E. Saunders, was given an interview, and the lasting impressions of this appreciated visit which was extended to our island, was readily recorded in the press the following day.

More power to THE RING, the guardian of world boxing.

JACK SAUNDERS,
Kingston, Jamaica.

* * *

I HAVE been an interested reader of your magazine, THE RING, for the past two years, and I cannot praise you too highly for your splendid publication. Your criticisms are fair and unbiased and the action photographs of recent fights, particularly the Louis-Carnera, Louis-Levinsky, and Louis-Baer mills, have been abundantly interesting, while your frank and open-minded letter to the American Olympic Committee has been acclaimed by local readers.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Here in South Africa, and more especially Johannesburg, the fight game is booming. Laurie Stevens, newly-crowned British Empire lightweight champion, is largely responsible. Dave Carstairs, who, like Stevens, was a title winner at the Los Angeles Olympiad, has also been putting in some attractive work.

The recent Empire lightweight championship was, to borrow a Daniel M. Daniel expression, "a real humdinger." Held in Johannesburg at the Wanderers' Stadium, this battle between Jackie "Kid" Berg of England and unbeaten Laurie Stevens of South Africa attracted a record crowd of over fifteen thousand fans who paid just over £6,200, about $31,000 at current rates, in gate money. They were rewarded with a nonstop, twelve-round slugfest, from which Laurie emerged a decisive victor. At the end of the seventh round, Berg was definitely leading, the South African being troubled by a cut over the eye, sustained in the third round. Thereafter, however, the local boy went fighting mad and piled up the points, especially in a great tenth-round rally, to run out a clear winner, both judges voting in his favor. Berg gave a splendid and plucky display, and though he obviously wilted under Stevens' terrific body barrage of the last five rounds, yet never once did he admit defeat.

Make no mistake, Laurie Stevens is one of the greatest lightweights in the world today, Nat. Wesley Ramey, a great boxer and sportsman, admits that Laurie is his superior, in his article of the 1935 issue RING. Stevens has now fought nineteen professional contests and has won all—eleven on points, six by T.K.O. and two by K.O. Negotiations are now proceeding to bring Tony Canzoneri out here for a world title fight some time this year. The fight would be held at the Empire Exhibition, a huge event to celebrate Johannesburg's fiftieth anniversary. It would be a tremendous draw and I understand Canzoneri will be offered a big guarantee, at least $12,000. Berg, for his recent fight, received $5,500 with all expenses paid. If your fighting champion will consider the proposal, no effort will be spared at this end by the T.N.S.C., our fine promoting body.

South Africa, as you can see, is thus looming up in the fistic spotlight, and regular boxing notes in THE RING from here would be much appreciated. You have a great many readers here, the magazine being obtained by local booksellers from England. It is immensely popular and as Ramey and Vernon Cormier, among others, have testified, your publication, in both boxing and wrestling, is accepted here as the supreme authority. Should you desire a correspondent for your monthly notes, both for boxing and wrestling, I would be only too pleased to act as such. I wish you and your publication all success and hope to hear from you soon.

BERT COHEN,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

* * *

YOU may gather from this letter that I think your magazine is just a bunch of hooey. But I will quickly defeat that idea. THE RING is the greatest publication in the magazine field, barring none. I have perused your masterpiece for four years and that is still my humble opinion.

Now I am ready to pick apart Jimmy Amann's excellent class ratings for the great game of grunt and groan which appeared in the March, 1936, issue. I believe I can back up all my statements; if I can't, I can take it! This is not intended to push Jimmy's efforts at all. If this happens to be printed it might prove interesting to wrestling fans by disclosing a few aliases. So here goes.

Placed second in Group 2 of the light-heavyweight division is Sammy Nichols, New York City. Sixth in Group 3 is Jackie Nichols, Tampa, Fla. In the January, 1936, issue of THE RING is the story of Sammy. In the October, 1934, issue is a photo and story about Jackie. I have seen Jackie many times at Portland, Me. You will agree that, by the two pictures, they are the same individual. I, having seen him, know that it is Jackie Nichols who, incidentally, is a product of Richmond, Me.

Also in the October, 1934, copy is a picture and story on Hans Schnabel, who is rated eleventh in Group 3 of the light-heavies. He has also wrestled under the name of Jack Burns, Chicago Stockyards. The photo is undoubtedly Burns, as I have the same copy labeled Jack Burns. Under any name he is a fine wrestler, a quick hit with the fans and a nemesis to all opposition.

Eighth in Group 3 (light-heavies), is Zimbah Parker, Ethiopia. In Group 3 of the middleweights is "The Black Panther."

Referring to the October, 1935, edition of THE RING, you will note the story on this man. His ring name is Black Panther, while he claims Zimba Parker as his real one. I have watched the Panther work and I really believe that he is one of the fastest men in the ring today.

Nineteenth in Group 3, light-heavies, is Dr. John Murphy, Boston. Third in Group 5 is Dropkick Murphy. I know that these are one and the same. Dropkick, as I have always seen him, is, or was, attending medical school in Boston. His name is John and I have never heard of another wrestler from Boston called Murphy.

Well, that's about all I can find to pick apart. I might say that Les Ryan, third in Group 4 of the light-heavies, is, in reality, Lester "Cement" O'Neil of Portland, Me.

I hope you take this in good spirit, as I really mean nothing by it. I think that Amann has done a fine and meritable job.

I would like to make a bit of a shot at picking 'em myself. These are my choice for the ten leading grapplers now campaigning in New England: 1, Dan O'Mahoney; 2, Yvon Robert; 3, Ed Don George; 4, Joe Savoldi; 5, Dick Shikat; 6, Baron Polowski; 7, Nick Lutze; 8, Henry Piers; 9, George Zarynoff; 10, Hank Barbour.

ORVILLE B. DENISON, JR.
Worcester, Mass.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE much maligned Cuba has come in for plenty of abuse since the Joe Louis-Isadoro Gastanaga bout was cancelled here several months ago. The adverse criticism which it received at that time was harmful to the tourist trade and the impression it left among the Americans was that Cuba was a tour to shun for this winter, at least. But my stay of three weeks here, and that of my boss, Nat Fleischer, convinced us both that Cuba is a splendid place to visit and the sportsmanship here is one hundred per cent.

The weeks that I spent in Cuba were weeks of real enjoyment. There wasn't a sign of discord among the people. The Cubans are a friendly lot and do everything possible to make the visitor feel at home. The feuds that may exist among the rival factions is kept among themselves, and so far as the visitor is concerned, he is unaware of any friction existing in the country.

Freddy Miller, following the fifteen-round championship victory over Petey Sarron in Miami, immediately left for Havana to engage in a non-titular affair with Fillo Echeverria, a local product, who is esteemed highly because of his victory over Baby Arizmendi. Rain prevented the match from taking place and the bout was postponed for a later date. There was no ill-feeling against Freddy because he is an American. The natives made Freddy feel as if he were a local product.

Compare this with the treatment accorded Miller in his native country. Miller defended his title in good style against Sarron and was a clear winner. He won ten rounds in decisive fashion and was the victim of several low punches administered by Sarron which incapacitated Freddie to a great extent. He gamely struggled through to the finish and received the award of the referee. The no-foul rule in Florida prevented Miller from winning the fight on a disqualification and in two of the rounds he was forced to take a few minutes' rest because of the seriousness of the illegal blows. It was a lucky thing for Miller that Sarron was a light hitter, otherwise the after-effects might have had a disastrous result.

Sarron is an unorthodox type fighter who throws his punches from all angles and his delivery range was very difficult to control. It would be foolish to assume that his blows were deliberately foul and his lack of judgment may be attributed to the fact that he was fighting for a championship and his anxiety affected his control.

One of the principal reasons for my being aggravated was this sort of trash which appeared in the Miami *Herald* and written by Dinty Dennis after the fight. He comments upon the judgment of the decision and then we quote his logic: "Such confusing action and results as Monday night do not help the sport of boxing. Such procedure also helps the large contingent who claim that a Southerner cannot win a world's fistic title because warriors in the more closely organized Northern fistic circles hold them."

Stories like the one Dennis wrote are often responsible for inciting race riots. Joe Louis is a Negro, yet that did not prevent him from reaching the heights in the heavyweight division. Max Schmeling, a foreigner, was given the world's heavyweight title while sitting on the canvas; the late Young Stribling was certainly given plenty of opportunity to attain the title, but lack of ability prevented that. Mr. Dennis is a good sports writer, one who knows the game, and I'm surprised at his lack of judgment in making the accusation he did. I'm certain that with proper reflection, Mr. Dennis would acknowledge his error.

Miami was crowded with a fistic array of talent during the winter months, and those that we noticed in review were: Al Roth, Patsy Perroni, Max Marek, Freddy Miller, Petey Sarron, Al Quaill, Gus Lesnovich, Tony Camarotta, Jimmy Leto, Steve Carr, Carl Guggino and Julie Katz among the gladiators, while those prominent in the sporting world were: Mike Jacobs, Pete Reilly, Muggsy Taylor, Lou Viscusi, Abe Attell, Charley Turner, Toots Sullivan, Warren Murray, Freddy Kelly, Harry Rappaport, Jimmy Erwin, Tommy McGinty, Phil Selznick, and probably many others that we may have overlooked.

Al Delaney seems to be finding his mark around New York. He spotted Tony Galento fifty pounds in weight and handed him a thrashing at the Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn—Wildcat O'Connor and Frankie Blair staged their feud at the St. Nicholas Palace, with O'Connor winning the award. Louis Jallos put over a real surprise when he defeated Baby Salvy Saban, one of New York's outstanding prospects, in the semi-final—Eddie Walker has left Jimmy Kelly's employ at his Greenwich Village cabaret to return to the managing game. He is stopping at the Victoria Hotel and is seeking promising fistic talent—Lew Feldman seems to be fighting in his best form and, judging by his recent performances, he is ready for the top flight in the lightweight class.

Luis Parga, one of Cuba's outstanding promoters, left for New York to see the Gastanaga-Carnera imbroglio. Other Cubans who are in the limelight are: Fillo Echeverria, Kid Chocolate, Conrado Conde, Baby Face Quintana, Young Herrera, Joe Legon, while Luis Gutierrez still hopes to bring Chocolate back to the top; Manolo Brana manages Echeverria; Milton Baron is our RING correspondent; Elpidio Pizarro, former Cuban heavyweight, is now one of the leading referees on the Island. There is an air of complacency here which makes it enjoyable living. No one is ever in a hurry and when you make an appointment with a native Cuban you can generally figure him to be hours late before he arrives. All activity suspends for two hours between twelve noon and two o'clock. That is the general lunch hour and it is impossible to secure anything for love or money. The Regina Hotel is the leading headquarters for the fight element.

Cuban sports writers all have a kind word for THE RING. They praise this publication for its unprejudiced stand in the recent fiasco, and regard Nat Fleischer, THE RING editor, as Cuba's friend.

Freddy Miller established a unique record when he defended his title in Seattle against Johnny Pena in a fifteen-round battle and travelled forty-five hundred miles to clash with Petey Sarron in Miami one week later in another titular match. With all his activity, Miller has no recognition in New York State as the champion, which may be construed as a compliment in his favor—Harold Steinman, who is handling King Levinsky on the Coast, is also interested in John Pacek, who is making a big name for himself there. Clarence Rapp is identified with Harold in Pacek's management—Pedro Montanez disposed of Paris Apice at the Star Casino in six rounds, scoring three knockdowns before the fight was stopped. Victor Vallee did not have any trouble with Johnny Mirabella in the semi-final.

The jinx that has pursued Jack Kearns continues to follow him. After purchasing the contract of Lorenzo Pack, dangerous heavyweight contender, Pack went through with a bout against Frankie Edgren and while demonstrating unquestioned superiority over his opponent all the way, the fight was halted in the sixth round and declared "no contest." Pack scored a knockdown in one of the rounds and Edgren fought cautiously to go the full distance. Why Pack was punished is still a mystery.

Billy Celebron, Sammy Mandell's welterweight protege, stepped into fast company when he disposed of Harry Dublinsky in eight rounds. Harry was winning on points until he was dropped four times in the seventh and twice in the eighth when the fight was stopped. This puts Celebron into the running for welterweight honors—Fred Lenhart scored a stunning upset when he flattened Oscar Rankins in round one at Minneapolis. Rankins was going good again until he ran into Lenhart's heavy blow.

Davey Finn, English lightweight, arrived in New York to try to duplicate the success that Jackie Kid Berg enjoyed. He came here with Harry Goodman, more familiarly known as Spitzel, and will be connected with Billy McCarney in Finn's management. Davey will now fight under the name of Fine. His first bout resulted in a defeat at the hands of Charley Bodami—Mike Belloise, New York's leading featherweight contender, scored over Norment Quarles at the Star Casino—Fred Apostoli dampened the ardor of Paul Pirrone in the latter's first start on the Coast. Apostoli disposed of Paul in seven rounds, which did not help Eddie Mead's cause any—Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City lightweight, is the latest lightweight to enter the elite circle of lightweight contenders through his victory over Joe Ghnouly—Charley "Killer" Coates, Suey Welsh's jolt-driving light-heavyweight, disposed of George Turner in the third round at the Olympic in Los Angeles—Solly Krieger, Brooklyn middleweight, flattened Mickey Bottone in one round at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn.

Tony Canzoneri is upholding the form that has made him the marvel of the age. He turned in a two-round knockout over Steve Haliako at the St. Nicholas Palace and it required four rounds to dispose of Billy Hogan at the Ridgewood Grove. Both performances were rendered in view of capacity houses and it is a clear indication of what will happen when McLarnin clashes with Tony. It is a safe wager that the fight will not go the full distance—Jock McAvoy disposed of Jimmy Smith in two rounds at the St. Nick's and then defeated Anson Green in Philly, which put him in prime condition for the John Henry Lewis joust—Bill Nichy was responsible for an upset when he scored over Eddie Mader in Washington—Jim Buchanan is handling the latest colored threat from Pittsburgh, Jack Trammell, who seems to be bowling them over these days.

Billy Taylor, the referee who rendered the decision in favor of Al Gainer against Charley Massare in New Haven, was presumed to be a former boxer. Regardless of the merits that he enjoyed in the ring, it is safe to presume that he was a better boxer than he is an arbiter. Massare won seven of the ten rounds by a convincing margin and apparently the referee was the only one in the Arena who thought that Gainer had won. A near riot ensued and Taylor was given police protection when escorted out of the ring—Such decisions can be avoided if only competent officials are selected—Wesley Ramey turned in a slick performance in spotting Tony Falco ten pounds and winning decisively at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn—Ramey is prominent in the lightweight running—Artie Sykes started his Coast invasion with a victory over Jack Roper and then drew with Joe Bauer.

Mickey Walker and Bill Duffy have joined hands in opening a new restaurant opposite the Garden on the street below where Jack Dempsey has his restaurant. It is called "The Toy Bulldog Tavern" and it is enjoying success. The popularity of Duffy and Walker is what has made the Tavern a big hit. THE RING decorated the walls with pictures of famous fighters—Eddie Ross is now the sole promoter in Baltimore. He purchased the site known as Carlin's Arena from its former sponsor and will be the only one staging fights in Baltimore—Johnny De Foe came through with a splendid performance when he held the classy Johnny Hutchinson to a draw in Philadelphia—Billy Hunnefeld, Stockton promoter, is the guiding genius of Phil Brubaker, Pacific Coast's latest heavyweight pride. A little credit must be given to Tony Palazolo, San Francisco promoter, who has matched Brubaker carefully and is now ready for the bigger game—Joe Waterman, in spite of the many obstacles thrust his way, has finally established the Olympic in Los Angeles as a paying proposition.

A mediocre attraction, as far as the public was concerned, was staged at the Garden when Cleto Locatelli and Izzy Jannazzo were put on as the principals. It drew the lowest house on record since the Garden has been putting on fights. The receipts amounted to $4,684.

Locatelli was given a stubborn battle for six rounds by his younger adversary, but Jannazzo slowed up at the finish while Cleto started to get stronger. Phil Baker furnished the high spot of the evening when he stopped Lou Lombardi in the sixth round. Lombardi's right hand was broken in the second round and the fight should have been stopped sooner. He was helpless against the flock of punches that Baker threw in his direction and vainly tried with one hand but absorbed needless punishment. Baker showed enough to be classed as a rough, tough customer. Leo Rodak received a lucky award over Aldo Spoldi in another ten-round scrap. Phil Siriani whipped Al Reid in six, while Harry Hoffman kayoed Gaspare Abruzzo in the second.

Frankie Jacobs is rapidly accumulating a group of new prospects who look good. He has Bernie Friedkin and Willie Felice, featherweights, and Sammy Meadows and Eddie Guerra, welterweights.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

DEFENDING a title is a rare occasion these days, but to find a champion who throws his crown into competition twice in two weeks is an oddity. Freddy Miller accomplished that feat when he whipped Johnny Pena and Petey Sarron in fifteen-round contests, Pena in Seattle and Sarron in Miami. Tony Canzoneri disposed of two welterweights through the kayo route when he kayoed Billy Hogan in four rounds and Steve Haliako in two. Balcasar Sangchili was beaten in an overweight match in England by Benny Sharkey. Primo Carnera continued his winning streak by disposing of Isadoro Gastanaga in five rounds. John Henry Lewis scored over Eddie Simms in an overweight bout in St. Louis. These were the high lights for the month.

Among the heavyweights, Carnera's five-round kayo over Gastanaga takes precedence over any other scrap. Al Ettore defeated Steve Dudas and disposed of Bill Nichy in eight rounds. Nichy scored over Eddie Mader. Phil Brubaker scored impressively over King Levinsky. Artie Sykes defeated Jack Roper and drew with Joe Bauer. Bauer kayoed Frank Wallulis in six rounds. Max Marek kayoed Buck Everett in the second round. Red Burman whipped Hank Bath and Billy Treest.

Al Delaney scored over Tony Galento and Billy Ketchell. Ketchell won from Tom Henry. Buddy Baer finished Wally Hunt in the first session. Obie Walker won over Maurice Strickland. Bob Tow kayoed Dick Thurber in four and Tom Beaupre in five rounds. Otis Thomas whipped Charley Belanger. Lorenzo Pack and Frankie Edgren fought six rounds in a bout which was declared "no contest." Jack Trammell disposed of Tony Cancela in two rounds. Junior Munsell finished Dick Madden in two.

In the light-heavyweight ranks last month, John Henry Lewis scored over Eddie Simms, but the light-heavyweight title was not at stake. Jock McAvoy kayoed Jimmy Smith in two rounds and defeated Anson Green. Emilio Martinez and Red Bruce battled to a draw. Al Gainer whipped Red Bruce and Charley Massare. Fred Lenhart finished Oscar Rankins in one round. Charley "Killer" Coates disposed of Georgie Turner in the third round. George Nichols scored over Nick Masters.

Among the middleweights, Freddy Steele heads the list with a victory over Young Stuhley. Paul Pirrone was kayoed by Fred Apostoli in seven rounds and beaten by Swede Berglund. Ken Overlin scored over Tony Fisher. Oscar Rankins defeated Young Terry. Allen Matthews won from Tommy Freeman while Tommy kayoed Young Cap Harding in seven rounds. Roscoe Manning disposed of Eddie Kid Whalen in two rounds. Frankie Caris won from Lou Halper. Joe Lynch whipped Jack Ennis, while Solly Krieger disposed of Mickey Bottone in one round.

Cleto Locatelli was the most active welterweight with a victory over Izzy Jannazzo and a four-round kayo over Tony Catalano. Ceferino Garcia drew with Jack Burke. Billy Celebron disposed of Harry Dublinsky in eight rounds. Wildcat O'Connor scored over Frankie Blair. Jimmy Leto won from Mickey Makar. Gustave Eder defeated Gustave Roth.

Andy Jesserun won from Sonny Jones while Sonny whipped Johnny Jadick. Glen Lee scored over Al Romero. Tony Falco defeated Joey Ferrando. Maxie Strub whipped Charley Burns and stopped Lee Sheppard in five rounds. Chuck Woods won over Fritzie Zivic and Pat Murphy. Chief Parris defeated Ritchie Mack. Tony Herrera whipped Johnny Durso. Frankie Sagilio scored over Puggy Weinert. Battling Battalino won from Joey Greb and Brescia Garcia. Garcia was also beaten by Tony Scarpati.

Tony Canzoneri's work continues to improve. He disposed of Steve Haliako in two and Billy Hogan in four rounds. Lou Ambers kayoed Eddie Marks in three rounds. Wesley Ramey triumphed over Tony Falco. Indian Hurtado scored over Leonard Del Genio. Phil Baker disposed of Lou Lombardi in six rounds. Jimmy Garrison defeated Joe Ghnouly.

Bushy Graham finished Pete Nebo in two rounds. Leo Rodak won over Aldo Spoldi. Chino Alvarez kayoed Manuel Castro in five rounds. Charley Gomer defeated Tony Strazzeri. Eddie Cool whipped Eddie Dolan and Howard Scott. Red Cochrane scored over Johnny Jadick. Cecil Payne drew with Henry Woods. Maxie Fisher defeated Eddie Zivic. Lou Severo kayoed Paul Lasiter in the fifth round. Joey Alcanter disposed of Al Hamilton in three rounds.

Freddy Miller defended his featherweight title against Johnny Pena and Petey Sarron and came through successfully. Maurice Holtzer won from Joe Parisis. Mike Belloise whipped Norment Quarles while Quarles kayoed Rex Ingram in ten rounds. Midget Wolgast won over Varias Milling. Ritchie Fontaine, a lightweight, won from Henry Armstrong. Juan Zurita kayoed George Hansford in five rounds.

Tony Chavez disposed of Lloyd Pine in six rounds. Young Rightmire whipped Nick Scalba, Frankie Wolfram and kayoed Armanda Sicila in seven rounds. Fillo Echeverria whipped Conrado Conde. Johnny Hutchinson drew with Johnny De Foe. Al Spina kayoed Young Tommy in one round. Frankie Covelli drew with Pete De Grasse. K. O. Morgan whipped Freddy Lattanzio.

Benny Sharkey, a featherweight, defeated Balcasar Sangchili, recognized bantam champion, in an overweight bout. Louis Salica drew with Henry Hooks. Pablo Dano disposed of Jackie Donahue in four rounds. Jackie Brown disposed of Petit Biquet in the sixth session. Mickey McGuire whipped Sid Donald.

Maurice Huguenin was the only professional flyweight to show his wares. He defeated Sanchez in Europe.

The nine best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Eric Munro, England.
Bantamweight—Pablo Cardenas, Cuba.
Featherweight—Danny McNichol, Merchantville, N. J., and Nicky Jerome, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Vince Serio, Baltimore, Md.
Welterweight—Irish Jimmy O'Boyne, Bangor, Maine.
Middleweight—Roxie Forgione, Philadelphia, Pa.
Light-Heavyweight—Joe Ketchell, Cleveland, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Buddy Knox, Dayton, Ohio.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending March 10:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Jimmy Braddock	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Joe Louis	Jock McAvoy	Freddy Steele	Jimmy McLarnin
2—Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Lou Brouillard	Jack Carroll
3—Primo Carnera	Al McCoy	Babe Risko	Bep Van Klaveren
4—Maxey Rosenbloom	Al Gainer	Frank Battaglia	Bobby Pacho
5—Al Ettore	Ambrose Palmer	Fred Henneberry	Cleto Locatelli
6—Phil Brubaker	Emilio Martinez	Erich Seelig	Jack Portney
7—Leroy Haynes	Joe Knight	Fred Apostoli	Kid Azteca
8—King Levinsky	Red Bruce	Ken Overlin	Billy Celebron
9—Artie Sykes	Leo Kelly	Oscar Rankins	Joe Bernal
10—Max Marek	Fred Lenhart	Swede Berglund	Al Manfredo

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Freddy Miller	World's Champion Balcasar Sangchili	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Young Casanova	Sixto Escobar	Benny Lynch
2—Wesley Ramey	Maurice Holtzer	Louis Salica	Small Montana
3—Pedro Montanez	Baby Arizmendi	Johnny King	Valentin Anglemann
4—Indian Hurtado	Petey Sarron	Henry Hooks	Jim Warnock
5—Laurie Stevens	Mike Belloise	Little Pancho	Tuffy Pierpont
6—Frankie Klick	Henry Armstrong	Dick Welsh	Jim Campbell
7—Jimmy Garrison	Midget Wolgast	Pablo Dano	Joe Mendiola
8—Lew Feldman	Juan Zurita	Joey Archibald	Rafaleto Valdes
9—Hubert Dennis	Tony Chavez	Bobby Leyvas	Phil Milligan
10—Phil Baker	Young Rightmire	Frankie Castillo	Pat Palmer

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

BOXING and every other sport did a nose dive out here during the past month, owing to the fact we have had one of the worst winters in years. Many boxing cards had to be called off.

Regardless of the weather large crowds of fans turned out to witness the Golden Gloves bouts staged by the Sioux City *Journal*, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The winners of the tournament were: Glenn Waddell, heavyweight, from Dakota City, Nebr.; Sammy Begeman, light-heavyweight, of Parker, So. Dak.; Johnny Lucas, middleweight, from Sioux City; Bob Morley, lightweight, from Sioux City; Gus Nemitz, welterweight, from Danbury, Ia.; Wilbur Bielke, featherweight, from Sioux Falls, and Lowell Sweeney, flyweight, from Sheldon, Ia. The eight champions competed in the Chicago *Tribune* tournament.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, won a hair-line decision over Nick Scalba of Chicago in ten rounds. Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight, and Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis battled to a fast draw. Max Kalbrener of Moorhead, Minn., stopped Frank Doty, Minneapolis welterweight, in two rounds. Angelo Luglisi, Duluth middleweight, defeated Walsh McCormick of Moorhead in a fast sixer. Red Grant, Minneapolis featherweight, outpointed Ray Marchand of Moorhead in a four.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Ace of Spades, Minneapolis middleweight, outpointed Jimmy Slattery of Fargo in a fast sixer.

St. Paul, Minn.—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, knocked out Armanda Sicila of Springfield, Ill., in seven rounds. Mickey Walker, Fort Dodge featherweight, and Frankie Wolfram of Winnipeg battled eight fast rounds to a draw.

Bismarck, No. Dak.—Dick Demaray, Bismarck welterweight, stopped Ray Mann of Sioux City in five rounds by the T.K.O. route. Rusty Gramling, Bismarck welterweight, won a close decision over Jack Harding of Sioux City.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Sioux City's Golden Gloves team traveled by special coach to and from Chicago . . . . In charge of the team was Willis Forbes, city editor of the *Journal;* Dan Desmond, sports editor; Ty Dillon, Sioux City boxing promoter; Thad Churchill, president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the writer . . . . Felix Burnes, well-known South Dakota boxer, is now training Golden Glove boxers at Chamberlain, So. Dak. . . . . Ray Mann and Jack Harding, local welters, used the air route in order to get to a recent fight . . . . Al Pahl, Sioux City lightweight, and Lloyd Weaver, Sioux City welter, are now headquartering in Chicago . . . . The Elks Club at Red Oak, Ia., is holding boxing cards . . . . Jimmie Reed of Denver, Colo., a welterweight with a good record, would like to show his wares here . . . . Dave Fidler staged a heavyweight tournament at Des Moines, and uncovered a number of prospects . . . . C. K. "Shorty" Miller of Manhattan, Kansas, has a number of prospects he will show in Sioux City this summer . . . . Boxers wishing to show their wares here this summer are urged to make their contacts at once . . . . Mail for any of the managers, fighters, and promoters will reach them c/o Hawkins' Gym, 8th and Douglas, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . Ty Dillon, local promoter, informs us he wants to hear from good talent for his weekly cards at the Uptown Arena . . . . Many out-of-town fighters have started to drift this way already . . . . Mail your news for this column to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

TSUNEO "PISTON" HORIGUCHI, featherweight champion and one of the greatest fighters turned out by the Rising Sun, is now in Honolulu after two years of dickering for his service. He is contracted to appear in three fights, his first opponent being Young Gildo, local kingpin of the featherweight division.

Horiguchi is twenty-two years old and a sophomore at Waseda University. With him is his manager, Fujii Okamoto, a former fighter himself, having represented Japan at the 1928 Olympic Games.

Piston has fought to date thirty-two bouts, winning by knockouts, nineteen, and by decisions, nine. He drew three times, won on fouls twice and fought one no-decision bout.

Horiguchi is the type of a fighter who keeps wading into an opponent (of the Dempsey type) to land a single solid blow, regardless of how many times an opponent hits him. He's a hard boy to hurt. He takes all punches without flinching. But when he starts the fireworks, any fighter knows that he was in a fight.

Piston's only drawback is that he can't seem to protect himself either way. He is very easy to hit.

Catholic Youth Organization of Chicago will invade the Island with twelve or more boys in the early spring. They will meet the best local amateur fighters, from flyweight to heavyweight. The Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* is sponsoring the bouts.

Jesse LaBarba and Chick Delaney, bantam; Tony Souza, a featherweight, and Tony Roccaforte, welterweight, are all fighting under the management of Clem Hamill.

Honolulu—At the Civic Auditorium, Kid Moro retained his welterweight crown by clearly outpointing Tony Roccaforte of Los Angeles in an eight-round main event before a fair-sized crowd. Roccaforte didn't have any chance against Moro, who proved too clever and smart for the mainlander.

Sonny Valdez battered Anson Rego from pillar to post, hitting the Puerto Rican at will, but failed to stop him. He took all six rounds. Chick Delaney scored a knockout in one minute fifty-seven seconds in the second heat over Larry Santana. A hard left to the jaw turned the trick. Although knocked down four times in the second round, Tony Souza made a strong comeback to win the decision from Kid Felipe. Jesse LaBarba and Kid Javellana fought a draw, and Paul Howard beat Battling Pering.

Professional boxing in Hawaii is facing another unfavorable situation, losing its popularity as a result of "sour" decisions by the referees. Mark Choo, local promoter, is threatening to call off all bouts unless the commission straightens the referee situation. Choo wants to import "third men" from the mainland if the commission permits him.

Honolulu—Kid Moro, local champion, with his title at stake, won the fight unquestionably, but the referee gave the decision to Sonny Valdez. Both boys were very cautious. Referee Andy Biddle's decision brought a wild demonstration by Filipino fans, who protested vigorously.

However, the decision of the referee was reversed by the local commission, just to please the irate fans. Moro rightly deserved the decision, but I think the decision of a referee should never be changed, even by the commission.

Bobby Near, Navy gob, won the service heavyweight title by beating Ed Frank of the Army in a six-round semi-windup. Joe Ledesma won from Tony Souza. Jesse LaBarba fought a draw with Abe Konaaihele. Chick Delaney won from Adolfe Samuel, and Freddie Buck beat Kid Felipe.

Honolulu—A capacity crowd of four thousand fans went wild over the raw decision which deprived Apiston Horiguchi of a just verdict. The referee called his bout with Young Gildo a draw. Larry Santana won from Kid Luzon, Manuel Baucher kayoed Johnny Amores in two rounds, Javk Sishi stopped Joseph Chir in the third, Young Leonard won from Henry Gloring.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

KID CHOCOLATE, one of the greatest luminaries in the history of boxing, made a punching bag of Andy Martin, the cagy veteran from Boston, in ten rounds at the Cristal Arena. Chocolate flashed his genuine brand of punches, and his victory met with great applause from a packed house. Pincho Gutierrez, his manager, was all smiles as he walked his boxer back to the dressing room. The Kid's work was impressive. His timing was perfect, and he displayed his tigerlike aggressiveness. It appears as though he has taken his comeback seriously.

Joe Legon, youthful Cuban welterweight champion, outpointed Ramon Molina in a close battle. Legon is quite a colorful performer and should make good in any ring the world over.

Alex Yanes, Cuban featherweight champion, scored a six-round kayo over Kid Sabates.

Havana Kid, a new prospect managed by Pincho Gutierrez, looked very promising when he outpointed Prudencio Arce, the Jack Dempsey of the bantamweights. Havana Kid looks like Kid Chocolate in action and bears watching.

Baby Oriental, new featherweight prospect, certainly put the works over swell when he easily outpointed Alex Yanes, local champion. The Oriental Baby hit as he pleased and from all angles. Baby Oriental also outpointed Kid Juancito, local bantamweight champion, scoring an eight-count knockdown.

Fillo Echevarria, the Spanish featherweight, who holds a victory over Baby Arizmendi and Baby Quintana of Panama, won in ten hard rounds over Conrado Conde. The crowd disagreed, but the verdict, a close one, was deserved by the Spanish lad after a whirlwind finish. Fillo is scheduled to meet Freddy Miller, the world's champion, some time in March in Havana.

Nat Fleischer, THE RING publisher, paid us a visit and was the guest of Pepe Conte and the boxing commission.

Pablo Ramirez, Cuban middleweight champion, beat Lorenzo Naya of Spain in ten good rounds. Ramirez performed like a real champion, and should make good as a champion, if he fights often enough.

Soldier Molina, one of Cuba's popular welterweights, lost a close decision to Joe Legon, the champion, in twelve furiously fought rounds. Molina is a great crowd pleaser, and in good condition will make it interesting for any man his weight. Molina is a hard hitter, can take a punch, and game to the core.

Baby Face Quintana, Cuba's veteran lightweight, scored a two-round kayo over Manuel Gomez of Spain. Joe Cardenas, husky dusky middleweight, knocked out Sonny Boy of Panama in four rounds of good battling.

Julio Recio and Joe Roman, bantams, put up a hectic melee, with plenty of claret, and after six rounds, Recio was declared the winner by a scant margin.

Mariano Arrilla, Spanish bantam, won over Little Loughran in six rounds, and looked all but impressive. Loughran, a new ringster, had him going at times.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

A CROWD of 11,500 fans packed into the Empire Pool, Wembley, and paid £16,400 to see the rubber bout between Jack Petersen, British and Empire heavyweight champion, and Len Harvey, ex-champion.

I was not able to be present, dear readers, owing to the fact that someone who had the handling of the press tickets thought that THE RING was not a big enough magazine for them to issue a press ticket to its representative to cover the show. Some day the Empire Pool management may want the cooperation of THE RING magazine in fistic matters—you never can tell.

Nevertheless, readers, here are the results of this wonderful show:

Jack Petersen won with little to spare at the end of fifteen rounds and thus retains his titles.

Ronnie James, Wales' best bet for featherweight honors, was unlucky to be ruled out in the sixth against Dave Crowley, Southern Area feather champ, for an alleged low blow.

Jack London, West Hartlepool, outpointed Eddie Houghton, Philadelphia, who acted as a last-minute substitute for Pat Marrinan, Belfast.

Pat Palmer, London and Southern Area flyweight champ, had to be satisfied with a draw, when he looked a winner in his bout with Herbie Hill, Wales.

Obie Walker, colored American heavy, dealt out severe punishment to Norman Baines, Catford, but could not put the latter down for the count during their twelve-round bout at Bristol, and had to be satisfied with a points decision.

Harry Mason, former light and welter champ of Great Britain, met a tartar in the Scottish middleweight, Bob Scully, who after taking all Mason's left leads, swung a hard right that put the crafty Mason down for the count in the third at the Ring.

Jack McAvoy, Britain's middleweight champion, will have to wait longer for his chance to win the cruiserweight title from John Henry Lewis, "the champeen," as the contest has been postponed till May 8.

Another visitor to the U. S. A. is the young Welshman, Tommy Farr, who improves every time out. He will be a tough handful to any heavy who meets him halfway in a fight.

Eddie Steele, Norwood, scored a creditable K.O. over Johnny Rice, Hounslow, in the second round with a left to the mark at West Ham, before a good crowd.

Glen Moody, Wales, ran up against a Tartar in Bushman Dempster, Scotland, at East Ham, and was beaten on points after twelve rounds.

"Nipper" Johnny Cusick, Manchester, put over the best performance of his career when he knocked out Len Hampston, Batley, in the fifth at Leeds with a perfect right hook to the jaw. Cusick is one of the finds here.

Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, scored a clever points win over Jack McLeod, middle champ of Scotland, over twelve rounds at the Adelphi Sporting Club, Glasgow.

Jackie Wilson, colored featherweight star from Pittsburgh, gave a boxing lesson to Jack Linahan, Cork, in the latter's home town.

Tut Whalley, Hanley, outpointed Bobbie Magee, North Shields, over ten rounds at Belfast, and Tiny Bostock, a stable companion, outpointed the smart Irish flyweight, Jack Mussen, Belfast, also over ten rounds.

Billy Hughes, Birkenhead, and Fred Lowbridge, Birmingham, battled twelve rounds at Blackpool, when the decision was a draw.

It took Alf Robinson, Manchester heavy, eight rounds to score a K.O. over Syd Jewson, Balham, at Warrington.

Harry Mizler, ex-lightweight champion, nearly came a cropper in his ten-round bout with Raymond Renard, Belgian lightweight title-holder, which took place at the Ring, London. He won, but only by a small margin.

Joe Connelly, Bathgate, showed pluck out of the ordinary in his contest with Jules Steyeart, the Belgian lightweight, at the Ring, London, during his ten-round bout. After a very good start, Connelly slipped and wrenched his knee and could hardly stand. The referee asked him if he wished to retire, but the brave Scottish boy waved him aside and tore into the Belgian with terrific punches and well deserved a draw.

Glen Moody, Wales, knew too much for Snowey Edwards, Norwich, and won a clever points victory after twelve rounds at Norwich.

Jack Gubbins, Stratford, defeated Mickey Summers, bantamweight champion of Scotland, after a good bout of twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Ex-Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, caused a mild sensation at Cambridge when he K.O.'ed George Rose, Bristol, in twenty-five seconds of the first round of what was scheduled to go ten rounds.

Harry Lister, middleweight champ of New Zealand, scored a five-round K.O. over Jack Ellis, Luton, at Nottingham after the latter had been on the receiving end from the first gong.

Boyo Rees, lightweight champ of Wales, outpointed Hal Cartwright, Tipton, after twelve rounds at Wolverhampton.

Gustav Eder, European welterweight champion, and one good fighter, won his bout against the Cuban, Kid Tunero, at Jeff Dickson's Palais Des Sports, Paris, over the ten-round route.

Ernst Weiss, Austria's flyweight champion, outpointed Praxille Gyde, Lille, after a ten-round contest at Lille.

Charles Rutz, Alsace Lorraine, won the French heavyweight championship when he defeated the holder, Raymond Le Page, in the eighth round of a fifteen-round bout in Paris.

Paul Rebel successfully defended his welterweight title in Paris when he defeated Jean Morrin on points after fifteen rounds.

George Odwell, Camden Town, made short work of the young Negro welterweight, Chris Benson, Old Ford, when he put the latter down for the full count in the third at the Devonshire Club.

Phineas John, Wales, boxed in great form and gave a points beating to Tommy Steele, North Shields, in twelve rounds at the Junction Stadium, Manchester.

Jackie Brown, Manchester, ex-world flyweight champion, went a step nearer to a complete comeback when, at Belle Vue, Manchester, he knocked out Petit Biquet, Belgian bantamweight, in the sixth.

Tommy Moore, middleweight champion of the Northern Area, defeated Battling Parkin, Mansfield, in the third of a twelve-round bout when the latter retired with an injured shoulder at Blackpool.

Glen Moody, Wales, turned the tables on Bushman Dempster, Scotland, in their return contest at Plymouth, when the latter retired in the sixth of a twelve-round bout.

Harry Edwards, Birmingham, gained a clever twelve-round verdict over Spike Robinson, Belfast, at Torquay.

George Marsden, Nottingham, had an easy task in his contest with Jackie Quinn, Belfast, at Harrogate, and finished the bout in the fifth by scoring a K.O. over the game Irish boy.

Alec Bell, Edinburgh, defeated Bert Ikin, Stoke-on-Trent, after a close bout of twelve rounds at Glasgow. In the supporting bout, Jimmy Campbell, Glasgow, received a very badly cut eye against Pat Palmer, Battersea, and the referee immediately stopped the contest in the first round and awarded the bout to Palmer.

Len Beynon, Swansea, regained the bantamweight championship of Wales, when he defeated the holder, Mog Mason, Gilfach Goch, after fifteen rounds at Swansea.

It took Frank Hough, Southern Area middleweight champ, six rounds to dispose of the much heavier Bernard Cook, Finsbury Park, at West Ham.

Ex-Stoker Reynolds, Portsmouth, who retired after his championship match with Jack Hood, which he lost, made a successful comeback when he outpointed Jack Delaney, Greenwich, over ten rounds. The contest took place before one of the biggest crowds that ever attended John Mortimer's promotions at Portsmouth.

Benny Sharkey, the Newcastle featherweight, outpointed Balcazar Sangchili of Spain, world's bantamweight champion, in ten rounds of hectic fighting at Newcastle.

Dave McCleave, Southern Area welterweight champion, scored a convincing points victory over George Bunter, Hartlepool, at the Ring, London, in ten rounds.

George Cook, Australia, who is still able to give the best a good fight, met Emil Scholz, Germany, over twelve rounds at Hull, and was defeated on points.

Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia, seems to have a jinx following him around these days. In his bout with Ben Foord, South Africa, at Gramby Halls, Leicester, a crowd of five thousand did not take kindly to Referee Charlie Thomas' decision in favor of the South African, and kept up the booing for some time. Loughran showed marked cleverness against the crude swinger, Foord, but the aggressiveness of the latter seemed to carry the weight for the decision.

Douglas Kestrell, Cardiff, lost on points to the former featherweight champion of Wales, George Morgan, Newport, after ten rounds at Newport.

Johnny Rust, the South African welterweight, scored a K.O. victory over Arthur Unwin, Stepney, in the third of a twelve-round bout at Mitcham, the latter going down from a right to the jaw.

Jack London, West Hartlepool, gained a surprise victory on points over Roy Lazer, the American heavyweight, at the Dome, Brighton. The heavy swings of London were too much for the stylish boxing of the American.

Emanuel Abrew, Edinburgh, the Negro cruiserweight, outpointed Al Diamond, America, in twelve rounds at Glasgow before a big crowd.

Alec Lambert, the matchmaker of the "Sprasi" Club, Kilburn, started the new club off with a grand slam between Glen Evans, Wales, and Bill Curran, Walton, who fought each other all over the ring for twelve rounds before the former was declared the winner.

Roy Mills, Sunderland, had an easy task when he forced the referee to stop his contest against Joe Warriner, Newark, in the fifth of a twelve-round bout at Sunderland, after Warriner had taken several counts.

Bill Hardy, the young Barlestone middleweight, and Jack Robinson, Nottingham, fought themselves to a standstill for ten rounds at Loughborough before the referee gave his decision in favor of Robinson by a narrow margin.

Ernie Reader, Lutterworth, was no match for George Marsden, Nottingham, in their bout at Rugby and was counted out in the fourth round.

Tommy Henderson, contender for the Scottish middleweight championship, suffered a check to his championship aspirations at Leith, when Teddy Knowles, Edinburgh, scored a three-round K.O. with a heavy swing from the hip which put Henderson down, out to the world.

Nipper Cusick, Manchester, fresh from his great victory over Len Hampston, scored a seven-round T.K.O. when the referee stepped in and stopped the bout between Cusick and Ellis Ashurst, Barnsley.

Billy Nash, Clerkenwell, caused a mild sensation when he cleverly outpointed the much fancied Syd Parker of Bolton over twelve rounds at Manchester.

Frank Barton, Manchester, gained a good victory over Jackie Flynn, Belfast, who was forced to retire in the fifth at Warrington, in a one-sided bout. Barton seems to improve every time out.

Nel Tarleton, featherweight champion of Great Britain, gave a perfect exhibition of boxing at the Liverpool Stadium and forced George Williams, Terherbert, to retire after he had taken considerable punishment.

Eddie Steel, Norwood, seemed to have a shade the better of his bout with Bob Carvill, Bridlington, at West Ham in twelve rounds, but the referee's decision was a draw.

A welcome return to the ring of "Wee" Johnny McGrory, featherweight champ of Scotland, packed the Adelphi Sports Club, when he met Lucien Biquet, Belgium, the brother of Petit Biquet. McGrory was kept out of the ring due to a fractured collar bone which he sustained during his bout with the American, Phil Zwick, but the way he set about his work with Biquet proved that he had recovered. In the ninth round the referee stopped the bout in McGrory's favor.

Eddie Pierce, South Africa, returned to British rings with a win over Jack Robinson, Nottingham, who was beaten on points after twelve rounds at East Ham.

Eddie McGuire, South Africa, gained a clear points victory over Jack Hyams, Stepney, being the aggressor throughout the twelve rounds at Plymouth.

Tut Whalley, Hanley, defeated Willie Smith, Margate, in the ninth of a ten-rounder at Walsall when the latter received a badly cut eye.

Len Hampston, Batley, K.O.'ed "Spider" Armstrong, Canada, in the ninth at Leeds with a perfect right uppercut after the Scottish Canadian had already been down for a count of nine.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champ, was awarded a T.K.O. verdict in the eighth round over Spike Robinson, Belfast, at Belfast, when the referee intervened to save a game man unnecessary punishment.

Johnny Peters, Battersea, boxed cleverly to outpoint the strong Leicester featherweight, Bert Ison, in a twelve-round contest at Reading.

Ronnie James, the brilliant Welsh featherweight, again demonstrated his hitting powers when he

forced the towel to be thrown in after he had dealt out severe punishment to Danny Thomas, Swansea, in the tenth at Swansea.

Nat Franks, Stoke Newington, scored a clever points win over Bob Scully, Scotland, at the Ring, London.

Norman Snow, Northampton, showed that he has lost none of his punching powers at Northampton when he knocked out Con Flynn, Islington, in the seventh.

Jack Pettifer, King's Cross, gave a very disappointing performance and was outpointed by George Slack, Doncaster, at Norwich Corn Hall. In the other, the local favorite, Ex-Seaman Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft, who has been scoring some very quick victories over some good men, received some of his own brand of medicine when he met the hard-hitting Jack Lord, Bolton, and was stopped in the fourth.

Reinus De Boer, cruiserweight champ of Holland, was extremely unlucky to have to retire in his contest with Manuel Kid Abrew, Edinburgh, because of a cut eye.

Whatever chances Raymond Renard of Belgium had of beating Harry Mizler, St. George's, were thrown away when he struck the latter a low blow and was immediately disqualified.

The Sarnian Boxing Club of Guernsey staged one of the best shows seen at Guernsey when the local idol, Busty Aylett, fought a draw with Tom Curran, Walton. In the first round, Aylett was put down with a neat body blow, and when the count had reached nine, the bell sounded the end of the round.

In the chief supporter, of ten rounds, Jack McKnight, Belfast, defeated Jack Delaney, Greenwich, on points. The other bouts, which were for the championships of Guernsey, resulted as follows: Heavyweights, Bob Wallis, Guernsey, defeated Jack O'Meara, Guernsey, on points over ten rounds; middleweights, George Hope, Guernsey, outpointed Frances Du Vane, Jersey, over ten rounds; welterweights, Billy Lake, Guernsey, outpointed Barney Luscombe, Guernsey, over ten rounds; lightweights, Eddie Sharman, Guernsey, K.O.'ed Billy Barker, Guernsey, in the second; featherweights, Bob Quigley, Guernsey, stopped Harry Brourd, Guernsey, in the tenth.

"Honest John" Mortimer, who piloted Tom Heeney in his quest for the world's heavyweight championship, ran another successful show at Portsmouth, where he packed five thousand into the Drill Hall. His star performer, Ex-Stoker Reynolds, a prime favorite in the seaport town, fought a draw with Harry Vine, Hayling Island.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, won his way into the final eliminating bout for the Southern Area cruiserweight championship, when he scored a T.K.O. over the game Len Rowlands, Dagenham, in nine rounds at the Stadium Club, London. Rowlands, who had an advantage of ten pounds in weight and four inches in height, was outclassed by the more experienced and harder hitting Bethnal Green boy.

Phil Zwick, who is known as the "Wisconsin Flash," scored a great knockout win at Liverpool over Jimmy Stewart in the second. Zwick was put down in the second for a count of eight but on rising, crashed home a right to Stewart's jaw, and the latter went down and out, on his face, for the full count.

Alec Bell, Edinburgh, defeated the Birmingham heavyweight, Alf Luxton, on points at Leith.

Frank Hough, Battersea, Southern Area middleweight champion, outpointed Glen Moody, Pontypridd, after a hard bout at West Ham.

Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, was a clear winner on points over Gilbert Johnston, Dundee, at the Belle Vue, Manchester. In the semi-final bout, Jackie Wilson, the Pittsburgh featherweight, gained another victory by outpointing Stan Jehu, Welsh featherweight champion, after a good bout, with Wilson always holding the lead. A lad who is going places is the ex-amateur, Johnny Higgins, Manchester, who boxed stylishly and scored a K.O. over Charlie Hazel, Wales, in the sixth of a ten-rounder.

Sonny Lee, Leeds, gained a narrow decision over Hal Cartwright, Tipton, at Walsall.

Ted "Kid" Lewis, former welterweight champion of the world, has been staging some successful boxing shows at the Millbay Rinkeries, Plymouth. What the smashing, dashing, crashing "Kid" does not know about fisticuffs could be written on the back of any postage stamp. In his star attraction, Seaman Tim Foley knocked out Jim Hales, Stepney, after a free hitting bout in the ninth.

A new I.B.U. European bantamweight champion was crowned at Lyons, France, when "Poppy" Decico, France, knocked out the holder, Maurice Dubois, Switzerland, in the fourth round.

Gunnar Baerland, the strong Finnish heavyweight, of whom I have written good things, gained another victory over the German, Hans Schonrath, who was outpointed after ten rounds of hard hitting in Berlin.

Charles Rutz, the new French heavyweight champion, K.O.'ed the Italian, Pavesi, in the fourth at the Salle Wagram, Paris. In the other bouts, Candel, France, outpointed, the Greek Christforides, and Simon Chavez defeated Young Borel, Marseilles, after a great bout.

I have had very many enquiries from all parts of Great Britain asking where it is possible to purchase The Ring. Therefore, I have made arrangements for readers to get their monthly copies if they will send postal order for one shilling and fourpence to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward Street, London, E. 1, and the book will be sent by return. I also wish to remind readers that if they seek a reply to their letters, they should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

IN THE NORTHWEST
By DAVID CAVADAS

DURING this summer the Vancouver Golden Jubilee Sports Committee is planning to stage major boxing and wrestling shows in Vancouver. It will be Vancouver's fiftieth anniversary with gala celebrations planned. All boxing and wrestling champions have been invited to show here and the following matches are definitely signed: Gordon Wallace vs. Barney Ross (return match); Ross vs. Jimmy McLarnin (exhibition); Tony Canzoneri vs. Alan Foston; Tiger Daula and Ganda Singh vs. Danno O'Mahoney. All in all, it will be a boom for boxing and wrestling, with the Jubilee Society cooperating with Jack Allen and George Fitch.

Freddie Miller, recognized world's featherweight champion, strengthened his hold on the said crown by soundly whipping Johnny Pena in a twelve-round bout. Miller sent Pena down for a nine-count in the eleventh round. Johnny's face bled profusely for almost the entire fight. In the fourth and eighth round, the referee wanted to stop the fight and award Miller a T.K.O. but the Washington boxing commissioners ordered the fight to continue. It was hard on Pena, who was taking a severe beating.

Freddie Steele added another knockout victory to his list in quest for the middleweight championship. A short right hook to Henry Firpo's chin in fifty-eight seconds of the second round ended the fight. It was all over so quickly that the bewildered spectators had hardly sat in their chairs. In the first, Firpo was down flat on his face because of a right behind the ear, but the bell saved him.

This writer took a trip across the international boundary to see Freddie Steele fight an exhibition three days after he had defeated Young Stubley in Los Angeles. Freddie is due to meet Eddie "Babe" Risko soon for the American middleweight championship.

Midget Wolgast was ordered out of the ring in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round main event with twenty-year-old Ritchie Fontaine. Wolgast, who appeared fat and out of condition, refused to mix and Fontaine forced the bout for six rounds before Referee Tom Louttit declared the fight a "no contest."

When Eddie Ivory went down in the third round, he was awarded the fight on a foul from Midnight Bell. The following week, Bell won by a knockout in the fifth round after he had been repeatedly warned for fouling Ivory.

Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion, got large turnouts in his first call for heavyweights. Tommy will teach these boys the finer points in boxing and then will stage a white hope tournament in Vancouver. The winners or any good prospects will tour Australia with Burns.

Yours truly is now looking after the Canadian interests of Sonny Buxton. Buxton is a heavyweight and is British Columbia's only "white hope." Plans are being made to crown Buxton Canadian champion before he embarks on an American career. Buxton is willing to meet any Canadian heavy, including Lou Kieswetter. How about an offer or two from you Ontario and Quebec promoters.

Another promising challenger looms on the horizon for Gordon Wallace's welter crown. He is Johnny Blochlinger and his last victim was Emil Lust. Efforts are being made to match Johnny with Eddie Ivory for the western Canada welterweight championship, with the winner to meet Wallace.

Billy Buxton is the Northwest's most promising featherweight. He decisioned Cal McGraw and won easily from Al Mustola.

Buzz Brown beat Young Corpuz, but Corpuz beat Clem Lombright. Vern McGraw won from Don McArthur.

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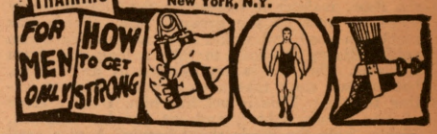

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING NOTES
By HERB McHUGH

AND once again Australia's welter champion, Jack Carroll, has accounted for Bep Van Klaveren. Their second meeting at the Sydney Sports Ground attracted a crowd of twenty thousand and, as in the previous fight, Carroll won very convincingly, Referee Harald Baker having no difficulty in arriving at his decision. It is doubtful whether the Dutchman won more than two of the fifteen rounds.

On this occasion, although the weather was very threatening, no rain fell, which gave Van Klaveren the opportunity of seeing how he could handle the home boxer on a dry ring canvas. No matter what he did, however, he could make no impression. The first round was Van Klaveren's best, but from then on, with the exception of the eleventh, he was very much on the receiving end.

From the fourth session he was greatly handicapped with a severe cut above the right eye and with other facial disfigurements as the fight proceeded, he cut a sorry figure towards the close, his right eye being completely shut. The referee gave him the opportunity at the end of the thirteenth to call it a night, but Van Klaveren refused and battled the remaining two rounds to lose on points.

Carroll did not exactly get away scot-free, as the day after the scrap he sported two "black" eyes. This is an unusual thing to happen to the Australian champ. This at least should give a little satisfaction to Van Klaveren.

Despite his two heavy defeats at the hands of Carroll, local followers think a lot of the Dutchman and will always pay good money to see him on the job. None can doubt his pluck, but he was always a fraction too late in everything that he did against the brilliant Australian.

Even with admission rates reduced twenty-five per cent, the takings amounted to $13,500.

The main support on the night's bill was a return lightweight title tilt between Alf Blatch and Herb Bishop. Once again Blatch hit too hard and often for Bishop and after the latter had hit the floor on five occasions, the fight was stopped and Blatch declared the winner in the fifth round.

Bishop hurt his ankle during one of his trips to the floor, making it impossible for him to firmly place his foot on the ground. Still, Blatch was much too good and would have won, ankle or no ankle. Bishop is likely to take a long rest from the ring. This lad is not finished by any means, but he just can't take a solid punch without hitting the floor. This is not like him. I don't know of any gamer fighter, and, as can be imagined, Bishop feels the whole thing keenly. A nice spell away in the country should bring him back to his old form, a thing that would please every fight follower here, as Bishop's popularity is paramount.

Tod Morgan was also billed to meet Jimmy Purcell in the opening ten-rounder on the program, but an injury to his arm, received in his fight some nights earlier against the Italian, Saverio Turiello, at the Sydney Stadium, compelled him to call it off. Purcell was compensated by the Sports Ground promoter, Charlie Lucas, for expenses incurred in training. Billy Carr and Joe Hall were substituted, resulting in a points win for the latter. It was a good win for Hall, it being his first big fight for months.

American fans will be interested in the announcement by Tod Morgan that he has retired from boxing. Furthermore, he states that he will make Australia his future home. As soon as things can be fixed, as regards some of his holdings in the States, Mrs. Tod and Morgan, Jr., will leave for these parts.

Following the success of his two open-air promotions held at the Sydney Sports Ground, most people are wondering what Charlie Lucas will do next. He has been granted another date—Easter Monday night, April 13. He has two fights in mind, but whether he will be able to clinch them remains to be seen—Ambrose Palmer vs. Leo Kelly and Jack Carroll vs. Fred Henneberry. He is offering a ten-thousand-dollar purse to whichever fixture he lands. Either fight is a "natural."

As I have written previously, Kelly is a riot over here. He added a further K.O. to his list by again stopping the Italian heavyweight, Merlo Preciso, in eight rounds. When the N.B.C. took Kelly into their midst following the completion of the colored man's contract with Leichhardt Stadium, a good business deal was accomplished. At the moment Kelly is campaigning in the country. He has a match with Young Campbell at Newcastle, and another at Broken Hill against Pietro Spagnola. Both easy fights, he will collect five hundred dollars in each case.

Provided everything goes to plan, Charlie Lucas tells me that he will leave for New York at the end of April. His intentions are to confer with Pete Reilly on the matter of fighters for his next summer open-air season. It is likely that Lucas will also operate in Melbourne, as well as Sydney, at his next kick-off.

Saverio Turiello is the only member of the European boxers to click with local followers. The Italian is a "will-o'-the-wisp" style of boxer, being here, there and everywhere, weaving and ducking and generally making the opposition look silly at times. Some people like this style of boxing—personally, I am not enamoured with it. In his first fight he held Australia's lightweight champion, Alf Blatch, to a draw, while his second glove-up saw him take the points away from Tod Morgan.

Three of the original party, Viez, Lariot and Donars, have returned to their native heath.

Viez was badly cut about the eyes in a glove-up with Dick Humphreys in Brisbane, losing on points. Lariot was stopped by Leo Kelly, and Donars showed badly against the American colored lad, Tommy Jones, the fight only going into the third round.

The N.B.C. has had really bad luck in the scheduled meeting of Fred Henneberry and Ambrose Palmer for the latter's cruiserweight title. Originally, the match was set down for February 10, but the death of Fred Henneberry's father a few days before the bout demanded a postponement until February 24. Fate again stepped in on February 11 and the death of Palmer's mother was recorded. This double bereavement deeply grieved the supporters of both boxers.

It is now hoped to hold the fight on Monday, March 2. It is certain that the Sydney Stadium will be packed to the doors and whatever figures are recorded will be the absolute capacity. Admission rates are five dollars down to seventy-five cents.

Tommy Jones handed in a good performance by outpointing Ron Richards. It wasn't a good fight to look at and a great many questioned the correctness of the verdict. Jones was "spotting" Richards about nine pounds and fighting to instructions, made Richards lead to him most of the time The colored lad, in my opinion, overdid it a little bit, and had Richards been in the same frame of mind, neither fighter would have hit each other. Still, Jones can lift up his head a little way, seeing that Richards outpointed Leo Kelly. There is the chance that the pair will be matched again.

Leichhardt Stadium is still a beehive where wrestling is concerned. The other Saturday night it was turned into a movie studio when Charles Farrell, now in Australia making a picture called the "Flying Doctor," gave the locals a real treat by shooting many scenes in the wrestling sequence, opposed to Jack Clarke, well-known American grappler.

Tom Lurich and George Pencheff were the main eventers of the evening and immediately they went to their respective dressing rooms, Farrell, looking the perfect wrestler, took the ring to do his stuff against Clark. And did he do it? I'll say he did. Short-arm scissors, body scissors, reverse wrist locks, flying tackles were finely executed and the crowd (making perfect extras) ate it up.

Hardy Kruskamp, Ferdy Brayson and the "Mysterious Ghost," provide the American contingent at the moment working at Leichhardt. Houses are great. Lurich and the "Ghost" put on the works when Lurich tore the hood away from his opponent. But the crowd even then did not get a glimpse of him, as the "Ghost" had strips of tape around his features and immediately ran out of the ring to his dressing room and refused to come back. So still the customers haven't had a look at him.

Leonard Bennett is due here under contract to Leichhardt Stadium. With many promising welters around, the visitor should get plenty of work.

The N.B.C. has appointed Jack Minahan, a popular young sportsman, as official timekeeper. A keen fight enthusiast and a regular fellow, the appointment is a very popular one.

"Baby Tiger" Flowers, Johnny Miler and "Babe" Marino are in strict training for what is ahead. Flowers will move off first. He is listed with Alf Blatch.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

HUTCHINSON, KANS.—Amateur boxing results, one-night show: Clare Patterson beat Harry Nickles. Dan Livers beat Marvin Branson. Doc Lewis beat Jerry Davis. Harold Arwood beat Don Elliott. Bill Gardener knocked out Young Myers in one. Roy Wykoff knocked out Leo Nutter in one. Hubert Elliott beat Tuffy Cole. Kid Vera beat Kid Pancho. Jessie Brown beat Manuel Maldanado. Tom Marshall beat Bob Armstrong. D. Laveille beat Claude Applegate.

Manhattan, Kans.—Shorty Miller of this city advises he has added another mighty clever fighter to his large stable of pros and amateurs—this time little Earl Hancock, a featherweight, who has scored twenty-eight knockouts and lost but two decisions in fifty-four amateur bouts. Miller is turning Hancock pro now and ready to meet the best in the country. Promoters wishing to secure fighting talent, get in touch with Miller at 1414 Colorado St., Manhattan, Kans.

Eureka, Kans.—Les Showers, premier amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, states this spot is likely to show one of the largest turnouts of fight fans of any town in the state its size in which he has staged tournaments. Some excellent amateurs will show on this three-day affair.

Wichita, Kans.—The Sports Arena of this city is now open and Wilbur Cooper and Mr. Vaniman are operating the club and staging bi-monthly pro shows and an occasional amateur show. Tommy Murphy of the West Coast is also assisting Cooper and Vaniman.

Coffeyville, Kans.—Cox and Stone are new promoters invading Kansas, and will stage several three-day amateur meets in Kansas and Oklahoma. Bartlesville, Okla., will be their first spot. The club will open in March.

Kansas City, Mo.—K. C. amateur champions, results of a three-day boxing tournament: Heavyweight, Bud Schildknecht. Light-heavyweight, Bill Pistone. Middleweight, Floyd Hall. Welterweight, Verne Gregory. Lightweight, Mike O'Rourke. Featherweight, Louis Alcanter. Bantamweight, Keith Cockrell. Flyweight, Beebe Rich.

Tulsa, Okla.—Jimmy Merriott and Babe Davis fought a bruising ten-round battle to a draw. There is talk of rematching this pair of heavies on the next show. Gordon Smythe and Benny Gosney drew in eight. Billy McIntosh beat Madero (Chilli) Villareal in six. Paul Osborne beat Jimmy Harris. Carlos Brown knocked out Charley Young in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—A.A.U. Golden Gloves boxing champions of the M.V.A.: Heavyweight, Joe Kempenger. Light-heavyweight, Stanley Highnight. Middleweight, Allen Carson. Welterweight, Sweeney Byars. Lightweight, Marvin Liddell. Featherweight, Benny Floyd. Bantamweight, Clifford Red Elk. Flyweight. Beebe Rich.

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

AN interesting collection of photographs adorns the walls of the Illinois Athletic Commission offices. In addition to pictures of Abraham Lincoln and Governor Henry Horner, the collection includes scenes of the Tunney-Dempsey long-count battle at Soldiers' Field on September 14, 1927; of the Levinsky-Dempsey indoor record gate at Chicago Stadium, February 18, 1932, and an architect's drawing of the Stadium; a framed resolution to the assassinated Mayor Cermak; a picture of Chairman Joe Triner being inducted into office and the official notification of appointment from the governor to Triner and his coworkers, Commissioners George Getz and Packey McFarland.

Barney Ross, welterweight champion, calls his mother "Toots" . . . . Harry Richman, the radio, stage and screen songster, resembles the former heavyweight title-holder, Max Baer . . . . Sig Hart's dislike for Jack Kearns and James C. Mullen's strong attachment for Dempsey's old pilot has caused a break between the Stadium comatchmaker and Hart. The latter, the old bantamweight, is a fight manager now . . . . Cowboy Frankie Edgren, Denver, Colo., heavyweight, says he is of German-Austrian antecedents . . . . Bruce Dennis of the Chicago *Tribune* sports staff is telling friends Frank Mastro is tops among boxing experts . . . . Any time now, Mr. Dennis. We are just about softened up enough for that bite . . . . Paul Poloski is the proprietor of Madison Square Loop Gymnasium.

Bill Hawkins, Iowa correspondent for THE RING, came to Chicago with the Sioux City, Ia., *Journal* Golden Gloves team which fought in the ninth annual Tournament of Champions, sponsored by the Chicago *Tribune*. So did Louis C. Rightmire, father of Everett Rightmire, featherweight challenger . . . . Gene Kessler, Chicago *Times* boxing writer, and Billy Stevens, now serving as secretary to Jack Kearns, commended our blow-by-blow account of the Pack-Edgren bout at the Stadium and the lead-all story in the *Tribune*, praise which is highly esteemed inasmuch as the veteran *Times* writer seldom commends a contemporary.

Ten Years Ago in THE RING—The United States had a year of big upsets, events which caused sportswriters to name 1926 Topsy Turvy Year . . . . Although the official net receipts for the Dempsey-Tunney bout, promoted by the late Tex Rickard at Philadelphia, were $1,895,733.40, more than $2,000,000 was taken in at the box office. Approximately 133,000 attended, of which 118,736 paid. Dempsey received $750,000 . . . . Besides Dempsey's loss of his title, Jack Delaney dethroned Paul Berlenbach as light-heavyweight monarch; Pete Latzo relieved Mickey Walker of his welterweight crown; Walker whipped Tiger Flowers for the middleweight title; the lightweight championship passed from Jimmy Goodrich to Rocky Kansas to Sammy Mandell; Kid Kaplan resigned as featherweight king to enter the lightweight ranks; and the National Boxing Association relieved Charley Phil Rosenberg of the bantamweight title.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE illustrious name of Jack Dempsey drew 4,300 paid admissions to a "white hope" tournament here. While none of the participants showed much as fighters, the "Old Mauler" still has the fight fans with him and they gave Jack a big hand. Promoter Charlie Murray, encouraged by the good house, tried another white hope bunch (including a Negro, Johnny Nelson) and staged the show the following Monday. A very small crowd, less than 1,600, saw the bouts, which again emphasizes the fact that Dempsey, not the fighters, drew them in.

The results of the second show are as follows: Johnny Nelson, 178, stopped Mitz Minikel, 184, fourth round. Johnny Erjavec, 179, defeated Mickey McAvoy, 189; four rounds, decision. George Nichols, 176, defeated Louis LePage, 187; four rounds, decision. Ralph Barbera, 182, defeated Frank Florian, 191; four rounds, decision. Max Zonta, 200, knocked out Paul Pross, 212; first round. Tommy O'Brien, 178, stopped Tiger Palmer, 181; second round. Eddie Hocevar, 175, defeated Ray Steen, 175; four rounds, decision. Leo (Ranger) Stupp, 187, stopped Jim Tierney, 175; third round. Paulie Mahoney, 157, stopped Perry Lacey, 155; third round.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, George Needham and Billy Meyers; timer, Marve Smith; announcer, Manny Weitz.

In Toronto, Playfair Brown's Jack Dempsey tourney drew a record gate of 14,857 paid. Dempsey did not have time to get to Toronto, but again the magic name of the ex-champion was the cause of the huge turnout. Most of the heavies (they were all Canadians) were of the novice variety. Promoter Brown hopes to eventually develop some big fellows for future competition.

Steve Halaiko will get his much-sought-after chance at Tony Canzoneri before these lines appear in print. Halaiko will clash with the lightweight champion in a non-title match in New York. Inasmuch as Steve suffered a knockout in his last fight he will not be as full of confidence as he was when winning steadily. Still and all, the speedy Auburn lad may turn in a good performance. He is always in shape, tries hard and is game.

Some new heavies ought to develop with all this talk of Joe Louis and white hopes. If Jack Dempsey continues to stage heavyweight tournaments, Jack will be doing the game a lot of good. Dempsey loves boxing and wants to see the big glove sport back on its feet. Personally, your correspondent believes boxing will speedily get back to normal.

Wrestling is all done here. Only a handful of fans saw Ed (Don) George in his last appearance before the Buffalo Sporting Club.

Buffalo is one of the best fight towns in the country. We need new fighting talent here. Good young heavyweight and light-heavyweight fighters, who are free from managerial ties and contracts, will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tommy Howells and Joe Gerace are fighting in good form but they are featherweights and there's little interest among the little fellows at present.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Tommy Moore is working hard trying to develop some cards for his pro club in Jamestown . . . . Jimmy Clark, star of the amateurs, is the big attraction in Jimtown . . . . Clark, a Negro speedball, is headed for the Olympics . . . . Jack Singer is doing better with his gym . . . . Jack has a heavy overhead with his huge emporium . . . . Red Carr and his fighter, Big Boy Brackey, are unusually quiet . . . . T. Aquinas Timlin, boxing mentor and enthusiast extraordinary, is in Chicago, where he has a good job . . . . Frank Wakefield of the *News* and Charlie Bailey of the *Times*, ace boxing writers, are turning out some peppery fistic news . . . . They are doing much to enliven the game . . . . I am pleased to note that my good friends, Slitkin & Slotkin of Montreal, are going along in good style . . . . Rudy Stiller, promising amateur, was clouted out in a round by Jimmy Amatrano . . . . The K.O. took a lot of confidence out of Rudy . . . . Joe Doctor, former heavyweight, is running an elevator in the City Hall . . . . Jimmy Goodrich and Luke Carr are improving right along . . . . They are young and coming referees . . . . George Needham and Ike Klipfel are capable boxing judges . . . . Pete George, Buffalo light-heavyweight, is back in San Francisco, after a tour of Australia. Pete is making his home on the West Coast.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

PROFESSIONAL and amateur boxing cards will be resumed here this month, and several big attractions are promised the fistic followers. Several top-notchers are to be brought here by the pro club, while the Simon-pure organization plans on using some big ring names as guest referees. That includes Champion James J. Braddock, Joe Louis and others, according to reports current in cauliflower alley.

Babe Risko, the middleweight champion, and his manager, Gabe Genovese, are on the Coast, where Babe expects to engage in several non-title bouts. One of them will be against Freddie Steele. Risko put his title at stake shortly before leaving here when he boxed Tony Fisher at Newark, N. J. Press reports state the scrap was anything but exciting.

Continuing his comeback campaign, Bushy Graham, remarkable Utica veteran, knocked out Pete Nebo in two rounds at Convention Hall, Utica. Over in Binghamton, Joe Banovic defeated Jack LaPage, and Mickey Buttone stopped Irish Frankie Slevin in four.

THE LAST BELL—Joe Dunfee, old-time boxer and former local boxing promoter, passed away March 4, a victim of pneumonia. Dunfee was long a fixture in Syracuse boxing circles and will be sadly missed by his legion of friends. As a fighter, Dunfee was one of the hardest punchers the prize ring ever knew. One of his terrific blows accidentally killed Dan Donovan at Maple Bay. That was in 1893, and Dunfee lost heart for fighting and quit the ring after being knocked out by Tommy Ryan at Buffalo shortly after.

Dunfee promoted boxing shows at the Arena in 1918-19 and one of his big cards was the Mike O'Dowd-Jackie Clarke middleweight title bout, which drew ten thousand dollars.

SHORT SHOTS—Eddie Leonard became a benedict while vacationing at Miami . . . . The popular ring announcer and restauranteur was married to Miss Rose H. Beron, a Syracusan . . . . Leon Brint has resigned as president of the Syracuse Arena Amateur Club . . . . He will be replaced by Irving Robbins, who will also continue as director of bouts . . . . Joe Feldy finally got into Elmira after all . . . . Joe took over the Chemung Valley A. A. from Bill Pope and Glover Delaney, and the popular Owego fight promoter is doing nicely in the Queen City . . . . Feldy has a reputation for putting on real fight cards . . . . Carl Sorenson, Syracuse University boxer, won the Adirondack A. A. U. Golden Gloves featherweight crown at Albany . . . . Roy Simmons, coach of the Syracuse U. boxing team, has a great array of talent this year and expects his boys to win the intercollegiates.

Billy Browne, one of the finest referees in this part of the country, is working four nights a week at A.A.U. clubs . . . . Johnny Nelson, although colored, boxes on all the Jack Dempsey "white hope" tourneys at Buffalo . . . . Johnny is going great guns in the Bison City and recently knocked out Mitz Minikel and defeated Buddy McArthur there . . . . Leo (Ranger) Stupp of Benson Mines is Joe Netro's latest discovery . . . . The Ranger is a big fellow and looks promising . . . . Nick Julian is getting tanned along the Miami shores . . . . Tommy Curry and Mickey Cook are matchmakers for the Endicott-Johnson A. A. . . . . Babe Amos is hot on the trail of Frankie Battaglia . . . . Jack McCann informs us his star colored middleweight, Eddie Saxon, alias Paulie Sykes, will go to the Coast this spring . . . . Billy Munico, Auburn slugger, will accompany him . . . . Information is wanted by this correspondent on Ritchie Fox, who was last heard of in Los Angeles, California . . . . Jackie Brady is doing all right for himself with his well-equipped New Deal Gym . . . . All the scrappers in this section work out there . . . . Local wise-boys think Jimmy McLarnin would beat Babe Risko . . . . Tony Palozzi, Rochester boxer, is called "the Hatchet Man" because of his propensity for chopping his foes down . . . . Paul Swiderski writes from Barcelona, Spain, that Lou Brouillard actually kayoed Marcel Thil, but was cheated out of the victory . . . . Thil, they say, is Jeff Dickson's biggest card.

Gabe Genovese used to operate a barber shop and beauty parlor before becoming a fight manager . . . . Albany, Utica, Rochester, Auburn, Syracuse, Elmira, Endicott and Johnson City have thriving A.A.U. amateur clubs . . . . Offside to Al Kayl: Stanley Cooper, who was a sensation during the bootleg boxing era, is still living in Utica and is in the trucking business . . . . D. Walker Wear of Binghamton, member of the boxing commission, has a penchant for two-fisted sluggers of the Dempsey type . . . . Young Leach (Al) Cross, a good welter and middleweight of fifteen years ago, is a policeman . . . . Local promoters want a Bushy Graham-Lou Ambers match.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

PHIL FURR of Washington, D. C., knocked out Steve Haliako of New York in nine rounds at Joe Turner's Punch Bowl in the Nation's Capital. Furr held the upper hand the entire route, having Haliako in a bad way on numerous occasions prior to the fatal knockout. The bout was a return affair, Furr having taken a questionable duke over Steve earlier in the month. Carey Wright and Stanford Carier, two Washington welters, fought a close six-round semi-final with Wright a winner. Al Parks of Baltimore won over Toney Ambrosia in a special six rounder that produced plenty of action.

Corn Griffith of Georgia went out in a punch to Red Burman in the first round of a feature in Baltimore. Griffith's purse was withheld by the Maryland Commission and he also was suspended for his poor showing. Griffith pleaded illness. Eddie Ross, matchmaker, was also set down indefinitely for the unsatisfactory bout.

Eddie Cool took the decision over Cowboy Howard Scott in a ten-rounder at Washington. Although the decision was unanimous, the fans thought the Cowboy deserved a better fate. Scott was by far the more aggressive boxer, and in fact, fought his best fight in this locality. Bob Wilson knocked out Toney Ambrosia in two heats and Carey Wright did likewise to Red Tucker in three rounds.

Norment Quarles knocked out Ray Kid Ingram in the tenth in Baltimore. The Kid was on the short end all the way but a miscount on his part cost a knockout against him. Ingram was resting on one knee when the referee tolled the ten-count only to arise too late to continue the battle. Roddy Davis of Washington got off the floor to fight a great battle with Johnny Santos in ten rounds, the knockout giving Santos the deciding edge.

Lew Feldman of New York was too clever for the hard-punching Charlie Gomer in a ten-round bout in Baltimore. Feldman had a decided edge going into the tenth round, but Gomer made a last-round spurt that had the New Yorker in a bad way at the final bell. It was Feldman's second win over the Baltimorean. Jimmy Tramberia licked Young Raspi in the eight-round semi-final.

Al Delaney of Buffalo had an easy time with Billy Ketchell in eight rounds at Washington. It was Delaney's fourth win in as many starts in Washington and was by far his most decisive. Billy Nichy of Pittsburgh stole the show by knocking out Ed Anderson of New York in two rounds after taking a licking himself in the opening round. Joe Doty lost to Bobby Dechter in the special six-rounder.

Charley Thompson won a technical knockout over Leroy Zinkham in five rounds at Baltimore when the latter's eye was cut. The contest was a slow one with Thompson out in front at all times. Jimmy Tramberia licked Stumpie Jacobs in the eight-round semi-final. Sammy Braccala bested Pete Galiano in eight rounds and Augie Kroll won over Buddy Grimes in a six-rounder.

Billy Nichy of Pittsburgh, Pa., continued his winning ways in Washington when he took a split duke over Eddie Mader of New York in eight rounds at Joe Turner's Punch Bowl. Mader had Nichy down in round five but Billy came back and had the New Yorker on dizzy street when the final bell sounded. Frankie Mills took a duke over Bobby Wilson in eight rounds. Irish Johnny Dean won over Bobby Dechter in the main prelim.

Roxie Allen was no match for Ken Overlin in Baltimore, going out in two rounds. Overlin had the Camden veteran on the way out when the bell ended the first heat and lost no time putting the finishing touches on when action was resumed in round two. Bob Lowrey of Washington outpointed Charley Thompson and Lew Raymond scored over Tommy Liberto in the eight-rounders. Joe DeCarlo won over Pete Daley in six rounds of the best bout of the evening.

PICK-UPS—Washington has a new heavyweight sensation in Bob Tow, who has scored four consecutive wins in Chicago . . . . Tow boxed for years as a light-heavyweight, then took a long rest, and is now back in the heavyweight picture . . . . He scales over two hundred pounds . . . . Bob is still a comparative youngster, just passing the twenty-third milestone . . . . Marty Gallagher, another Washington heavyweight, is back in training and will make a showing in Washington when the open-air season gets under way . . . . In Marty's last three bouts, he won over Tony Galento, Ray Impellitiere and King Levinsky . . . . Cowboy Howard Scott, a Texas featherweight who has been in these parts for three months, has developed into a full-fledged lightweight now scaling a good 135 pounds . . . . Scott meets Norment Quarles in a feature bout in Baltimore before we go to press . . . . Irish Johnny Dean from Charlotte, N. C., is now under the management of Gabe Mendenez and in his first showing in Washington looked very impressive . . . . Sam Soble and his boxer, Joe Lipps, are now working out of Miami, Fla. . . . . Many Washingtonians made the trip to Miami, Fla., to see Pete Sarron lose to Freddie Miller in a fifteen-round championship bout there . . . . The bout was plenty close, Sarron losing through low punches Secretary Heinie Miller of the Washington Boxing Commission is dickering to have the boys fight a return affair at the Griffith Stadium in Washington this summer, provided Miller will put his title at stake and the route is fifteen rounds . . . . Goldie Ahearn advises the writer he is the sole matchmaker for Joe Turner's Punch Bowl and that Gabe Mendenez's connections with him are purely personal . . . . Goldie continues to do a good job of it, too . . . . While his arena is not large enough to show the high lights, he does please with his club fights and averages around two grand per show.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

IN a simple, touching ceremony last February 26, the sport world paid its last respects to Ed W. Smith. Scores of famous characters sat in hushed silence as the final rites were pronounced at the Gates, Earl and Crane Mortuary in Hollywood. Their eyes focused on the two white candles, standing like sentinels at the head and foot of the casket. Ed Smith was a sentinel, too. He stood straight and unflinching to guard zealously his public's interest for almost forty years as a writer in the Hearst services and as a boxing and wrestling referee. The sparkling stories which dripped from his kindly pen were as pure as the white flame which flickered reassuringly in the tense atmosphere. They will burn forever in the minds of his many friends. Gene Fowler, Mark Kelly, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, "Denver Jack" Geyer, Lou Daro, Dick Donald, Billy Van, Gene Vinassa and a host of others attended the last services for the genial Ed Smith.

Ed Smith's stories were read by thousands and thousands in THE RING magazine.

Ceferino Garcia outpointed Gordon Wallace, Canadian welterweight champion, in a fast ten-rounder at Hollywood. Garcia won seven rounds, Wallace two and one was even. The Filipino welterweight is the best attraction on the Coast among the 147-pounders.

I am glad to see Jack Kearns handling the ring affairs of Lorenzo Packs, burly Detroit Negro heavyweight. I saw Packs flatten one Al Boros in the semi-final to the Canzoneri-Pacho card at Mills Stadium in Chicago last July, and the black boy looked mighty sweet to me. In Kearns, Packs has hooked up with the most able boxing manager in the business.

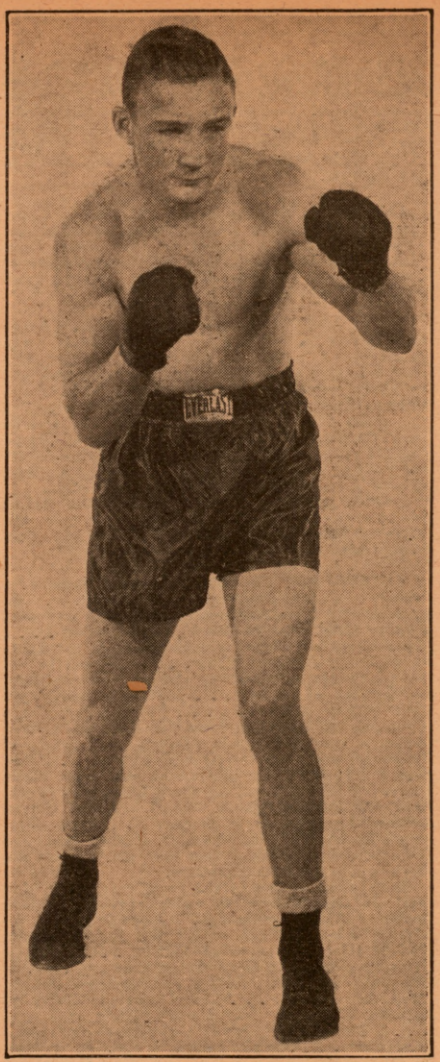
Buddy Holzhauser is one of the best heavyweight prospects southern California has seen in a long while. He is managed by Wirt Ross, the Kentucky hill-billy. Buddy's father, a newspaper pressman in Long Beach, was once a fighter and has schooled the young heavyweight for eight years, the kid donning the mittens when he was ten years of age. Hymie Caplin saw the youngster flatten Jack Ward at the Olympic and wanted to give fifteen hundred dollars for half interest in Holzhauser, but Mr. Ross said "nix."

DOTS AND DASHES—Frank Bacham is booking Art Lasky while brother Maurice is ill, suffering from a nervous breakdown . . . . Eddie Long plans to remain out here until July with his Syrian socker, Art Sykes, who grabbed a duke over Jack Roper in his Coast debut at Hollywood . . . . the fight drew $4,285, and was a thriller . . . . Joe Bauer of Cleveland kayoed Frank Wallulis, a big HAM (caps, Mr. Printer) from Seattle at Hollywood . . . . Wallulis tried to quit several times, but Abe Roth, the referee, made him stay in the ring and pitch . . . . Wallulis was flattened by Art Lasky a few weeks before he met Bauer . . . . He fought a dozen or more stumble bums in Seattle and invaded Los Angeles hailed as the "Northwest Sensation" . . . . Ritchie Fontaine, the Montana featherweight, upset the dope bucket in Oakland when he trounced Henry Armstrong, L. A. Negro, in ten heats . . . . he gave the colored boy an awful belting, according to the wire reports . . . . Johnny Sylvester is staging weekly shows for the D.A.V. club in Frisco, and his opener drew a nice crowd . . . . he had Art Sykes versus Joe Bauer in the ten-round main event and Buddy Baer against Millionaire Murphy in the four-round semi-final.

William A. Brady, former theatrical magnate who once managed the late James J. Corbett, has been spending a few months in Beverly Hills near Los Angeles . . . . Brady recently told Harry B. Smith, veteran sports editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* that, in his humble opinion, the most perfect fighting machine that ever stepped into the ring is Joe Louis, Detroit Negro heavyweight sensation . . . . "Louis feints as cleverly as did Corbett," Brady declared, "and he has the most murderous punch with either hand of any man that ever lived" . . . . quite a boost, eh? . . . . Joe Bernal defeated Al Manfredo in their return contest in San Francisco . . . . the Frisco kid had Manfredo down for a nine count . . . . Bernal's managers refuse to agree to a return match between Garcia and Bernal . . . . Garcia easily beat him in their first and only bout, and twice floored the Spanish welterweight.

Al Young and Bill Yeager are co-promoting boxing shows at Civic Auditorium in Frisco . . . . Joe LaBarba, brother of Fidel LaBarba, former flyweight champion, is training Hymie Caplin's fighters on the Coast . . . . one of the heaviest grapplers in the business today is Harry Jacobs of Los Angeles, who tips the beams at the 370-pound mark . . . . Babe McCoy has moved to Tucson, Ariz., and is operating a beer tavern and cafe with Bill Irish, formerly of Chicago . . . . the rotund boxing manager plans to stage boxing and wrestling shows in Tucson soon . . . . good luck, Fatty!

Boxers coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get plenty of action with Al Lang, boxing manager, c/o Willie Orner's gymnasium, 319 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.



Normant Quarles, lightweight, who is campaigning under the Dempsey-Waxman banner.

Eddie Meade of Cleveland, who made a world's champion of Joe Lynch, the bantamweight ring idol from New York's teeming West Side, has moved his family and stable of scrappers to Sunny California and will make his headquarters in Los Angeles. Big Eddie says he is here to stay. We hope so. Meade has a legion of friends out here, and with any break at all, should do right well on the West Coast.

Paul Pirrone, Carmen Barth, Frankie Wallace and Pat Kelly made the trip from Cleveland to the Coast with Meade, along with Trainer Joe Kelly and Mrs. Meade.

Westbrook Pegler, nationally known syndicate writer, used to get most of his slang from Meade when the latter maintained a suite of booking offices for fighters in New York. Pegler at that time was writing sports.

I went out to Santa Anita on handicap day with Leonard Sachs and Lew Paluso. If I had a jockey, I'd like him to give my horse a ride like Wayne Wright did Top Row—go in there and pitch for the hundred grand! Sachs, who has known A. A. Baroni, owner of Top Row, for many years, had a fifty-dollar note riding on Top Row's nose. Lucky Lenny!

Jack O'Brien, who once chased Tommy Ryan around the welterweight division, is now a writer in Hollywood.

Lou Salica, Hymie Caplin's classy bantamweight, will marry Miss Grace Prince, his schoolgirl sweetheart, in Brooklyn next June. Salica has fourteen brothers and sisters in Brooklyn.

Butch Rogers, whose cyclonic ascent was halted a few months ago by a K.O. at the hands of Hank Hankinson in the seventh round, and who lost another duke when his car smashed into a big bus, has started up the arduous comeback trail. He knocked out James J. Bradley in two rounds at the Olympic in a scintillating performance, and is booked to meet the clever Sacramento Negro, Blondy Ryan, at the Olympic in the semi-final in the immediate future.

Rogers showed plenty of stuff in his victory over Bradley. One or two more wins, and the burly soldier will be fighting top spots against the best of 'em again. Bill Miller, Butchy's manager, is very cautious in matching the soldier star, being anxious to get a few victories under Rogers' belt before shooting for big game.

Pancho Leyvas easily defeated Small Montana, flyweight ruler, in the feature bout of Leo Leavitt's show in Oakland before a capacity audience. The Mexican flash had the Filipino down twice for nine counts.

Boxing has definitely caught on at the Los Angeles Olympic, biggest fight arena in the West. Eight months ago you could have put the average Olympic crowd in a phone booth, and had room left over for Man Mountain Dean. But things are different now. Thanks to the astute matchmaking of Joe "Sailor" Waterman and the willingness of young boxers to really fight, the club is playing to top houses every Tuesday night. Three shows in a row, namely: Steele vs. Stuhley; Hally vs. Mullins, and Coates vs. Turner, packed them to the rafters. Waterman plans to stage outdoor shows during the summer months, as well as run weekly at the Olympic.

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TEN years ago your scribe wrote his first column for THE RING and this issue completes a decade of enjoyable association with those thus contacted, chiefly the chief himself, Nat Fleischer, whose unswerving perseverance has made THE RING the greatest organ the boxing game has ever had and likely ever will have. Even then, THE RING was a power in the boxing world and it retained its topdog status through that period of hysterical prosperity, through the "crash" and its depressing aftermath, and is still leading the field, by a wider margin than ever, as the world takes its present steps along the upgrade to prosperity again.

Ten years is a long time—and a short time, too, in some ways. It seems so long ago in the dim past, and yet so recently, as clear as yesterday, that yours truly sent in a column about Alex Moore's fights at the Forum, topped by Leo Kid Roy, then the Canadian featherweight king, and Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight king, was Hollywooding, unaware that Fate had decreed that in a few short months he was to lose his beloved crown to Gene Tunney under drizzling skies at Philadelphia's Sesqui-Centennial Stadium. There have been many heavyweight title-holders since then, but none boasting nearly the calibre and popularity of the Manassa Mauler.

The days of ring prosperity were numbered after that Philadelphia battle and the Chicago "long count" drama the following year, and the game lapsed considerably since, but it looks as though a worthy champion comparable to Dempsey in calibre and popularity, Detroit's Joe Louis, will be crowned and that the prosperous days of the Dempsey regime will then assuredly return. Those ten years, 1926-1936, probably rank as the most eventful in ring history. Think of the number of times the titles in the various divisions have changed hands, the number of repeaters and double titlists, the foul epidemic, the "Long Count" of perpetual fame and discussion, Tunney the first heavy champ via decision and the only retired undefeated kingpin, the death of the incomparable promoter, Tex Rickard, Schmeling first heavy champ via foul route, growth and improved facilities of clubs, changes in rules, and etcetera, etc. It would take reams to record them all, but you savvy the idea, huh? Some decade!

Through this column and in other ways, THE RING was instrumental in bringing the writer into contact with many of the types that are connected with the game, directly or indirectly. Many a cherished friendship has been made and, of course, there are the inevitable "black sheep" bound to be encountered whose associations are more regretted than cherished by the majority of the fistic fraternity. So, enough for our ten-year anniversary celebration, and we'll get down to the present, until another ten years roll by, when THE RING will still be the world's foremost boxing organ.

[Thanks a lot, Lawson. Ten years is a long stretch only when the task is arduous. The Editor cherishes the associations he has made, including yours, and hopes we'll all be together for another ten years. God be with you, old pal.—Editor's note.]

Spring is here and fodder for the fistic faithful promises to arrive shortly, too. Promoters and would-be promoters, managers and semi-managers, fighters and flunkies, commissioners and self-acknowledged know-all verbal legislators, cigar-mouthed wisecrackers and dumbcrackers, plutocrats and punkocrats, hangers-on and hunkies, fans and fannettes, and all the myriad types in their good, bad and indifferent assortments, will be playing their familiar roles again. There will be a few absences, mostly due to deaths, illness, changes of locations and routines, etc., but most of the characters will be on deck again. With hockey heading for the exit, boxing is right around the entrance.

One familiar face will be missing around the ringsides, or should we say along the press rows, with the news that Lou Marsh, former referee and Toronto *Star* columnist and sports editor, has met his Maker. Marsh was fifty-eight years old and died suddenly after being ill for a few days. His daily "With Pick and Shovel" column in the Toronto *Star* was widely read and liked. His blunt home-truths and brilliant phraseology earned him high ranking and respect and Canadian sportdom suffers a great loss with his passing.

TIMELY TOPICS—Phil Munroe won the "White Hope" tourney staged at the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, from a field of more than thirty aspiring heavyweights of assorted sizes, types and styles . . . . Phil now proceeds to New York to compete further in Jack Dempsey's sectional semi-finals, out of which it is hoped that a fighter capable of facing Joe Louis will be produced . . . . "hope springs eternal—" . . . . none of the entrants displayed any of the form indicating a coming Dempsey . . . . the bouts lasted till the wee hours . . . . scheduled for four two-minute rounds, but most of them terminated via kayo route . . . . seventeen thousand fans attended and the gate was over three thousand dollars . . . . big crowd at low prices . . . . Munroe got five hundred dollars; Slip, the runnerup, got one hundred dollars . . . . and other competitors got ten dollars for each bout they won . . . . losers in first bouts got the exercise and lickings gratis . . . . overhead so low the promoters cashed in a neat profit . . . . one tragic note was resultant death of Fred Matthews (right name is Mathieson) from breaking of blood vessel in brain . . . . commission and those connected with tourney not to blame . . . . victim underwent mastoid operation two years ago . . . . might have been result of death.

Tommy Gorman also plans to stage similar meet at Forum in May . . . . figures on recruiting plenty of entries from northern Quebec mines and lumber camps, etc. . . . . Eddie Carroll and Myer Alper campaigning in New York . . . . Johnny Nemis, former Maritime welter champ, is figuring on campaign for middleweight honors he is also managing a couple of coming lightweight stars, Young McGibbon, promising 17-year-old Irish lad, and Johnny Odo, who is about ready to seat himself on the Maritime lightweight throne . . . . the popular young McGibbon is rapidly making a name for himself thereabouts and should go far as he has plenty of time to develop . . . . Odo, a rugged, slambang type of ringster, decisively accounted for his bitterest rival, Mickey McMullin of Dominion, N. S., by a spectacular knockout in nine rounds . . . . Nemis may bring them west later on . . . . Sonny Jones, colored local welter, whipped Johnny Jadick, one-time Philly maestro, in a ten-rounder at Holyoke, Mass. . . . . Jimmy Ostadal, local heavyweight, going good in New England States . . . . Joe Marciente, veteran featherweight, also campaigning there . . . . well, cheerio.

ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

ANOTHER westerner sponsored by yours truly, James J. Walsh, will be on his way from Alberta to New York ere this column leaves the press, and with Keiswetter, will prove a valuable asset to Chas. G. MacDonald's stable in New York. MacDonald and myself will represent any Canadian, not under contract to anyone else, anywhere in the U. S. A. or Canada, if he has ability. We are desirous of putting Canadians on top. Both parties have the right contact, without the big "cut" method.

"Spider" Armstrong, Toronto's foremost bantam and former Canadian flyweight amateur champ, was K.O.'ed by Len Hampstead in the ninth round after being floored for an eight count in the eighth. "Kap" Kaplansky's string lately are not faring so well in England. "Spider" has lost his last three straight in "Blighty," but we still think he has not shown his best efforts for some reason over there.

Carmen Cook, former N. E. States lightweight claimant, who defeated men like Steve Halaiko, Doc Snell and Goldy Hess, is now managing fighters in Bridgeport, Conn., and wants new talent. So write him if you need a guiding hand in Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.

Address all communications to the writer, 126 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Canada. Stamp addressed envelope if you need a reply, please.

The greatest crowd to see a series of fights in Toronto, or in Canada—14,993 paid customers, the record for an indoor show in the Land o' the Maple—saw Phil "Red" Munroe declared the winner of Jack Dempsey's "white hope" boxing tournament. Munroe, a product of English tuition in the old land, knew too much for the gang and won over five opponents during the course of the evening, ending at 2 a. m. after a strenuous night of "swat." It proved that Toronto fans are strong for action, and they got laughs as well, as a number of green youngsters gave all they had in the hope of being Canada's representative in the tournament. Jack Dempsey's name also appeals to any boxing fan and helped some in putting over this great show. Possibly two thousand fans were turned away—no room—and that speaks volumes for the support Toronto will give if the right type of promotion is given them.

Twenty-eight bouts, winner of series received five hundred dollars and a trip as Canada's representative to Jack's tournament in New York. On the showing of the boys, it will be some time before they will be able to be a serious threat to Joe Louis. Jack Slip of Winnipeg was beaten in the final by a K.O. in the second round by "Red" Munroe. One entrant was badly hurt—F. Mathews, Tronfield, Que.—and was unconscious for a long time, seriously hurt, and unfortunately marred what otherwise was a great night's sport.

In reply to A. Carpenter of St. John, N. B., I wish to say I only answer letters that have stamped addressed envelopes enclosed, but would say to him that conditions here are improving rapidly and the boys he has worked out with are personally known to me, and anything I can do for him, I'll do gladly.

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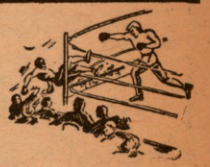

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With the marked success the promoters had for the last "heavy" series, their appetites are hungry for further fields to conquer, but I hope they bear in mind the fact that honest endeavor by the entrees was one reason for the great crowd and the fact that it was advertised as Jack Dempsey's quest to find a "white hope." The publicity was handled well, and that surely helped.

Jim Buchanan, former manager of Willie Davis, flyweight sensation of some years ago, well known to Toronto sport fans, writes to us, saying he has under his guidance a colored heavy, winner of thirty-eight straight and wants to meet the winner of Toronto's tournament, "Red" Munroe.

Jack Allen, Vancouver, B. C., matchmaker, has offered "Red" Munroe a return ticket, plus a fair purse, to fight a local boy at the Coast. We hope this will not be styled a "Canadian heavy title" match, because there are a number of Canadian boys more entitled to that shot within call.

Bobby Orr, Maritime champion, will possibly go to New York in the near future, and with James J. Walsh of Alberta, make a Canadian representation for Chas. G. MacDonald's stable there. Both are reliable fighters.

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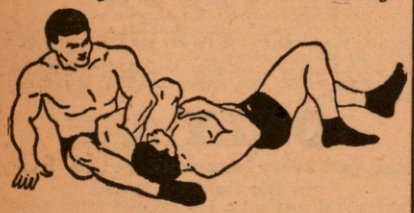

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

THOUGH Jack Sharkey, former world's heavy champion, was clearly outboxed by Tony Shucco of this city the night of February 8 in a ten-rounder at the Boston Garden and lost the decision, in a sense it was a victory for the "Squire." He went the distance, which no one thought he could, against a chap ten years younger than himself, all of which was something. Secondly, surprising as it may seem, Sharkey looked better in the last five heats than he did in the earlier rounds. It was the opinion of many ringsiders that had the route been twelve rounds instead of ten, the ex-world's champion would have been returned the winner.

The explanation of Sharkey's improvement as the contest progressed is this: First, Jack was in wonderful physical trim for a chap of thirty-three years or more; secondly, on confirming his own suspicions that Shucco, though a good boxer, could not hit very hard, he was willing to take all kinds of chances. Consequently, as Sharkey became more and more aggressive due to his confidence in his ability to stand the pace and also escape any serious damage, Shucco, by the same sign, was forced onto the defensive.

Sharkey took the Shucco match not only for what there was in it in a financial way, but to thoroughly test himself. The decision against him didn't hurt his "rep," the punishment he received was not serious, he was very well repaid as to cash and, incidental to it all, but of supreme importance to Sharkey, it was demonstrated that he has a few more fights left in him when it comes to facing boxers who cannot hit hard, or slow-moving sluggers lacking in glove skill and ring generalship. As the bout has brought the ex-champion plenty of offers for his services, Jack's summing up of the affair as a moral victory can hardly be laid to his ego.

This bout, with those under it, drew a gross gate of $18,155 and a net of $16,355, which is big money these days in Boston—in fact, for days and days, also weeks, months and years. The fact can well be taken as a hopeful sign for the gradual coming back of the sport here. However, for the Goodwin A. C., the sponsor, the gate receipts were not all velvet. According to the club's figures, to the main bout went 55 per cent, 17½ per cent to the Garden, 5 per cent to the state, thereby leaving 22½ to pay for all the other bouts, state ring officials, tickets and numerous incidentals. So, while the club kept in the black, the margin of safety was not large. Had the blizzard, headed for Boston that afternoon, not shifted itself out to sea, the promoters would have been left "in the hole."

Since the bout, the Goodwin A. C. has been trying to secure an opponent for Sharkey in its ring but without success up to this writing. Among those sought was Jack Petersen of England, the British heavy champion, who with the "Squire" would have drawn a huge gate with small risk to himself and none to his title. Fights with Tony Shucco and Al McCoy also were to have been shunted to Petersen—three very possible wins for the Welshman with a real gate in each case.

However, Petersen was not interested. Tommy Farr, recent winner over Tommy Loughran, also was dickered with, but as yet without definite result. Lines also have been put out for Phil Brubaker, the new Californian heavyweight sensation. Meanwhile, Sharkey has received an offer of $7,500 from Larry Kelly, a former Chelsea, Mass., boy, now promoting at Coral Gables Coliseum, to meet the winner of the Max Marek-Patsy Perroni bout, scheduled there on March 9. March 20 is the date set for Sharkey. Jack has yet to commit himself.

Before these lines reach the readers of THE RING, the Goodwin A. C. will have again come to bat at the Garden with three ten-rounders and several other bouts. Lou Brouillard, making his first ring appearance since his return from France, meets Johnny Rossi of Worcester in the feature. In another match, Ken Overlin of the Dempsey-Waxman combination, takes on Joe Kaminski of New Haven, while the third will bring together Jimmy O'Boyne, Bangor, Me., and Joe Ricciotti, Boston, their bout to be a "rubber." Brouillard, Overlin and Ricciotti are liked as the probable winners.

A warm-up bout for Jock McAvoy of England, with Jack Kiernan of Newark, scheduled at the Jefferson A. C., New Bedford, the afternoon of February 22, flivvered very badly. Claiming an injury, Kiernan did not appear, but in his stead Red Finnegan of Utica, N. Y., was produced. The boxing commission would not stand for the last-minute substitution, so the show was called off and the club was ordered to refund to all who had purchased tickets. This was a tough break for the promoters as about two thousand fans had planned to witness the affair. McAvoy, who was on the ground and ready to fight, was entirely blameless for the fizzle. Boxing received a bad dent in New Bedford.

While in Boston to referee some mat bouts, the Dempsey-Waxman combination busied themselves with other matters, the matching of Ken Overlin, Dempsey's latest acquisition, to show for the Goodwin A. C., and Dempsey to referee one of the club's boxing bouts. Jack Sharkey will similarly serve in one of its other matches.

Al McCoy, the Main ringster, who has been putting in plenty of time at Miami, Fla., is due back in Boston the latter part of March. As he has reported himself as weighing more than 180 pounds, on his return he will box a couple of warm-up bouts and then may take on either Jack Sharkey or King Levinsky. Armand Vincent, the Montreal promoter, has been dickering for a McCoy-Levinsky contest, but at this writing the chances favor that McCoy's first big league showing will be at the Boston Garden about the middle of April.

Incidentally, Barney Fox, McCoy's manager, "opines" that John Henry Lewis will take Jock McAvoy when they clash in the New York Garden this month. Fox declares that McAvoy cannot stand up under body punishment, all of which he showed in the last two heats of his winning fight with McCoy in New York. Fox asserts that Lewis will fold up McAvoy with right-hand uppercuts to the body. Well, perhaps so. Again, perhaps not.

Nick Candelas of Lynn, at one time manager of Fanis Tzanatopoulos, feels he has a real one in Yancy Henry, his colored heavy, who, though still a boy and fighting in the amateurs, has won the state title and other honors. Henry can take as well as give, has considerable boxing ability and has not contracted the habit of holding when the going gets hot.

Dave Castilloux of Bath, Me., lightweight in the Barney Fox stable, continues steaming toward the front. Up at the Valley Arena, Holyoke, March 2, he stopped Charley Votano of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the first heat. It was the Maine boy's fifteenth straight win in recent months.

Fred Moody, less than a year out of the University of New Hampshire, now is the middleweight champion of the Granite State. On February 29, at Claremont, N. H., the ex-collegian whipped Al Gladys of Manchester, N. H., in a ten-round bout recognized by the New Hampshire State Commission as for the 160-pound state title.

Andy Chapdelaine of Woonsocket, R. I., who had been going along very well in New England rings for some time, stacked up against a bad 'un in Gabby Paulin of Montreal, Can., at Lynn, March 2. Paulin, known as the "Dynamiter," stopped the Rhode Island boy in two rounds.

As has been pointed out on several occasions, one of the big, hopeful signs for the general betterment of boxing—perhaps a real comeback in 1937—is the ever-increasing interest being taken in the amateur end of the sport and, by the same sign, the gradual development of talent. First and foremost of the several organizations working under the N.E.A.A.A.U. stands the Irish-American A. A. of South Boston. This club has been a consistent plugger for the sport in the face of the depression and many other obstacles. Except during the season of summer, it has clicked fairly regularly on a weekly basis and has given the sporting public some remarkable runs for its money. Its last open event, staged the night of March 2 at the Boston Arena, attracted more than five thousand customers. The show itself was worthy of the audience.

The Irish club now is carrying along a series of eliminations in connection with the coming New England amateur championships, the idea being to weed out deadwood before the grand finale. State champions from the various New England states have not been obliged to compete in the tryouts, these boys having become automatically eligible for the greater tourney. Others who have qualified in the several eliminations are as follows: 112 pounds—Johnny Griffin, Lawrence; George Gamel, Boston; Sammy Dalton, East Boston. 118—Sam Garcia, Quincy; Al Pecararo, Weymouth; John Maggio, Cambridge. 126—Victor Petzy, Lawrence; Joe Nolan, University of New Hampshire; Robert Allard, Lynn. 135—Fred Camuso, Fall River; Ralph Cooper, Beverly; Jimmy McCarron, Somerville. 147—George Martin, Boston; Ralph Zannelli, Providence, R. I.; Jack Caparell, Boston. 160—Leroy Carvell, Springfield; Pat Devine, Cambridge; Neil Doherty, Brookline. 175—Roy Kelley, Brookline; Alex Belushko, Cambridge; Rolly Ranahan, South Boston. Heavyweight—Yancey Henry, Lynn.

There are those who may say, "Oh, pooh! Amateurs are amateurs and what do they amount to?" While the situation elsewhere may be different, right here in Boston and this section of the country, the amateur boxers and the several clubs encouraging this branch of boxing represent the very foundation of the entire structure. And moreover, they are keeping the sporting public boxing-minded—the latter absolutely essential if the sport is to keep going.

Now that other forces than those headed by Paul Bowser have control of the world's heavyweight wrestling title, it would not be surprising if those behind Champion Dick Shikat hook up with Promoter Charley Gordon here in Boston.

Thanks to Bowser, Boston is a big league wrestling center, a fact which those behind Shikat are hardly likely to ignore. There are but three auditoriums here of any size, all fully protected by contracts against the intrusion of outside mat folk. The Bowser clan is entrenched in the Boston Garden and Boston Arena, and cannot be ousted. Gordon, who is not aligned with the Bowserites, is "in" the Mechanics Building. He is hooked up with Jack Pfeffer of New York. While for several years Gordon has confined his promotional activities to the middles and light-heavies, staging some very excellent tourneys, if the opportunity presents itself to show a world's heavyweight mat champion, also other heavyweights, inside his ropes, it is very likely he will grasp it. Watch for developments.

Speaking of Promoter Gordon, before these lines come before the readers, he will have Jack Johnson here as a mat referee. We are not aware whether this visitation will mark Johnson's debut as a wrestling arbiter, but it will be his first appearance inside of Boston ropes in any capacity, other than as an actor, in many years. The last occasion was when both Langford and himself were in their athletic prime and they were introduced from inside the ring of the old Armory A. A., now long defunct, by Billy Pierce, who also has been dead many years.

The idea of it all was to bring about a return fight between them, following upon their terrific battle on April 26, 1906, of fifteen rounds fought in the old Pythian Rink in Chelsea, Mass. There was heap talk that evening at the old Armory A. A., also much more next day—and for days, but as the world knows, nothing ever came of it all. Both Johnson and Langford got enough of each other that night in Chelsea. It was one of those cases of saying "sufficient."

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

HARRY Ebbets returned to Holyoke after a lapse of four years and won a stirring bout from Fanis Tzanatopoulos in ten rounds. Ebbetts was slow in getting started, but made a great finish to the admiration of his Holyoke friends, winning six rounds to two for his opponent, the rest even. Tommy Rawson of Boston won his third straight victory when he received the decision over Al Annone of Springfield, who had a nine-pound weight advantage. Rawson's superb boxing was a treat to the fans. Wade Lumpkin of Holyoke, after getting off the floor twice in the first round, won over Jimmy Ostall in a six-rounder.

Young Ace Clark won his third straight pro bout by taking the decision over the Holyoke heavyweight, Jack Erickson. Sammy Athas, Springfield, won over Bill Delany of Athol.

Harry Conley of Bennington, Vt., now out of Chicopee Falls, K.O.'ed Bill Bowers of Pittsburgh at Albany, N. Y., in the second round of a six.

Tommy Rawson of Boston won an eight-round bout from Joey Zodda of New York. Bobby Allen of Boston won also in eight rounds over K. O. Castillo of Bath, Me. Sal Canata of Holyoke K.O.'ed Red O'Brien of Claremont, N. H., in the second round. Johnny Buiso of Springfield K.O.'ed Jack Davis of Bath, Me., in the first round. Chief Red Hawk of Springfield won over Sammy Athas in four.

Andre Jesserun of South America won a ten-round bout over Sonny Jones in a hectic mill. Dave Castilloux of Bath, Me., won over Jimmy Richie of Hartford in a six-rounder.

Harry Conley of Chicopee Falls proved too much for George Richards of Boston in another six-rounder.

Buster Nadeau of Holyoke won over Roy Mondello of Boston. Nadeau substituted for Ruby Bradley. Young Ace Clark stopped Joe Paista of Worcester in the third round.

Sonny Jones of Canada won over Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia in a very clever boxing match of ten rounds. Wade Lumpkin of Holyoke won the decision over Johnny Duarte of Willimantic in a lively six-round fight.

Dave Castilloux of Bath, Me., won by a technical K.O. over a boy by the name of Charley Votano, New York, in a scheduled six.

Young Ace Clark won his first six-rounder when he stopped Joey Kemp of Boston in the third round. This was Clark's fourth straight pro victory in five weeks.

Jack Erickson of Holyoke was stopped for the first time by Jimmy Ostall of Boston in the second round of a four.

Clubs running in this section are: Worcester, Mass., Jimmy Villa, matchmaker; Bennington, Vt., Tom Riley, matchmaker; Valley Arena, Holyoke, Mass., Baron Cohen, matchmaker; Hartford, Conn., Hy Malley, matchmaker; Norwalk, Conn., Jimmy Vaccola, matchmaker; Albany, N. Y., Charlie Peterson, matchmaker.

Fighters in this section without managers' affiliations, wishing to get bouts, might write me, inclosing stamp for information that I will gladly supply regarding conditions in the boxing line. I would be willing to take on a good welterweight—must be not over twenty-two, some experience, and willing to work and deny himself of some pleasure for a few years. Will train and bring him along right. Must sign contract on arrival.

Jimmy Stathis fought in Hartford, Conn., Claremont, N. H., this month, winning one and drawing one.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

YOUNG HERRERA, our Light Heavyweight Ace, the undefeated Champion of Jamaica and the West Indies, stopped Terry Mitchell, Irish American Heavyweight from the U. S. A. in the seventh round of their ten rounds main bout. Herrera's next opponents will be Joe Banovic and Billy Jones. Sid Brown gained the decision over Charley Perez who was disqualified in the 6th round of a semi-final windup. Kid Axle, the veteran, surprised the house by whipping Dida Brown in 6 rounds. Quintana Shadow defeated Kid Bully. Red Cap Wilson won from Kid Temple. Breezy Boy, who substituted for Baby Al Brown, scored over Boy Peterson.

The beginning of the year marked the opening of Cosmopolitan Stadium at Montego Bay, and thanks to the initiative of Dr. S. A. Fraser, a popular sportsman, the main event of the evening brought together Bill Tate of Montego Bay and middleweight champion of Jamaica in a non-titular bout, gained the decision over Buzz Barton, one of the contenders for the crown. In the semi-final go, Henry Lewis was K.O.'ed in the first round by Sid White. Kid McKoy, conceding a 9-pound advantage to his rival, scored a T.K.O. over the highly touted Dida Brown in 6 rounds. George Dixon K.O.'ed Speedy Silk in 6 rounds. George O'Brien was stopped by the veteran Steve Livermore.

Previous to defeating Mitchell, our sterling light-heavy, Young Herrera, maintained his string of victories by finishing Buck Everett, the Indiana Wildcat in the second round. The finishing blow actually lifted Everett from the floor and dropped him to the canvas for the full count. Incidentally, the Editor of THE RING was much impressed with Herrera when he visited these islands recently. Herrera, Promoter Silvera's Ace, is a real fighter who has been praised to the skies by all the Americans who have seen him in action here.

BILL TATE, middleweight champ, scored a K.O. over Paul Granda in the fifth round. George Dixon K.O.'ed Chick Bullock in the first round. Kid Axle, the veteran, has taken on a new lease of life, this time scoring over Young Firpo, a promising boy. Swansea Kid scored a T.K.O. over Young Pantera. Red Devil outpointed Jamaica Kid. Baby Pantera shared honors with Kid Vender.

Kid Silver, for many years the welterweight champ and local idol, turned in a very poor show and lost the crown to Lefty Flynn. Silver, for failure to carry on in the eighth round, was disqualified. Lefty Flynn, the new king, was in splendid shape and deserved credit for carrying through the fight in a masterly manner.

After a series of elimination bouts for the lightweight crown, Young Williams clashed with Lefty Madden for the honor. Williams scored a T.K.O. over Madden in the fourth round, thus clinching the championship.

Battling Ergus defeated Kid Vassel in six rounds. Kid Hartley got the referee's decision over Baby Walcott. Black Bond scored a T.K.O. over Young Beckett.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

BY MICKEY McINTIRE

THE amateur boxing game is gradually slowing up as this is being written, and the professionals are running in a lively fashion. At this time, there are more clubs in operation than at any time in past few years. Pete Gardner is staging shows weekly at Madison Gardens, Bob Brace is going great guns at Dearborn, Mrs. Frank Erne is carrying on at Hazel Park, and Walter Sharp is running at various places around Detroit and vicinity.

Joey Miehlove, the sensational Detroit lightweight, advanced another stride in his march toward national recognition, when he knocked out the talented Speedy Johnson in the sixth round at Hazel Park. Joey has been coming along at a rapid pace and will soon be ready for the top-notchers. He hasn't lost a decision since turning pro. Among his opponents he numbers Billy Marrone, Speedy Johnson, Orville Drouillard, Edwin Waling, Jimmy Shannon, Stan Porada, Jimmy Riddle and Johnny Johnson.

Lefty Gwynne, Jimmy Brady's star bantamweight contender, started back after a long layoff and in his first attempt lost a decision to Red Casson. A large portion of the onlookers thought Lefty really won the fight.

Frankie Wolfram, Michigan's top-line featherweight, has been extremely active the past month. After beating Jack Kearns' fighter, Nick Scalba, in a headliner at Chicago, Frankie came back and whipped the highly touted Armanda Sicilia in ten rounds at Saginaw. Then Frankie went back to Chicago to box the Illinois commission's No. 1 featherweight, Everett Rightmire, and although he lost the decision he made a very creditable showing.

Chuck Woods defeated Laddie Tonelli in a main go at Chicago. Chuck is in demand all over the Middle West and is one of the best drawing cards in the business.

Kayo Morgan, Detroit bantam, who has been campaigning successfully in the British Isles, is back in the good old U.S.A., flaunting a lot of money picked up in Great Britain, and pointing with pride to a rating of fourth best bantamweight given him by the N.B.A. Morgan beat everything they put up against him over there, most of his opponents going out via the dreamland route.

His first stop was Stamford, Connecticut, his old home town, where he put the "kibosh" on Tony Romanelli. Then back in Detroit, he headlined Nick Londes' first promotorial venture and had little trouble winning a ten-round decision from Freddie Lattanzio of New York. After the fight Morgan collapsed, and it was revealed that he went in the ring suffering from the "flu."

Lefty Gwynne stole the show with his triumph over Bobby Thomas, a veteran from Saginaw.

Edwin Waling outpunched Henry Gowatch on the same card. Later in the month, Waling beat Armanda Sicilia in Chicago. Frank Kapanowski, Detroit's Polish middleweight, turned in a nice performance in winning a six-round decision over Johnny Murphy, local 160-pounder, who is another good performer.

Bob Brace is reported to be drawing his best houses of the year at his Dearborn Arena. Everyone likes to do business with Brace. He is always willing to give a boy a chance. He deserves the patronage he gets, as he never has a bad fight. Welterweights have been the top attractions lately at Dearborn, the most recent show being that in which Frankie Zavadil trimmed Jimmy Cholak. Other welters featured there lately are Johnny Gallo and Cecil Mobly.

Bobby "Red" Wood, featherweight crack from Flint, is now campaigning in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and according to reports received from there, Red is licking everyone his weight around those parts. First he halted Benny Turpin's string of kayoes by holding him to an eight-round draw, and later Red won from Russell Morris by decision. Then he stopped Benny Turpin in five rounds. Wood is a classy little featherweight, and since turning pro a year ago has piled up an enviable record.

Winners of Detroit Golden Glove titles were: Bob Smith, Timmie Hill, Milton Shivers, Howell King, Dave Egan, Tommy Morris, Patsy and Jimmy Urso, in the open class; and Al Standish, Elbert Robinson, Lamar Richardson, Buddy Waterman, Stan Wieczorek, Jerry Sullivan, Ed Sedliar and Frank Dambrose, novices. Winners of state championships at Grand Rapids were: Frank Ramus, Pete Gregalis, Barney Gemelli, Hub Gerke, Fred Hunt, Albert Adams, Tommy Orr and Rex Walker, open; and Don Van, Lloyd Fish, Johnny Cmach, Pat Haley, Ernest Montroy, Archie Allen, Pat Jezak and Baby Casadonte, novices.

Outstanding results follow: Jimmy Urso beat Charles Gomez and Georgie Kell. Patsy Urso won from Mike Maloney and Stanley Cieslik. Tommy Morris beat Mike Dabrowski and Eddie Smith. Dave Egan won from Art Rubin and Sam Amico. Howell King scored over George Burnette, Jack Myers, George Mitchell, and stopped Howard Hoppe. Milton Shivers flattened Elmore Barnes, and scored over William Peak. Tim Hill outpointed Tommy Johnson. Bob Smith got decisions over Charley Camps and John Baluck. Jerry Sullivan won from Joe Mullane, Joe Pluta twice, and Sam Falvo. Falvo kayoed Herbert Eck. Frank Ramus won a weird decision over Frank Boyce. Pete Gregalis beat Bud Fish. Barney Gemelli stopped Deyamport Cavette and Eddie Heinz. Hub Gerke got a decision over Henry Murphy. Fred Hunt stopped LeRoy Hummell and Bill Hall. Al Adams beat Frank Sperling, Freddie Gillam and stopped Archie Farrell. Tommy Orr got lucky decisions over Stanley Cieslik and Bobby McIntire, but made a good showing in Chicago, winning two fights before losing to Bruce Ferro. Rex Walker won from Eddie Feist. Bobby McIntire won over Gregory St. Peter, Billy Taylor, and knocked out George Johns, but lost to Teddy Simmons.

Frankie Misko, Michigan middleweight champion, has been keeping active. He drew with George Sutka, and then at Muncie, Indiana, he got a draw with Alabama Kid, and although the newspapers thought The Kid had an edge, it is something to go ten rounds with a puncher like Alabama Kid.

Lists of boxing and wrestling promoters may be had at two bits apiece. Write Mickey McIntire, 1265 Solvay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ARCHIE PIROLLO

PHILLY is back in full swing with three clubs operating, Max "Boo Boo" Hoff at the Olympia A. C., Taylor and Gunnis at the Arena A. C., and Johnny Burns at the Cambria A. C. Much new talent has been developed in the past three months and is now ready for the open-air shots. Some of the boys developed here for big time competition are: Frankie Caris, Johnny Hutchinson, Johnny Marcellini, Tommy Forte, Frankie Mills, Fritz McBride, Tiger Harris, Johnny, Joe and Mickey Duca, Roxey Forgione, Harry Rubin, Tony Strazzeri and Johnny Craven.

Jack Sacks, local amateur heavyweight champ, has won eight consecutive bouts in as many months since turning professional. He is being brought along successfully by Al Lipschultz.

Al Kessler is back in the boxing field as manager after an absence of three years. His present protege is a former Lehigh Valley amateur heavyweight champ, Johnny Melinger. Kessler has been connected with such boys as Buckey Jones, George Gibbs and Johnny Hutchinson.

"Doc" Blanc, as he is called by the boys at the Olympia Gymnasium, has a protege in Ben Linder, a former heavy amateur champ, who has won his three professional bouts. We saw this youngster work out at the gymnasium and predict a bright future for him.

Roxey Forgione, Italian middleweight prospect, looks like the next big thing in the middleweight class. Since turning professional, he is still undefeated in twenty starts. Some of his recent victims were Mookey Goldman, Butch Lynch and Carl Mays.

Olympia A. C.—In an all-star show, Frankie Caris defeated Lou Halper, Tiger Harris stopped Jimmy Herman, Johnny Peppe defeated Nick Damianov and Jackie Willis won over Lew Raymond.

Arena A. C.—Jock McAvoy won over Anson Green, Al Ettore won over Steve Dudas, Johnny Hutchinson drew with Johnny De Foe, and Charley Gomer defeated Tony Strazzeri.

Cambria A. C.—Al Ettore stopped Billy Nitchie, Mickey Harkins defeated Tony Ciaccio. In another show, Joey Ferrando lost to Tony Falco, Freddie Lewis stopped Eddie Faris, Benny Schwartz defeated Johnny Paulis.

Convention Hall, Camden, N. J.—Jersey Joe Wolcott was stopped by Al Ettore. In the semi-final Joe Duca lost to Freddie Lewis. In another show at the Convention Hall Annex, Mickey Duca defeated Paul Enno, and Joe Stragis stopped Joe Ettore.

A new flock of young heavyweight prospects is rising fast here in Philly. Some of the youngsters are Jack Hiller, Paul Hoft, Ben Linder, Jack Moran, Vic Smith, Johnny Mellinger, Gus D'Orazio and Jack Sacks.

The three Duca brothers, Johnny, Joe and Mickey have been kept busy by their handler, Cliff Bent. With the three brothers booked on one show, it should net some promoters a good night's profit. This is quite a novelty and these boys can really fight with the best.

Jack Dempsey

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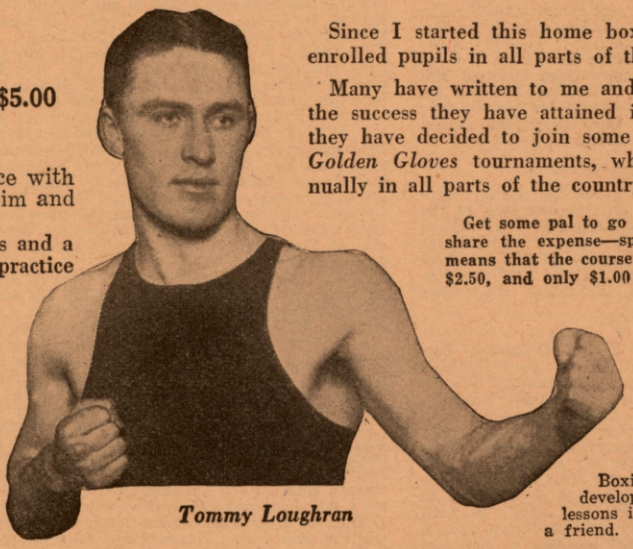

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Wilkesbarre—Professional boxing gave evidence of staging the kind of comeback ardent fans have predicted for it in recent years, when almost two thousand persons attended the first pro show staged here in three years. In the star bout of ten rounds, Eddie Cool, classy Philadelphia lightweight, outpointed Eddie Dolan of Waterbury, Conn. In the semi-windup, Joe Kaminsky of Nanticoke, for whom local fans predict a brilliant pugilistic future, looked like a champion for the first three rounds but Leo Finnegan of New York City made a game comeback to gain a draw. In the other bouts, George Chip, Edwardsville heavyweight, won by a T.K.O. over Caveman Stevens of Scranton in four rounds. Steve Gatcha, Wilkesbarre, stopped Al Conway in two rounds. In the opening six, Joey Lagrey, veteran Johnstown middleweight, defeated Ralph Cera. Due to the large turnout for this show, Tommy Quigly, promoter, plans to run shows semi-monthly throughout the year.

At Hazleton—Jimmy Loughran and Jack Reno have taken over the American Legion Hall to conduct their boxing matches. Their first show at the Legion Hall drew twelve hundred fans to witness the Tiger Harris-Connie Lomski affair. This bout came to an abrupt end when Lomski ran into the right hand of the hard-punching colored boy from Philadelphia in one minute of the first round. In the semi, Vic Ford, Kulpmont, kayoed Joe Riely in two rounds. Chester Martin, blond welterweight, was a victim of a bad decision in his bout with Frake Olejack of Hazleton. In the opener, Patsy Gall of Freeland had no trouble winning from Mickey Belletere.

At Pottsville—Wally Sears, Minersville lightheavy, surprised the fistic gathering at Charleton Hall, with his knockout over George Chip, who had a weight advantage of fifteen pounds. The bout came to an end in the third round. In the six-round semi, Jackie Moran K.O.'ed Vince Papluski in two rounds. Vic Ford, highly rated lightweight from Kulpmont, was held to a draw by Newsboy Speidel in six rounds. In the four-round opener, Speedy Duval stopped Johnny Habowski in two rounds.

The four members hailing from the Coal Fields on the Penn State College glove squad emerged victorious in their bouts with glove tossers from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Johnny Sawchak, Olyphant, outpointed John Gibbs. Lou Ritzie, Dupont, K.O.'ed Robert Thorson in two rounds. Sammy Donato, Dunmore, was a kayo winner over John Wallace in two rounds. Frankie McAndrew, Scranton, defeated Tony Chimelski.

With the amateurs—Results of star bouts in Simon-pure ranks for the past month: Dan Snyder, Wilkesbarre, kayoed Mike Lukac (3); Goose McCaslin won from Joe Finelli (3); Jack Mates decisioned Goose McCaslin (3); Joe Finelli K.O.'ed John Chapman (2); Sammy Cohn defeated Bill Bain (3); Red Smith, Nanticoke, K.O.'ed Joe Winewski (2); Bill Bain stopped Joe Mendig (1); Joe Cowe kayoed Louis Bobo (3); John Benski K.O.'ed Chester Kubick (2).

Danno O'Mahoney displayed his wares before Scranton mat followers on two occasions in the past month. His first appearance here with Mike Mazurki drew 5,000, while the bout with Joe Dusek only brought out 3,100 people to Town Hall. Hank Stezar, promoter, will continue conducting wrestling shows throughout the indoor season.

JUST RAMBLING—Wildcat O'Connor, Forrest City, won by a T.K.O. over Tony Catalano in three rounds . . . . Johnny Leonard, Wilkesbarre, lost to Ray Acosta . . . . Paddy Sweeney, former fight mentor from Hazleton, is now a deputy boxing commissioner in Luzerne County . . . . Three Star Hennessey is receiving offers from Philly promoters for his star welter, Pete Susky. Pete is looking better than ever, since he took off the excess weight that forced him to mingle with middleweights . . . . Jack Messett, who has befriended many an out-of-town fighter, is now conducting a hotel business in Scranton . . . . Any out-of-town fighter who wants to keep busy in the Coal Fields, should get in touch with Three Star Hennessey at Scranton . . . . Johnny Burke will open his club up at Carbondale in a couple of weeks . . . . The new Armory A. C. of Scranton, under Lou Poller, has not yet opened . . . . Jimmy Hennihan, Wilkesbarre boxing commissioner, is a former boxing promoter . . . . Three Star Hennessey must be after the conqueror of Joe Louis, as he now has a dozen of young heavyweights . . . . All RING readers can purchase this well known magazine at any newsstand in the Coal Fields. When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Bo's Smoke Shop, 300 Block Spruce Street.

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

IT isn't often that the South produces a fighter who can arouse the Dixie fight fans to a high pitch, hence when one does make his appearance, his praises are sung in loud tones. Such is the case of Joe Knight, who is now ranked as the successor to that other Southern worthy, the late Young Stribling. Knight counts among his victims such good boys as Bob Tow, Maxie Rosenbloom, Bob Godwin, Don Petrin, Reds Barry, Natie Brown, Buck Everett, Battling Bozo, Corn Griffin, George Pavlick, George Nichols, Eddie Mader, Joe Banovic, Salvatore Ruggierello, Henry Firpo, Clyde Chastain, among others—a notable list. He has never been flattened, although he has been on the floor, and the Dixie fans would like nothing better than to see him lined up against the champion of the division, because they feel confident he would annex the crown.

Jack Denning, light-heavyweight champion of the Carolinas, the Virginias, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee, is back in the running and as this goes to press, he is trying to get a shot with Joe Lipps in Washington, Baltimore, Richmond or in New York. Lipps, who is now under the guidance of Jack Dempsey, is rapidly hitting the upper strides, but when he was in the South, Jack took him into tow on three occasions.

Notes for publication in this magazine should be sent to me at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga., not later than the seventh of each month. There is no charge for pictures, so send yours in, but be sure they are clear. Boys wanting to fight down this way will do well to drop me a line, but be sure to enclose news clippings and other data. Managers wishing a list of promoters in the South can get same by enclosing a stamp for reply. There is no charge.

There is a colored lightweight at Greenville, S. C., by the name of Babe Garete, who is destined to reach the heights. Still in his early twenties, he has whipped the best in his division in the South, and is now gunning for the better boys in the East.

ECHOES OUT OF THE DISTANCE—At Savannah, Elly Davenport held Joey Speigle to a draw . . . . See where Ben Brown, middleweight out of Atlanta, is going good in and around Washington, D. C. . . . . Tommy Todd, 148-pounder, knocked out Bulldog Mathis at Savannah . . . . Corn Griffin, Fort Benning heavyweight, was fined $144 and suspended for his bout with Red Burman at Baltimore . . . . Dempsey's protege won by a knockout in the first round in one minute and twenty seconds . . . . Ray Lyle knocked out Bunker Hill at Sarasota and Kid Baisden at St. Petersburg . . . . On the same card Marion Santana, 124, Key West, kayoed Sammy Lobato (2), and George Acker decisioned Rudy Wahr. They are welterweights . . . . At Miami Beach, Tommy Speigle, 127-pounder of Pittsburgh, scored over Baby Manuel. In the semi-final, George Martzo, also of Pittsburgh, knocked out Jackie Terrill in four sessions.

The Frankie Edgren who was thrown out of the ring with Lorenzo Packs at Chicago was a complete failure while in the South . . . Chino Alvarez, lightweight champion of the South, and the hardest thumping smasher under Southern skies, added another knockout victim to his fast-growing list when he laid low Manuel Castro at Tampa . . . . Chino should make it hot for the Northern boys should he care to go in the East . . . . Bob Tow, heavyweight from Alexandria, Va., knocked out Dick Turner at Chicago in four rounds . . . . Wild Bill McDowell, lightie from Louisville, outpointed Simon Nebelsky at Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Norment Quarles, Jack Dempsey's star featherweight, had to give way to Mike Belloise at New York as the latter tore away to win the duke . . . . Norment lost no prestige for he lost to a good boy, but under Dempsey he should go high in his chosen profession . . . . Red Burman scored over Billy Treest at Chicago, while Buddy Knox scored over Joe Lipps in the semi-final . . . . Frankie Edgren stopped Paul Pross at Chicago in the second round. On the same card, Bob Tow flattened Frankie Wontanski and Red Burman decisioned Hank Bath . . . . At West Palm Beach, Fla., Steve Carr of Bridgeport, Conn., outpointed Charlie Weise.

Max Marex, the boy who licked Joe Louis as an amateur, has made a substantial hit with the Southern fans . . . . Carl Knowles shellacked Andy Cummings at Charleston . . . . Freddie Miller held on to his featherweight diadem by outpointing Petey Sarron in fifteen stanzas at Miami . . . . Five Southern boys were rated in the first ten last month . . . . Eddie Mader, who was recently stopped by Art Sykes, has heard the fatal ten counted over him before. Joe Knight handed it to him when Mader was fighting under the moniker of Eddie McCarthy. Corn Griffin also stopped Mader.

The 19-year-old Al Delaney is about the best prospect to reach the heights of fistiana. Al once fought under his real name of Alex Borchunk . . . . Carl Knowles is about the hardest thumper in these parts of the woods . . . . Lou Savero, who holds decisions over both Chino Alvarez and Joey Speigle, writes in to say that he is willing to meet either one and if possible, both . . . . Patsy, his brother, is going good around Hot Springs, Ark.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

PROFESSIONAL boxers are still without a pro club in Rochester, but are kept busy by the writer in out-of-town rings. The promoter that starts pro boxing in Rochester is sure to pack them in. The city is hot for pro boxing.

Big Bill Fogarty, Rochester's heavyweight champ, is kept busy these days. Fogarty has shown in Chicago, Buffalo, Toronto, and most of Jack Dempsey's white hope tournaments.

Al Traino, Rochester's good little lightweight, is going great guns. Traino is working hard for his coming bouts in Scranton, Binghamton and Syracuse. Traino is booked to fight Mickey Serrian at Scranton, Pa., if Serrian will take the match. This bout would pack the house in Scranton.

The following wrestling and boxing shows took place during the month at Convention Hall and K. of C.:

Wrestling—Jack Sherry threw George McLeod in one fall. Nanjo Singh tossed Turpe Grines in two out of three falls, and Leo Wallick defeated Jim Austeri in thirty minutes' time limit before a fairly sized crowd.

Jim Flood kayoed Al Ware of Chicago in second round. Bobby Owens defeated George Nelson of Chicago, five rounds. Sammy Goritz defeated Red Agnes, Chicago, five rounds. Art Anderson defeated Bernard Bowman, Chicago, five rounds. Andy Wallace defeated Phil Touhey, and Frank Payne defeated Augie Saxton, all three-round bouts.

Joe Church, Batavia, defeated Buddy Moran, Utica. Henry Smith defeated Nello Nucello, both of Rochester. Ken Pixley, Batavia, defeated Frank Masuicca, Syracuse. Jim Brown, Syracuse, defeated Paul Columbo, Batavia. Milton DeLorme kayoed Ed Brown, three rounds.

Adolph Kroeckel, Rochester, defeated Nich Tundo, Batavia. Jimmy Amatrano, Batavia, defeated Joe Ross, Rochester. Jimmy Clark, Jamestown, kayoed Bill DuPont, Ottawa, one round. Sammy Goritz, Rochester, defeated Larry Zazlavleitch. Red Johnson, Jamestown, defeated Steve Dillon, Ottawa. Hughie Smith, Rochester, kayoed Tom Dalancy, Ottawa, one round.

Jackie Sullivan defeated Peter Miklojka. Frank Payne defeated Andy Wallace. Levi Holmes defeated John Lippa. Jack Polvino kayoed Joe Brown. Joe Birdie kayoed Eddie Long, all of Rochester.

Wrestling—Jack Sherry of Oklahoma and Ivan Rasputin of Russia put on one of the best wrestling shows that Rochester fans have seen in years, Sherry winning two out of three falls. Maxie Martin of New York and George McLeod of Ohio drew, time limit. Leo Wallich defeated Babe Caddock in one hour.

AROUND THE STATE—Joe Netro, matchmaker at Syracuse, is running weekly shows and drawing good crowds . . . . Don Willitts is drawing good houses at his weekly shows in Utica . . . . Al Stearns is making the matches at Bingo . . . . Stanly Calhan is keeping his good middleweight, Jackie Flowers, busy . . . . Irv. Robbins is the matchmaker for an amateur club at Syracuse and doing a nice job . . . . Hank Stzar of Scranton is drawing packed houses at his weekly shows . . . . Lou Norman is running weekly shows at Erie, Pa., and is bringing the fight game back in that town . . . . Joe Netro has a good heavyweight in Young Strupp . . . . Tommy Moore is drawing fair houses at his semi-monthly shows at Jamestown . . . . Playfair Brown is promoting shows at Toronto . . . . Mickey Cook is running weekly at Johnson City and Tom Currey at Endicott . . . . Elmira just opened a new amateur club and is running weekly shows . . . . Bud Creesy has taken Lou and Patsy Severo to Hot Springs, Ark., for a few fights and is not drawing well . . . . Tiger Smith says that he can lick any middleweight in the world any time, any place . . . . Jim Flood is looking better every time in his workouts.

THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the fifth of each month. The writer will answer all mail. Kindly send stamped envelope to 238 Lyndhurst Street, Rochester, New York.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

CINCINNATI has two bright looking prospects in lightweight Johnny Stephens, a southpaw, and Joe Mueller, heavyweight. Dayton has Buddy Knox, a heavyweight. Several new faces are being developed in the smaller cities, among them being Kid Lewis of Middletown.

Stephens dropped in his crowning glory when he defeated Tiger Kid Walker, the black piston, in a bristling ten-rounder at Music Hall. On this same card, Simon Nebloski, the Cinci Jewish welterweight, was handed a bad decision in favor of Wild Bill McDowell, the Texas rambler. This was a ten-rounder. Some fine heavyweight bouts were presented by Promoter Herman Katz in the preliminary matches. Bull Slaughter, a likely looking Kentucky heavy, showed real well, as did King Hannibal of Indianapolis.

There seems to be no stopping Buddy Knox, Oscar Koff's brilliant Dayton nineteen-year-old heavyweight, in the Chicago "white hope" tournament. Koff's protege, who weighs 185 pounds, had four fights up to my bulletin from Koff (former great Cinci lightweight and a dandy pilot for Knox). In his debut January 10, Knox won a five-round decision over Izzy Singer of New York. In a rematch with Singer on the Louis-Retzlaff card, Buddy again won the decision in four heats. On January 28, Buddy kayoed Spin Nelson of Red Wing, Minn., in one round. In his February 7 match against Dick Madden of Boston, Buddy showed his real ability when he got up off the floor to kayo the eastern Irishman in fifty-five seconds of the second round. Since these victories, Buddy added Joe Lipps, one of Jack Dempsey's proteges, to his kayo list.

Over in Ft. Wayne, Alabama Kid, Less Huffman's crack Negro middleweight, was given a clean-cut nipping decision. After having Frankie Misko on the floor and beating the Detroiter for ten rounds, during which he was fouled three times (and his metal protector verified it), the Kid was given a draw. Huffman is still angling for a crack at the state lightweight champion, Al George, for his Mutt Schwartz.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—The writer was selected to aid the newly appointed matchmaker, Jack "Pop" Davis, to arrange the boxing matches at the Covington, Ky., sports arena . . . fighters free lancing it, and also managers, get in touch with the writer at 1904 Young St., Cincinnati, O., or else Davis at the Arena, located at 5th and Madison, Covington, Ky. . . . . managers all over the state are asked to get in touch with our old friend, Jerry Sachs of Cleveland, who is running weekly professional boxing and wrestling shows at his gym . . . . Jerry's gym accommodates over six hundred people and is doing fine . . . . Jerry can be reached at 240 Superior Avenue, N.E., Cleveland, O. . . . . Jimmie Gordon, former Middletown gamecock bantamweight, has a great 140-pound prospect in Kid Lewis, former southern colored ace . . . . Matchmaker Davis at Covington is planning on using Lewis with one of the leading junior welters on a near show . . . . and until next issue, best of luck to all you readers of THE RING, the greatest of great sport mags.

I received a letter from Joe Knight, eighth ranking light-heavyweight in THE RING ratings, and Joe writes he is in excellent shape and raring to meet John Henry Lewis for the world's title. I hope to make contact to have Joe on one of the early spring Covington cards.

Another leading biffer from the South, whom incidentally, Pat Wright, former Cincinnati and Louisville manager (ex-mentor of Cecil Payne) is handling, Babe Childers, the Laurel, Miss., light-heavy, will show in Cinci and Covington rings. Childers' record includes kayoes over Toby Young, Cliff Stickler, Lew Carpenter, decisions over Tommy Clayton, Mookie Goldman, Joe Columbo, Jimmy McGinnes, Moon Koons and Romeo Ducharme. Babe lost a hard fight to Bob Godwin. Godwin said after the fight, "Babe Childers gave me the hardest fight. He can punch and can take it."

Wright, who is now located in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., at the Hotel Lee, said Childers is the coming heavy champion. Pat knows how to pick them. He booked former middleweight champion Harry Greb when he was near knee pants age around Louisville and has picked prospects since. Good luck, Pat. If anyone deserves a break, you do!

Warren, Ohio—Patsy Severo, 133 pounds, handled by Bud Creesy of Andover, O., knocked out Clais Rapole, 134½ pounds, of Wheeling, W. Va. Lou Severo, 139½ pounds, of Cleveland, beat Jackie McFarland, Canton, O., 147 pounds, in ten rounds.

Information in these parts can be secured by writing and enclosing self-stamped envelope to the writer at 1904 Young St., Cincinnati, O.

The writer, despite being in the midst of an outburst of orders from the world over, is still having on sale, National Wrestling Ratings, in which over 1,500 of the leading heavy, light-heavy, middle and welterweight wrestlers are rated. Twenty-five cents in cash and stamped envelope gets you these mat ratings. National Boxing Promoters' Directory, a list of 290 leading active American and foreign boxing promoters' names for 50 cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope, and the latest National Boxing Ratings, in which is rated 2,000 of all eight class weights of the leading boxers in the world for 50 cents in cash and self-stamped envelope. All orders in cash direct to Jimmy Amann at 1904 Young St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Bud Creesy of Andover, O., writes that he is taking the Severo brothers of Cleveland, Patsy, lightweight, and Lou, welterweight, to Hot Springs, Ark. Patsy's wife will accompany the trio to the southern city.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

LAST summer, when Hugh Benbow returned to Texas after spending several years in the fight game around New York, he told the writer that his one ambition was to some day return to Broadway with a fighter big enough and tough enough to lick any man living.

To say that he has discovered such a person already would be going a bit strong at this time, but we are of the opinion that in Bob "Little Robert" Davey, he has a boy who gives every indication of developing into a world beater. Davey has been around several years, gaining some very valuable experience, despite the fact that he just reached the voting age recently. His fights have been well scattered over a period, leaving no ill effects, and in reality he is just a youngster.

Bob started as a featherweight and has grown to a full-fledged heavyweight, tipping the beam at 190. Always a terrific puncher, the smart schooling that Benbow has imparted has made him into a really formidable ringman. He is a clean-cut, likeable, hard working lad and he has loads and loads of that all-important something known as color. His many admirers are pulling for him to take the lead in the "white hope" parade.

Jack Thurmond's heavy, George Brown, seems to have finally hit his stride. George is another youngster who has been around for some time, gaining that old experience. We take our hats off to Brown as being the most determined fighter we have ever seen. Sometimes he was up, again down, but his courage never faltered and we are genuinely happy to see him on the way. He recently scored a sensational knockout over Curtis Scott, classy Dallas puncher. Thurmond also has another nice looking boy in Weldon Waycott, who scored a hit in flattening George Madden on the Brown-Beaupre card.

Heavyweights are the rage locally. The woods are literally full of them. Some good, some not so hot, but all struggling to reach the top. Tom Beaupre, Dallas' hope, seems to be one of the good ones. He has been a consistent winner, and a great drawing card in his home city. The past month saw him turn in a ten-round decision over George Brown and a three-round kayo over Dick Madden.

Patty McDuff, another of Hugh Benbow's proteges, is without doubt one of the hardest punchers in the ring today, and will bring down anyone with whom he connects. He is being well trained by the capable Benbow, and should really be heard from ere the summer ends.

"Red" Wright, Houston's flashy 140-pounder, gives promise of becoming the section's best this year. The Irish lad is a fine puncher and a willing mixer and his flaming toupee is not the only thing about him that's colorful.

Dick Griffin, popular little Dallas promoter, has that city on the fistic map again with some fine matches. Jimmie Guest, Houston impresario, opens his outdoor arena in March and big things are expected. Kinky Flores, San Antonio, is back in the game again and hopes to be packing them in there this summer. All in all, it looks like a big summer in Texas.

The writer will be happy to help any fighter or manager heading this way in any way possible. Your letters will be either answered or turned over to promoters. Please enclose stamped envelope if a reply is expected. Address the writer at Houston *Press*, Houston, Tex.

Amateur boxing is booming again and a state tournament was held recently that was a big success. More than a hundred boys were entered, revealing some fine talent. The winners were Max Roesch, Frank Peirron, Emery Latialais, Tom Walker, Wayne Mixon, Arthur Dorrel, Earl Crowe and Chester Hayes. Incidentally, Roesch, a heavyweight, is one of the best prospects to show here in a long time. The big Dallas youth has a lot of class and a hefty punch.

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ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Walsenburg, Colo.—The world's light-heavyweight champion, John Henry Lewis, scored an easy victory over Cyclone Lynch, Walsenburg Negro, when he knocked him out in the early part of the third round. Lynch was down five times before Lewis shot over the finisher. In the semi-windup, Christy Lewis, the champion's middleweight brother, scored a six-round decision over Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colo., Mexican.

Promoter Babe Shosky deserves quite a bit of credit for his ability to show a champion in a place the size of Walsenburg. Lewis is the first champion to show his wares in southern Colorado in a great many years.

One of the best fistic prospects that have been uncovered in this section in many moons is Kid Haley, Walsenburg lightweight. The kid has won better than fifty amateur battles and is now all set to go after the professional end of the game. In his last start he bowled over the tough Bob Urbina in three heats. This kid will bear watching.

At Estanchia, N. M.—Pete McCloud was awarded an unpopular ten-round decision over Don Anderson, Tucumcari heavyweight.

At Fort Sumner, N. M.—Jim Perry, heavyweight champion of New Mexico, defeated the cagy Mike Montoya, La Veta, Colorado, battler, in ten sizzling rounds. Perry's superior weight made itself manifest in the closing rounds and Montoya received quite a drubbing in the last three heats.

Boxing is booming in both Fort Sumner and Estancia. Rarely a month passes but what one or the other place stages a mitt card. The Perry boys, Jim and Joe, are responsible for the renewed interest. Jim, a strapping heavyweight, looms as a possible "white hope," while Joe, a cyclonic featherweight, has just about licked the cream of the New Mexico crop. His latest feat was in stopping the clever K. O. Sanchez of Albuquerque in six rounds.

At Estanchia, N. M.—Kenneth Parker knocked out Tommy Richardson in the last round of a scheduled ten-round bout. It was a tough one for Richardson to lose as he had won the nine previous rounds by a wide margin. All of which goes to prove that a fight is never over until the final bell.

The writer has received quite a lot of favorable comment on his series of prize-ring biographies now running in the Alamosa *Daily Courier*. Thanks for the bouquets.

The writer would be very grateful for any information concerning Billy Kleck, Leo Patterson and Johnny Fundy. These boys, if you will remember, were the welter, light and featherweight champions of the A.E.F. Any word about them, or where I can get in touch with them will be deeply appreciated.

At Colorado Springs, Colo.—Chuck Reed, Fort Morgan welterweight, stopped June Hack in four heats. The Canon City battler was down six times before Referee Billy Theleman halted the fray. In the semi-final, Lolo Davis of Canon City won a close six-round decision over Pete Pietro, Pueblo Mexican. The latter pair are bantams.

"Ty" Dillon, one of Iowa's leading boxing promoters, has put the call out for talent. He is staging weekly shows in Sioux City during the summer months, and managers and boxers will do well to get in touch with him. Mail will reach him c/o Uptown Arena, Sioux City, Iowa.

At Santa Fe, N. M.—Tiny Garcia, fighting Santa Fe lightweight, scored a knockout over Baby Jack Johnson of Trinidad, Colo., in the sixth round of a scheduled ten-round battle. Baby Jack was down twice for nine counts before the finishing punch.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Willie Davies, El Paso lightweight, decisioned Tiny Garcia, Santa Fe kayo artist, in a fast mill. The Texas lad simply had a little too much class for the Santa Fe boy. Garcia was down for no counts in both the fifth and tenth sessions. Both boys weighed in at 132 pounds.

Joe M. Roybal, popular Las Vegas promoter, has moved to Santa Fe, N. M., and will run shows in both Albuquerque and Santa Fe, in addition to Las Vegas. Joe is a cracker-jack fellow to do business with and any boys wishing to show their fistic wares in New Mexico will do well to contact him. A letter to Joe M. Roybal, 239 Johnson Street, Santa Fe, N. M., will reach him.

B. B., Trinidad, Colo.—Not a boxing query, but Connie Mack, the manager of the Athletics, was a catcher in his young days—and a good one, too. He is seventy-three years old.

Boys wishing to show in the Rocky Mountain region, can get the latest dope on things out here for the asking, but don't forget to inclose return postage, please. I also have a list of active promoters out here that you can have for a ten cent piece. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

BILLINGS, MONT., BOXING BITS

By C. E. "DOC." MITCHELL

GLENDIVE—Marvin Stanley, Miles City, slugged out a six-round decision over "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom, Bismark, N. D., in what the fans and local newspapers said was the best fight card ever staged in Glendive. Stanley had Hasselstrom on the mat twice. However, Hasselstrom showed plenty of fight and plenty of gameness. Billy Olsen, Glendive, lost to Rusty Grambling, Bismark, N. D. Grambling hit Olsen with everything but the waterbucket. However, Olsen managed to stay on his feet.

Bismark—Dick Demeray, Bismark, floored Ray Mann, Sioux City, Iowa, five times in as many rounds to win the main event in the fifth by a K.O. "Wild Bill" Hasselstrom, Bismark, stopped Jimmy Schafer, Fort Lincoln, in two.

Butte—With a murderous body attack, Tony Chavez, New Mexico Indian, out of Los Angeles, won a T.K.O. over Lloyd Pine, Akron, Ohio, in the sixth of a ten-round main event. The referee stopped the bout after ten seconds of the sixth. Ralph Hocking, Butte, K.O.'ed Freddie Encinas, Los Angeles, in three; Sammy Brown, Boise, Idaho, decisioned Charley Roper, Butte, in six.

Will be glad to give information concerning boxers, managers of clubs, etc., but must have postage coverage, 10 cents.

CONNECTICUT NEWS

By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

THE Stamford Sporting Club, under the leadership of Frank Chimbole, promoter, staged a professional boxing card and a capacity crowd attended. In the ten-round main event, Kayo Morgan, featherweight, technically kayoed Tin Can Romanelli, Stamford, in the third. In the semi-windup, Pinky Morris, popular Bridgeport mitt wielder, beat Joey Cortez of Fall River, Mass., in six rounds. Steve Black, Stamford, won in three rounds over Stan Cose. Pin Boy Jumbo, Stamford leather pusher, was awarded a disputed decision over Nick Masi of Norwalk. Kid Cement, Norwalk welterweight, outpunched Billy Freeman of Danbury.

Al Nelson Gainer, Negro light-heavyweight warrior of New Haven, was awarded a much disputed ring verdict over Charles Massare, Pittsburgh puncher, in the star ten-round tilt at the New Haven Arena. Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight fighter, fought eight interesting rounds to a draw with Tommy Rauson of Boston, Mass. Leo Duncan, fast stepping, sharp hitting colored light-heavyweight socker, turned in a ring win in jig-time over Art Mignone, with a knockout. In a four-rounder, Johnny Compo, New Haven featherweight, and Tony Dupre of Lowell, Mass., punched away to a draw. Jimmy Stewart, New Haven belter, won a decision over Speedy Atkinson of Lowell, Mass., in the other four-round bout.

NEWS AND COMMENT—Jimmy Fasane, former New England lightweight champion, who had engaged in 365 bouts and had never been knocked down for the full count, enjoys the sport of hunting . . . . Mickey Genaro, "Brass City" lightweight battler, who is traveling about the country displaying his fistic wares, lost two six-round bouts on points with a week intervening between the combats . . . . This writer would like to hear from Simon-pure fighters of all weights who are deciding to turn pro and are without managers. Address 50 Crown St., Waterbury, Conn. . . . . Al Nelson Gainer whipped Red Bruce in a feature ten-round bout at Pittsburgh . . . . Phil Baker, the Norwalk lightweight mitt swinger, forced Lou Lombardi to quit in the sixth round of a ten-round contest . . . . Harry Gentile, Hartford featherweight whirlwind leather tosser, and Mickey Jerome fought to a split decision . . . . Steve Carr, New Haven light-heavyweight knuckle pusher, who is now campaigning in the Southland, was beaten by Gordon Fortenberry in ten rounds at Cocoa, Florida . . . . Johnny Troncone, welterweight from Norwalk, Conn., and Eddie Guerra drew in six . . . . Jimmy Leto, Hartford welterweight mitt pusher, won a triumph over Mickey Makar of Bayonne, New Jersey, in a ten-round tussle . . . . Bat Battalino continued successfully in his comeback campaign trail, scoring victories by pounding out a decisive win over Brescia Garcia in a ten-round bout at the Star Casino and beating Joey Greb in six . . . . Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury junior welterweight, displayed fine form by outpointing Paola Villa to gain a six-round decision at the Jamaica Arena.

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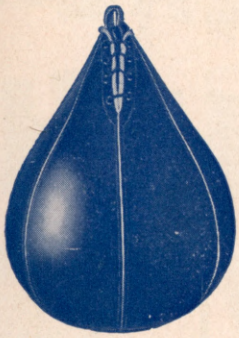

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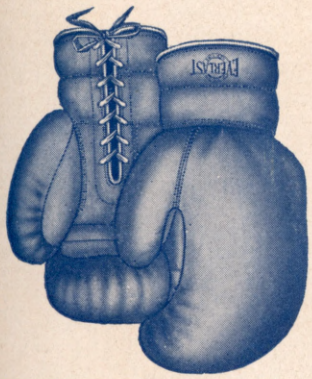

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I'll Prove in the first 7 days — that I can Make You a New Man!

DO YOU want big, smashing, sledge-hammer muscles all over your body? Husky, broad shoulders? A deep, powerful chest? All the pep and vigor of a "hard as nails" athlete?

Give me just 7 days—one short week. That's all I need to give you the PROOF that I can make you a *new man*— give you a real he-man build and glowing health that resists sickness, ends pimples, skin blemishes, constipation and other troubles.

Read the reports below from just a few of the hundreds of fellows whose bodies I have made over. That's the kind of RESULTS *you* can get with my discovery—*Dynamic Tension*. My free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength," tells how I can give YOU a body that women will admire and men will envy.

THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY

This valuable cup, made of solid sterling silver, stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an **equal chance** to win this cup for **permanent** possession—and with YOUR name engraved on it!

The 97-lb. Weakling Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

LOOK at this new photo of me. This is *exactly* how I look today. Yet once *I* was a soft, skinny, 97-lb. weakling! I always felt timid, self-conscious—never had good times—couldn't eat a square meal and feel well afterward. Then I discovered the secret of *Dynamic Tension*—my entirely new and different method of body-building. It changed my entire life—gave me the body you see here. It has twice won for me the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"! And what my amazing system did for *me*—what it has done for hundreds of *other* fellows like yourself—it can now do for YOU, too!

I back up that promise with RESULTS—*quick* RESULTS. You begin to SEE and FEEL the difference at once. What's more, it's actual *fun* to build a husky body my *Dynamic Tension* way, at home, in just a few minutes of your spare time daily. And you don't have to buy any contraptions or gadgets that might strain your heart or other vital organs.

Mail Coupon for My Big 48-Page Book—FREE!

Make me PROVE, in just 7 days, that I CAN give you the big, smashing muscles—powerful shoulders—deep chest—and glowing, *all 'round* health you have always wanted. Take the first step *today*. Mail coupon for your FREE copy of my big Book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Address me *personally*. I'll send you the book by return mail. Show me you're a man of *action*. Do it NOW! *CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80E, 115 East 23rd Street, New York City.*

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 80E
115 East 23rd Street, New York City

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly.)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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Get this FREE BOOK!

Puts FIVE INCHES on Chest!

"Chest gained over five inches; arms over two inches. Nervous troubles and constipation gone. Have gained ten pounds. Feel like new man." George Tobias Finkbone, West Middletown, Ohio.

Health 100% Better

"Benefits wonderful! First week my arm increased one in., chest two in. Health 100% better!"—William Easton, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gains 20 lbs.!

"Gained twenty lbs. Biceps, 15¾ inches, and large powerful shoulders. Rest of my body well proportioned and hard as rock."—Howard Sibley, Wichita, Kans.

Results in ONE Week!

"Just a week ago I started. What a difference already! Before, my chest was 32 in. normal and 36 expanded. Now it's 35½ in. normal and 38½ expanded!"—Frank Segretto, Yonkers, N. Y.